

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING MEN'S MAGAZINE

FHM

**THE MONEY
ISSUE!**

**20 BRILLIANT
WAYS TO MAKE
A FORTUNE!**

**FOR HIM
MAGAZINE**

May 2002

FUNNY!

Heidi Fleiss on
men, sex and
hard cash

SEXY!

Rachel Hunter:
Allergic to
clothes?

USEFUL!

Ten ways
to make
women think
you're rich

EXCLUSIVE!

**THE
HILTON
SISTERS!**

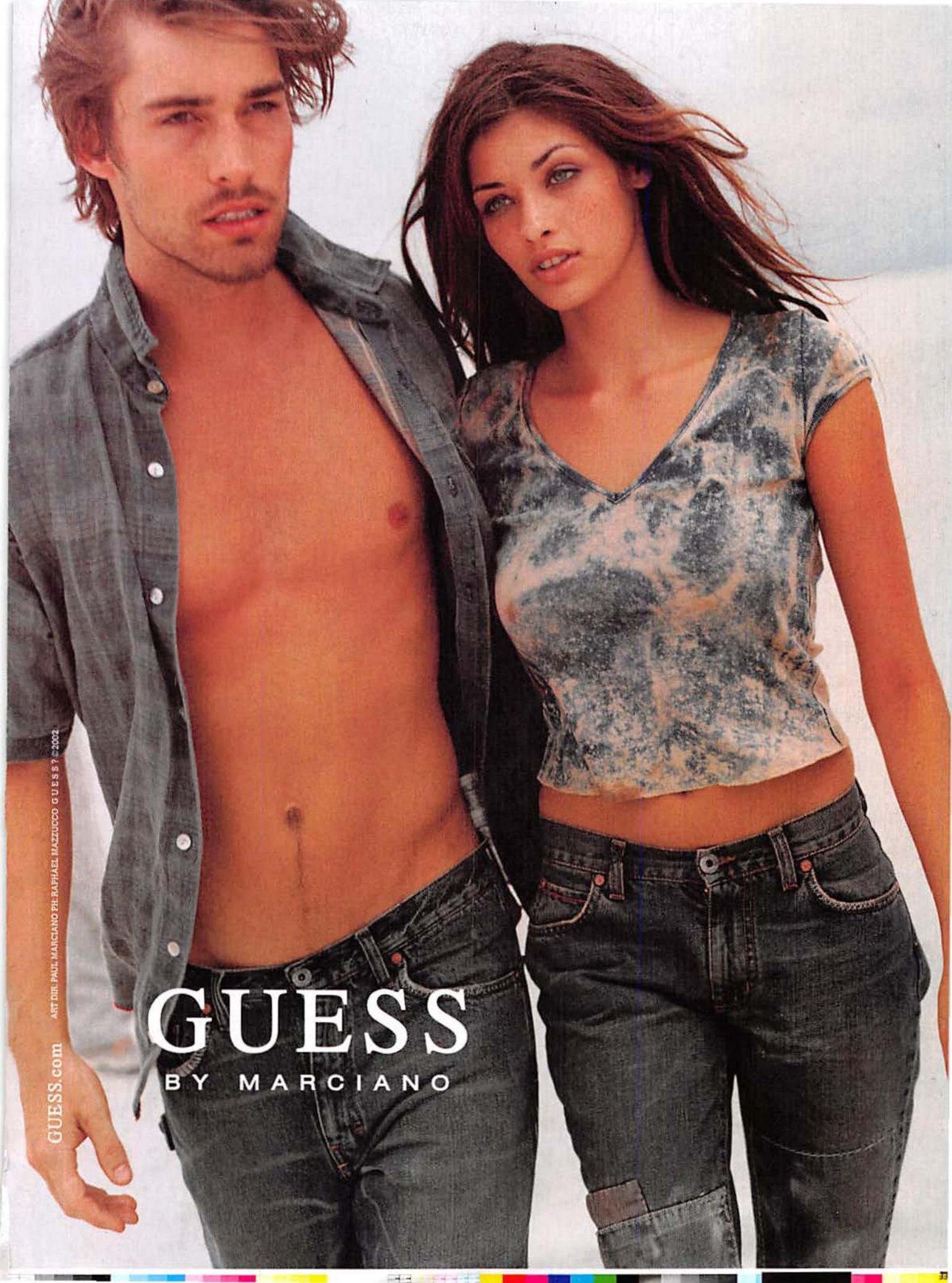
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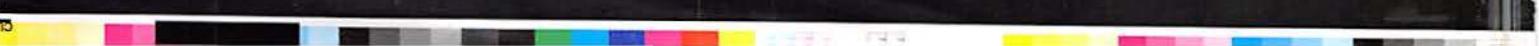
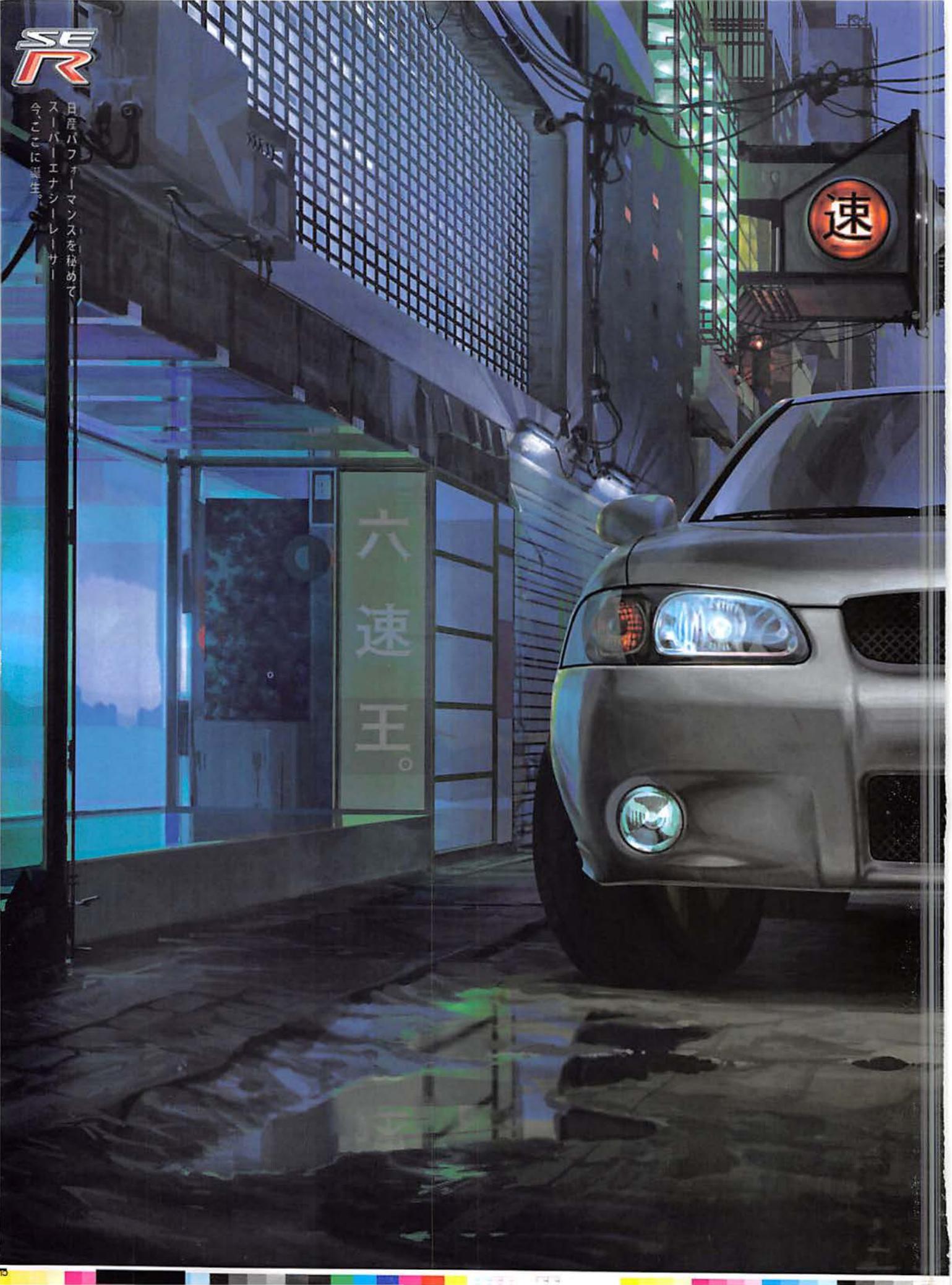


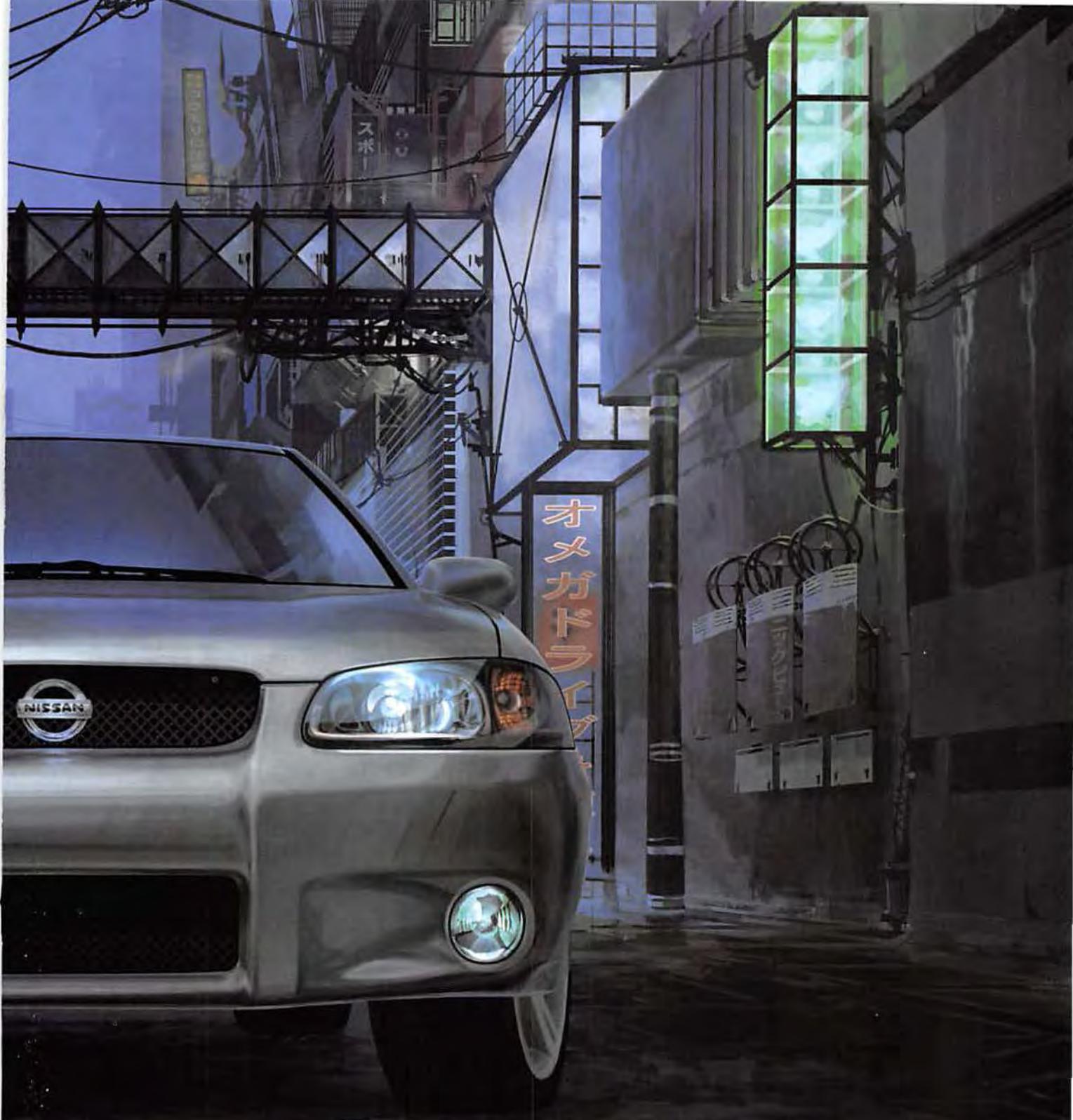
GUESS
BY MARCIANO



SE
R

日産バーフォーマンスを秘めて
スーパー・エナシード・サーキ
今、ここに誕生。





IT LOSES NOTHING IN THE TRANSLATION.

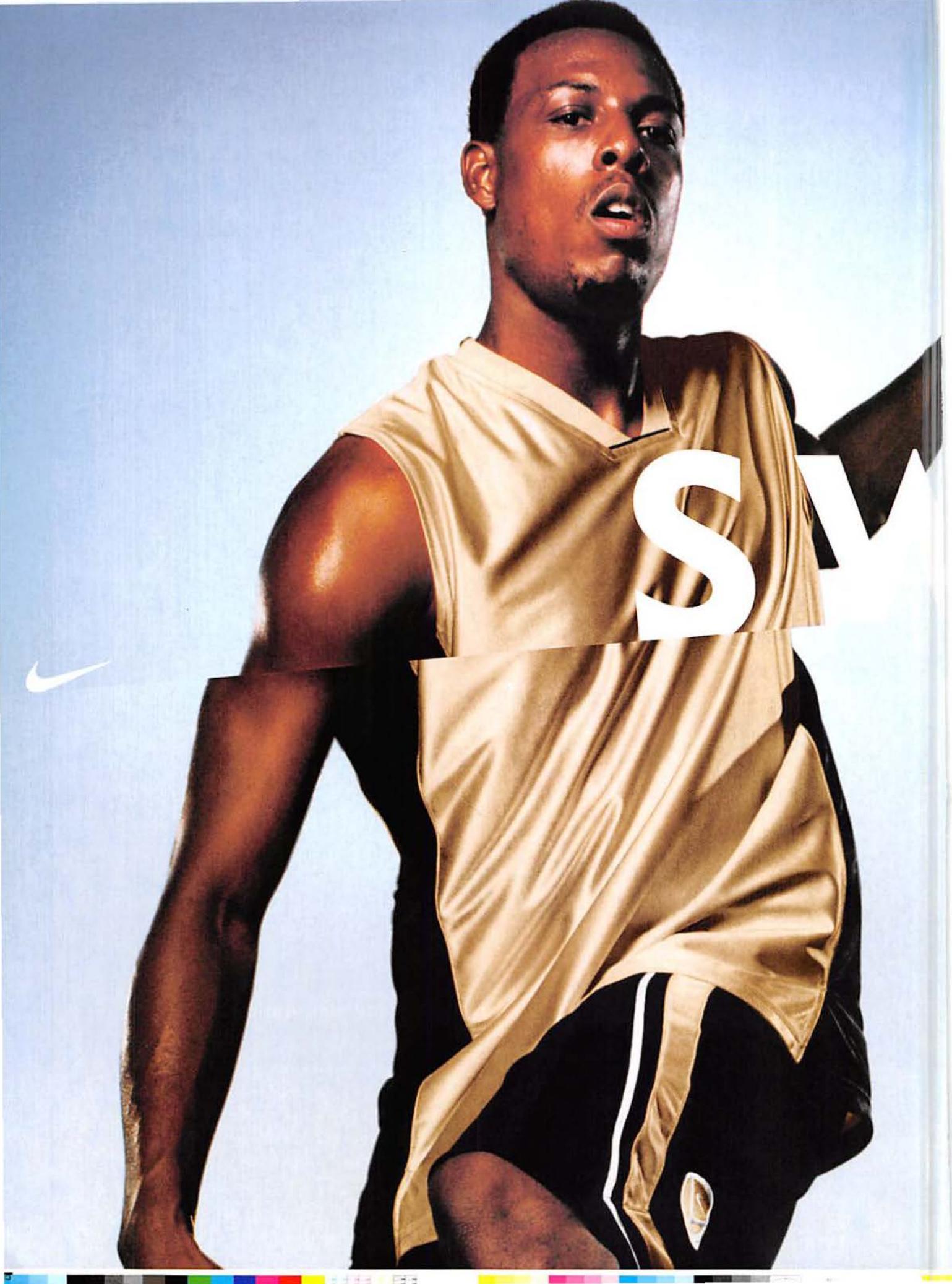
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DRIVEN.

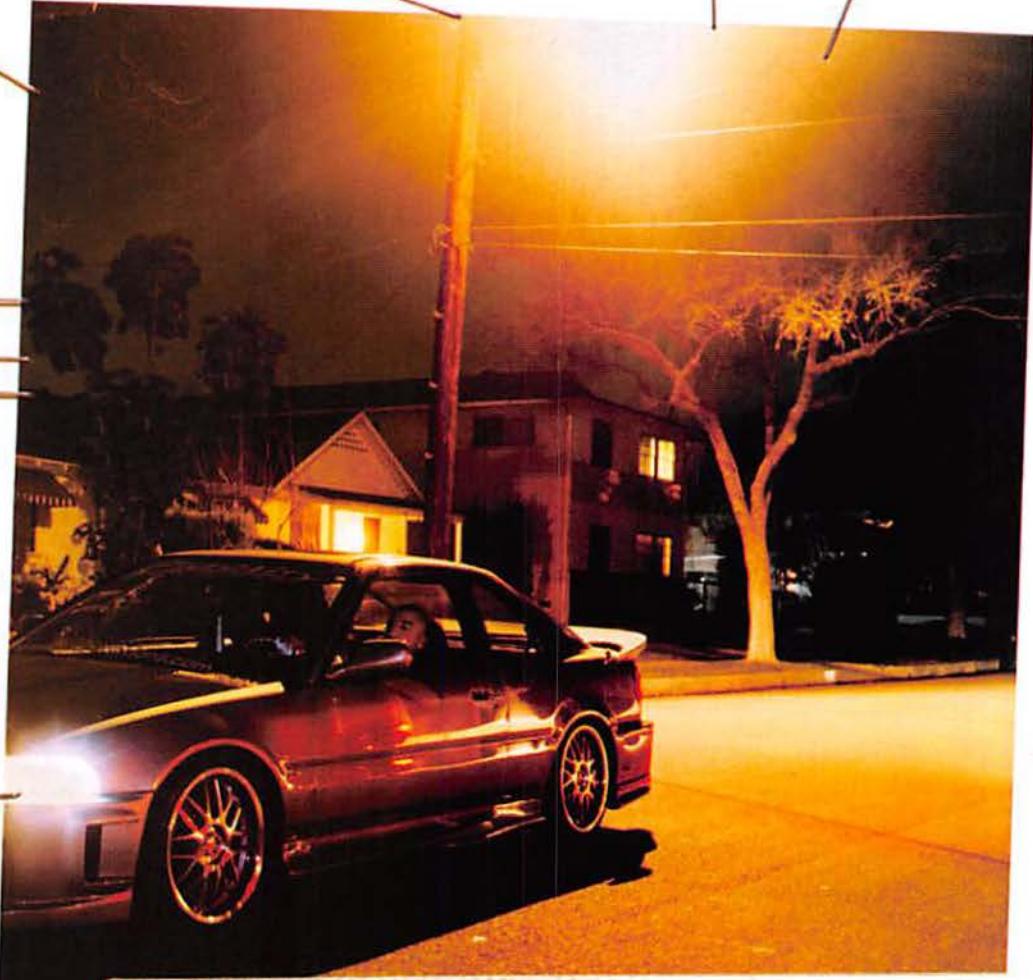


SW





Pioneer sound.vision.soul

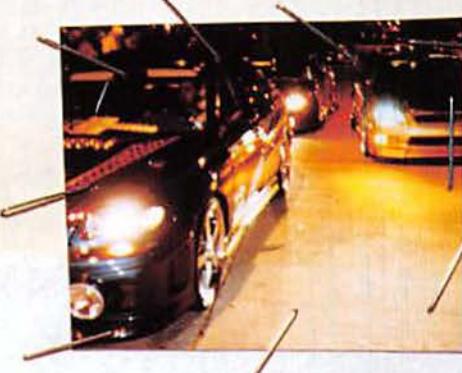


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THUMP THUMP.

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grips the mud that grips the
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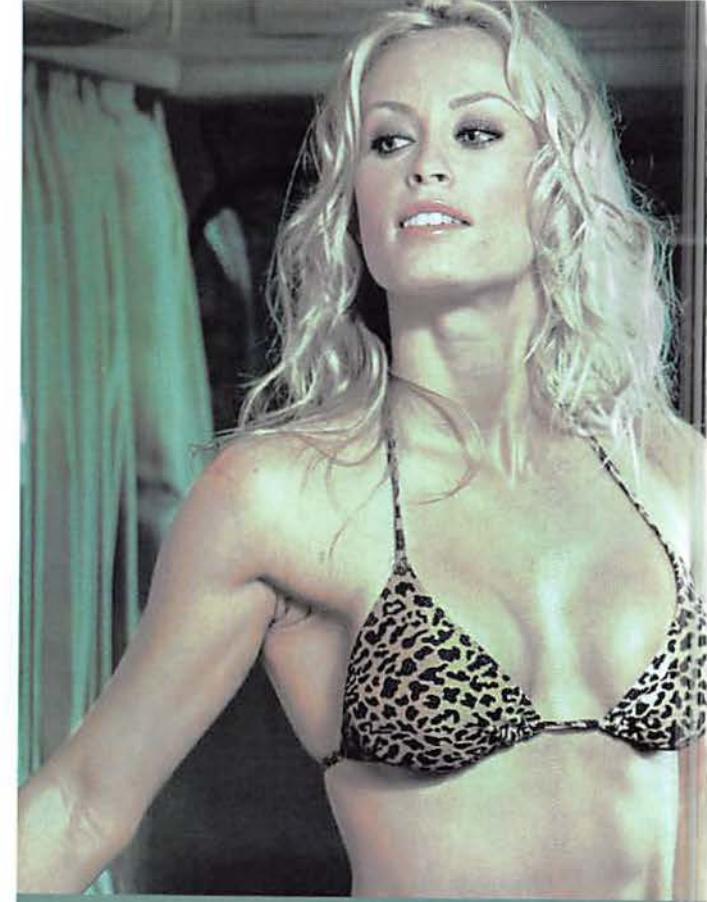
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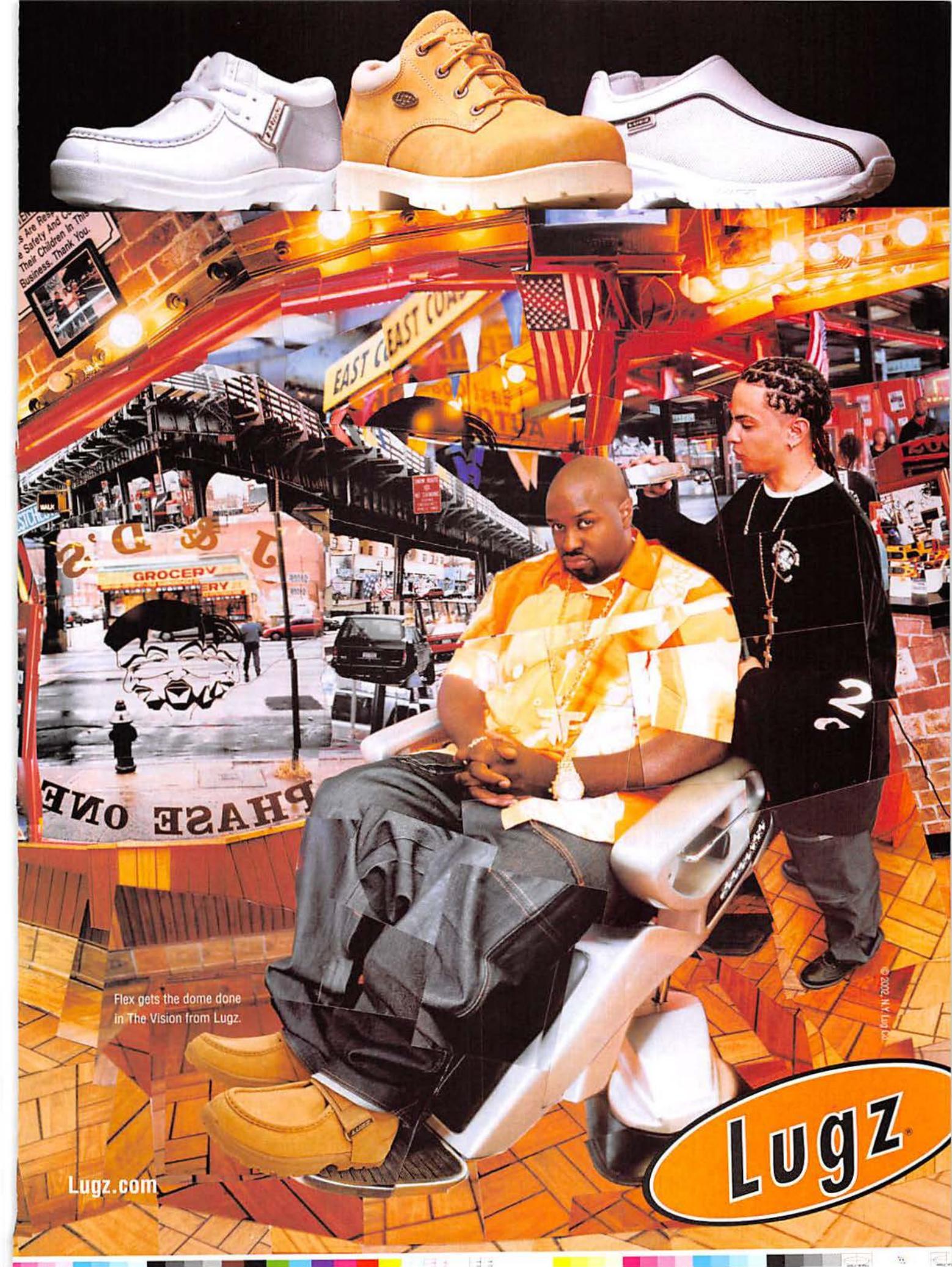
The Ducati Desmo sound
is between a roar
and a purr.
I don't wear earplugs."

Ducati People.

Louis Yoh, Architect, 30, USA.
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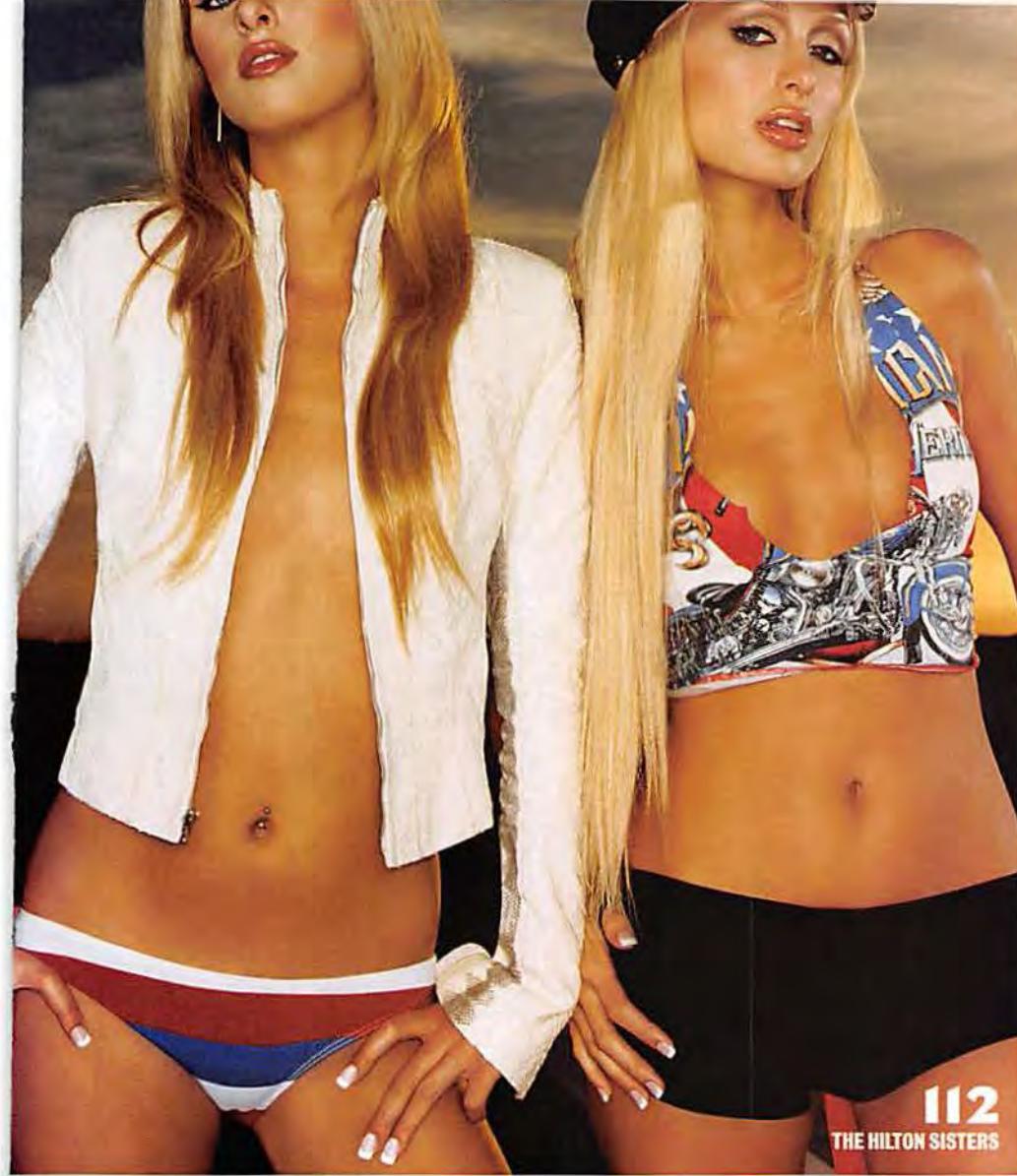
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RAM

DODGE



112
THE HILTON SISTERS

FHM

ISSUE 21 · MAY 2002

72
JAMIE
KENNEDY



FEATURES

QUOTE, UNQUOTE

72 JAMIE KENNEDY

Who would have thought that tool from *Scream* would become so damn funny?

MODERN HORROR

74 LEAP OR DIE!

Waterfalls are breathtaking wonders of nature—unless you're trapped in one.

RACHEL HUNTER

80 ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY

The former supermodel returns to what she does best: wearing little clothing.

BERSERKER

86 HEIDI FLEISS

Hollywood's most famous madam on peddling top-grade female booty.

SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS

92 SEX FOR SALE!

Hear from women who will have sex for stuff like cable TV or a pack of smokes.

PADMA LAKSHMI

100 DINNER IS SERVED!

Witness the hottest thing in cooking since Julia Child singed her arm flab.

THE FHM GUIDE TO...

104 GETTING RICH

Join the fortunate few who have made a bundle off their silly inventions.

COVER GIRLS

112 THE HILTON SISTERS

They're young. They're blond. And they could buy you with their pocket change.

QUOTE, UNQUOTE

122 THE BOUNTY HUNTER

He's not a cop or FBI, but that doesn't stop him from running down convicts.



74
LEAP
OR DIE!

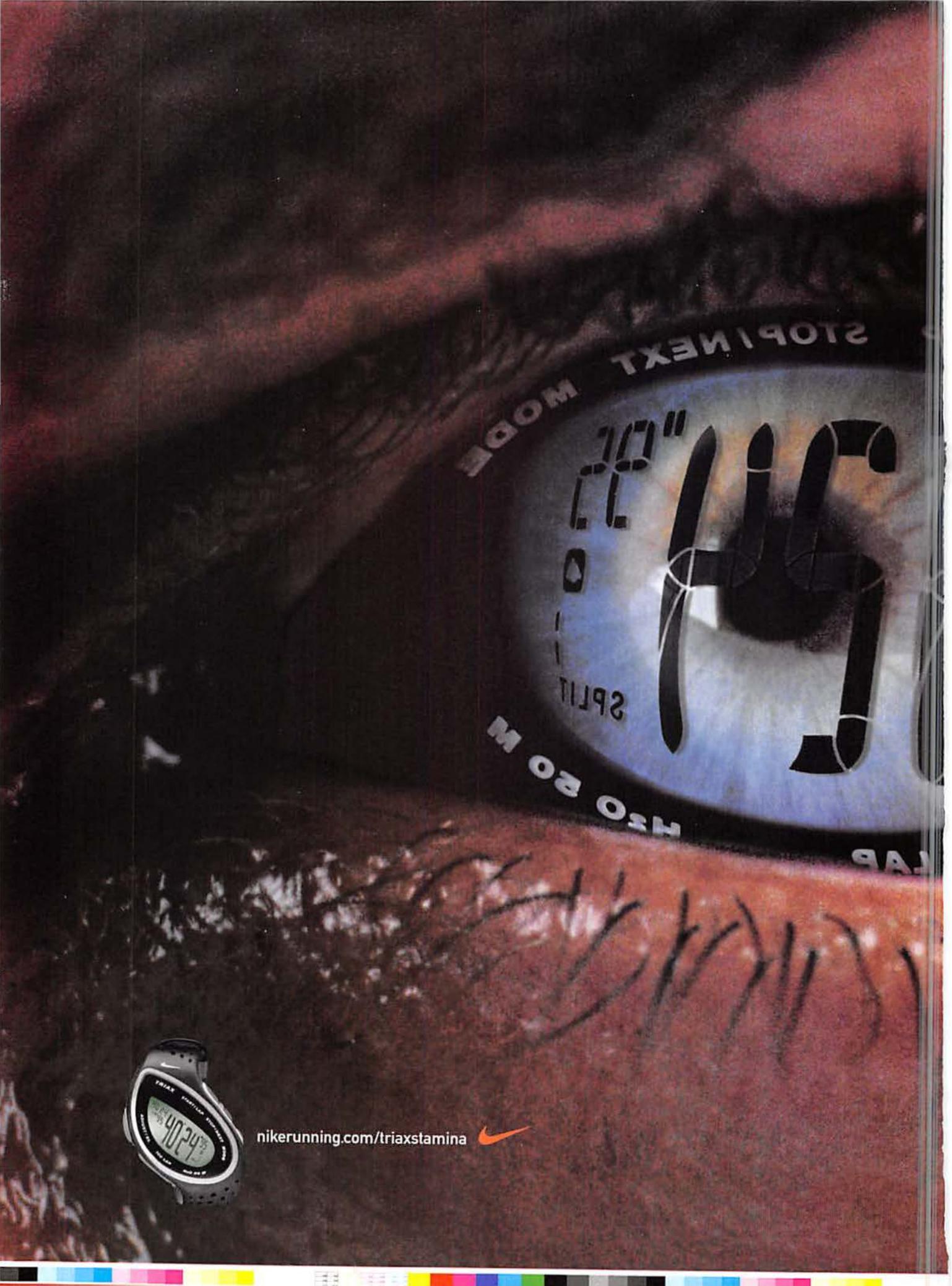


104
GETTING RICH!

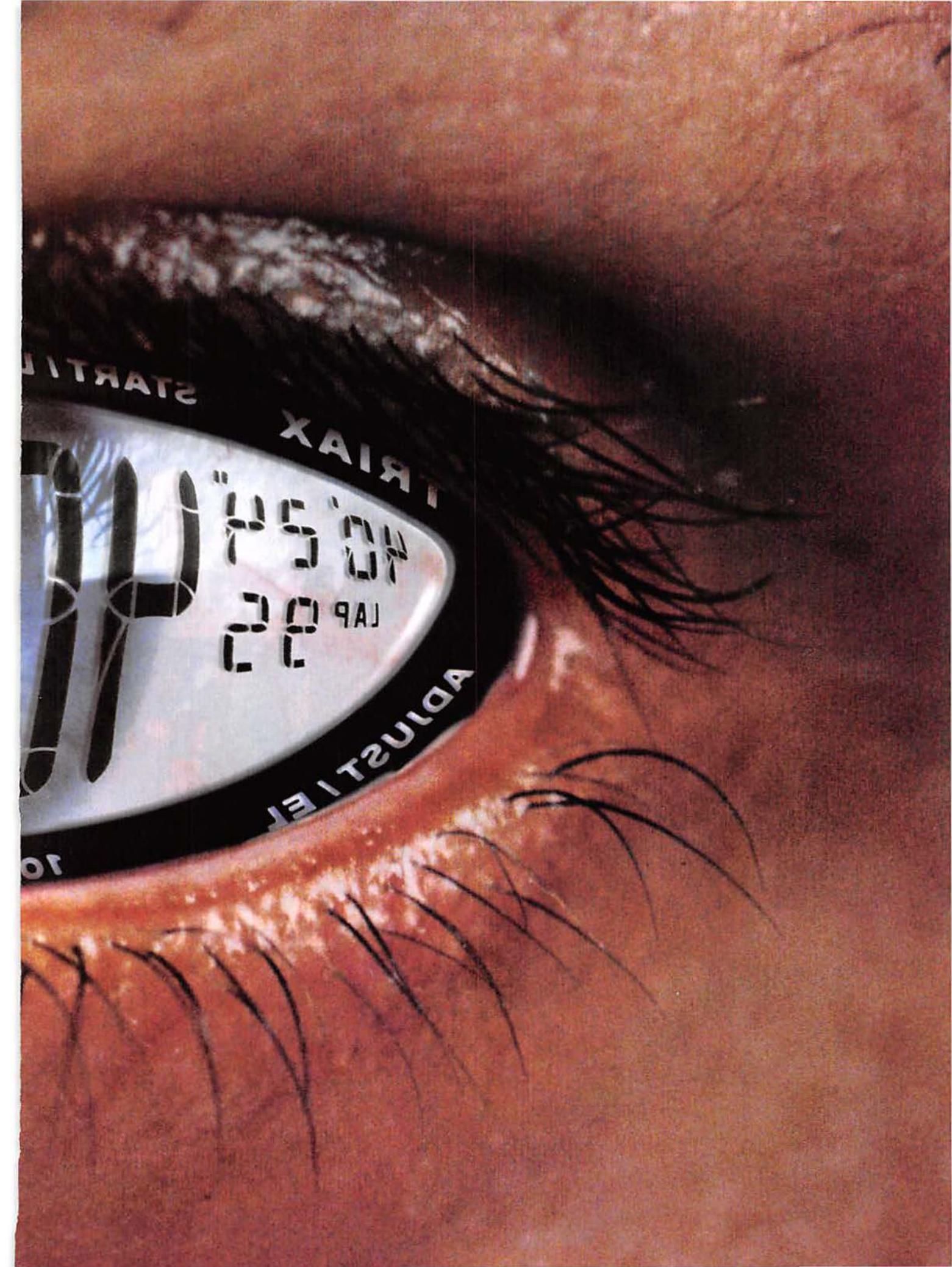
FHM
THE MONEY
ISSUE

100
PADMA
LAKSHMI





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RIAX

HESON

28

JAP

ADJUSTABLE

32 REPORTER

Be awestruck by panties made of armor, a recipe for rodent stew and a place that lets you film your own porn.

59 REVIEWS

Slap Shot's Hanson brothers get two minutes for roughing. Plus, loads of film, music, Internet and games.

125 FASHION

The newest sunglasses, the coolest sneakers and plenty of casual clothes for your slackest summer days.

142 MACHINERY

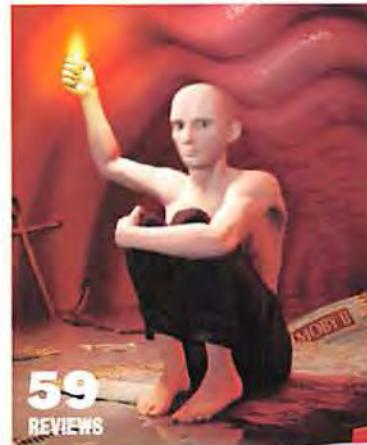
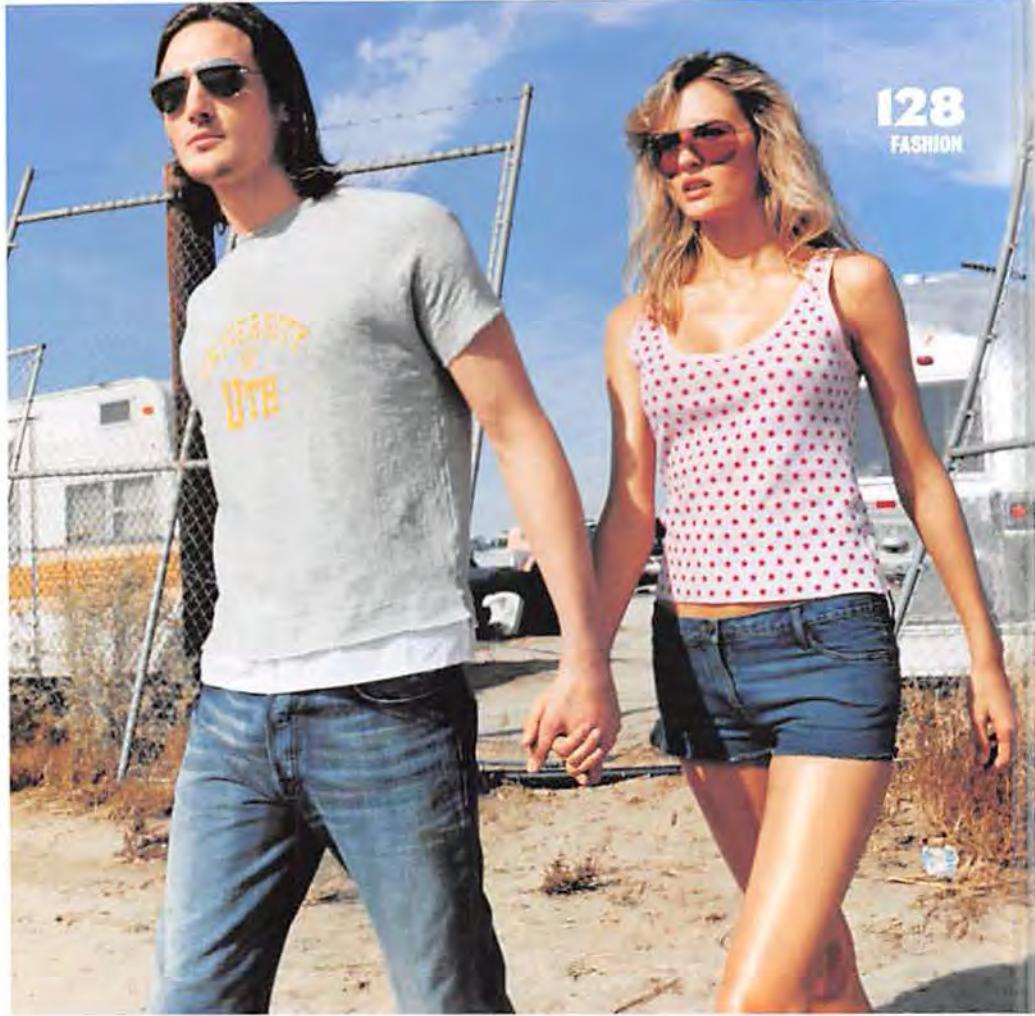
Power tools that make unsanded wood weep alongside golf accessories for guys who still have all their fingers.

146 BIONIC

Sure, there's sex news and exercise tips, but most importantly, hints on how to hide your rank man-stink.

152 GASOLINE

The juiced-up beasts of NASCAR laid bare, and the new *Weakest Link* host brags about his chrome.



THE MAILBAG

26 LETTERS

Two readers display their freakish body parts and another sends a doll of Dennis Rodman in a dress.

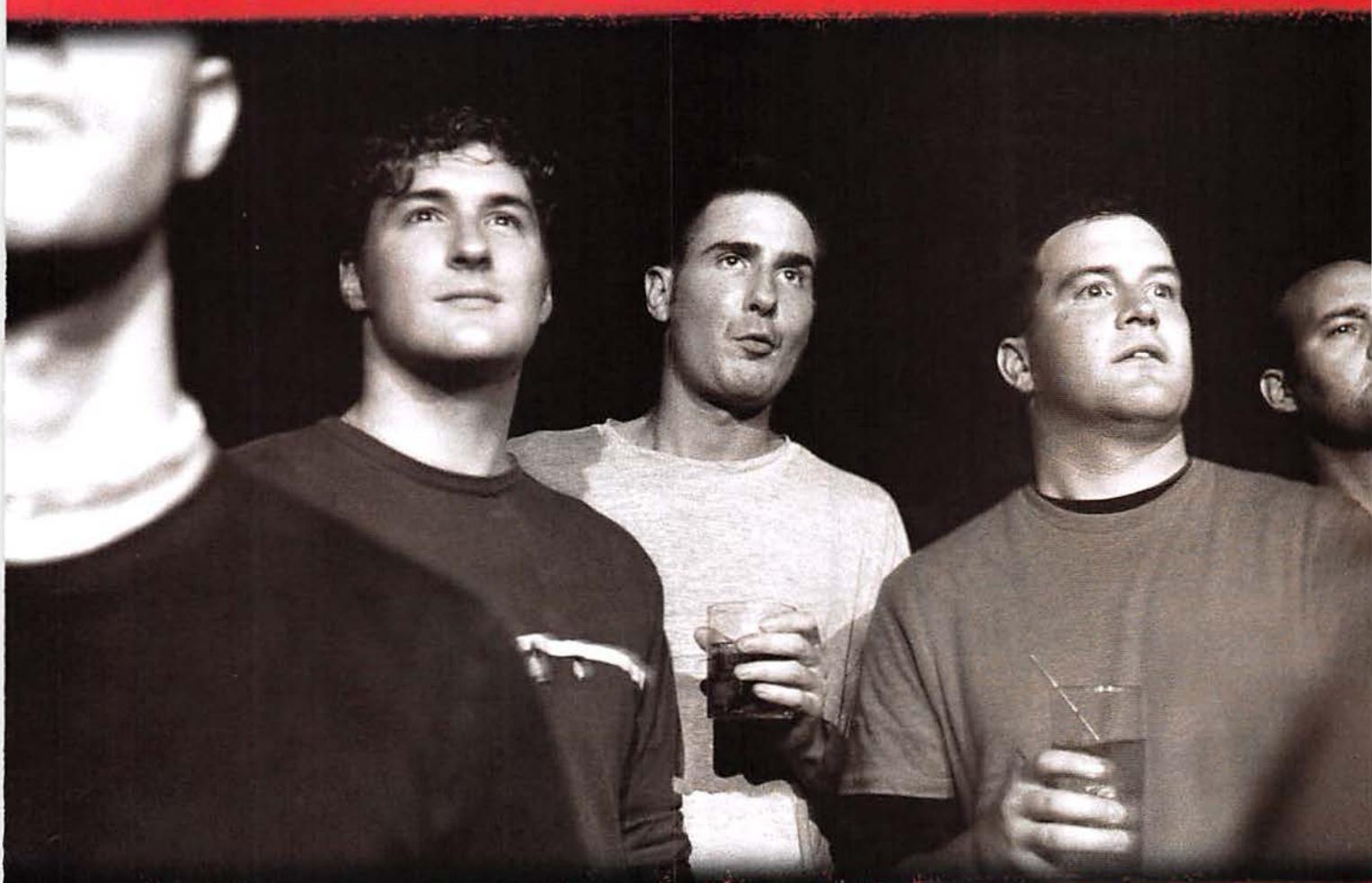
70 BAR ROOM JOKES

The monthly roundup of punch lines so funny they'll make you bleed out of your eyes.

160 TRUE STORIES

Tales of degradation and shame capped by the goon who left his license plate at a crime scene.

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Virtua Fighter™ 4 is hitting the PlayStation®2 computer entertainment system March 2002 – count on incredible graphics and 13 characters hungry for their place at the top.

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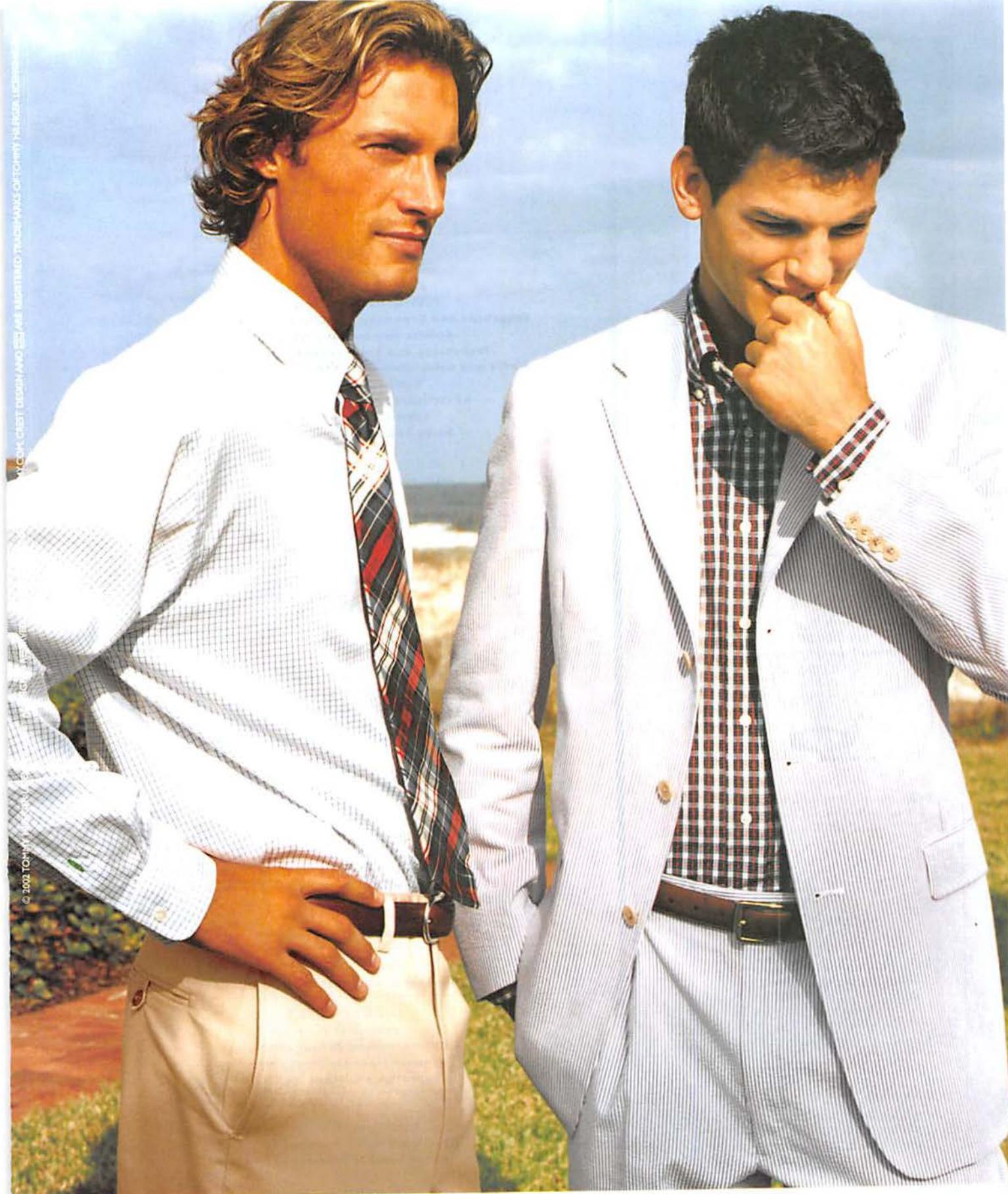
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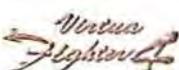
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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Game open only to U.S. residents age 18 or older. Game void where prohibited by law. Game starts on or about February 1, 2002, and is scheduled to end on June 30, 2003.

HOW TO PLAY. Look for a potential winning game piece inside specially marked regular tins of Altoids Peppermint, Cinnamon or Wintergreen flavors. If you find a regular tin that contains a potential winning game piece, you win the prize indicated, subject to verification. Non-winning specially marked regular tins WILL NOT CONTAIN a game piece or notice of any kind inside.

PRIZE CLAIMS. Sign your potential winning game piece, and type or print the following information on a 3" x 5" card/paper: your full name, complete address with ZIP Code, date of birth, and day/evening phone numbers with area codes, and mail along with the potential winning game piece in a business size (#10) envelope to: Altoids Muscle Car Game, P.O. Box 27172, Golden Valley, MN 55427-0172. Prize claim must be mailed via certified mail (return receipt requested) and must include original potential winning game piece. Retain a photocopy of your game piece for your records. All prize claims must be received by June 30, 2003. Upon verification, winners will be notified by mail.

ALTERNATE METHOD OF PARTICIPATION. To participate without purchase, hand print your full name, complete address with ZIP Code, date of birth, and day/evening phone numbers, with area codes, on a 3" x 5" card/paper, insert into a business size (#10) envelope and mail to: Altoids Muscle Car Game — Game Play Request, P.O. Box 3311, Maple Plain, MN 55393-3311, to be received by June 30, 2003. One game play per request, one request per outer mailing envelope. No mechanical reproductions or photocopies of requests will be accepted. The independent judging organization will play for you and notify you by mail ONLY if you are a potential winner.

PRIZES/APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUE (ARV)/ODDS OF WINNING. Three (3) Prizes: A choice of (a) a check in the amount of \$40,000 OR (b) a "muscle car." In the event winner chooses a muscle car, Sponsor shall purchase a previously owned automobile, after consultation with winner, up to a maximum Purchase Price of \$40,000. "Purchase Price" includes cost of the car, plus sales tax, licensing and registration fees, and, if applicable, delivery charges from dealership to winner's place of residence. Prize will be awarded "as is" and winner agrees to look solely to manufacturer or dealership with respect to any warranties and guarantees related to the "muscle car" prize. ARV: \$40,000 each. Odds of winning: 1:3,333,934. Total ARV of all prizes: \$120,000. Unclaimed prizes will not be awarded.

CONDITIONS ON PRIZES. Potential winners will be required to execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility, Release of Liability and a Publicity Release, where legal, within 14 days of date of congratulatory letter. Failure to return all executed documents within the allotted time may result in disqualification and prize forfeiture. All taxes on prizes are solely the responsibility of prizewinners. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name and/or likeness for advertising/trade purposes without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. Prizes will be awarded within 8-10 weeks after verification of prize claim. No substitution of prize permitted, unless prize is generally unavailable, in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted, at discretion of Sponsor.

VERIFICATION. All game pieces are subject to verification. Game pieces are void and will be rejected if not obtained through authorized, legitimate channels or if any part is illegible, mutilated, altered, counterfeited or tampered with in any way, or if materials contain printing, production, typographical, mechanical or other errors. If because of error (or for any other reason) there are more prize claims than prizes offered as stated in these Official Rules, a random drawing will be held from among all eligible claimants to award only the number of prizes as stated in these Official Rules. In no event will Sponsor be liable for more than the stated number of prizes in these Official Rules. Any attempt to defraud Sponsor or the official judging agency in any way will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law and person(s) attempting same will be disqualified and ineligible for prizes.

ELIGIBILITY. The following categories of persons are not eligible to participate or win: employees of Sponsor, its advertising and promotion agencies and their respective parent companies, affiliates, subsidiaries, sales representatives or distributors and persons who are members of the immediate family or who reside in the same household as persons in any of the above categories.

CONDITIONS OF PARTICIPATION. By participating, participants agree to abide by and be bound by the Official Rules and all decisions of the judges, which are final and binding in all respects. Submission of game materials including but not limited to prize claims is solely the responsibility of the participant. Sponsor and its agencies are not responsible for late, lost, misdirected, damaged, illegible, delayed, destroyed, incomplete or postage-due mail, game play requests or prize claims. All game materials submitted become the sole property of the Sponsor and will not be returned. Winning game pieces and/or prizes may not be assigned or transferred prior to award. In the event of non-compliance with the requirements set forth in these Official Rules, prize may be forfeited. Limit 1 prize per individual, family or household.

WAIVER. By entering this promotion, participant waives all rights to claim punitive, incidental and consequential damages, attorneys' fees or any damages other than actual out-of-pocket costs incurred to enter.

WINNERS LIST. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Altoids Muscle Car Game — Winners List, P.O. Box 3312, Maple Plain, MN 55393-3312. Sponsor: Kraft Foods North America, Inc., Northfield, IL 60093.

When I lived in Spain a few years ago, I knew a man whose family fortunes had once taken a turn for the worse. His father, a landowner who liked to gamble, came home one morning and announced that he had just lost all the family acres playing cards the previous night. "Not to worry, though," he said, "at least we still have the house." The following morning, he brought more bad news: "We're moving out." In an attempt to win back his losses, he had returned to the game, thrown his front-door key into the pot and lost that too. By the end of the week, the family had moved to the city, and both mother and father spent the rest of their working lives as domestic servants.

Clearly, this was not the outcome the man was looking for when he wagered all of his property on the turn of a card, but at least the motivation was understandable: Who hasn't dreamed of doing something that is going to make them wealthy right now, this minute? Especially when the alternative seems to be years of grind with no prospect of riches at the end of it anyway.

This month's *FHM*, the second annual money issue, looks at 20 people who have taken a chance on a ludicrous idea and seen it pay off with serious cash. In the process, they've brought hope to us all. Who would have thought that an invention as tragic and pitiful as the "beverage



TIN SOTER

helmet"—a baseball cap with cup holders and tubes—would make someone a mint? Or that there are more than enough people willing to pay for a spray that slows the rate at which pumpkins go moldy? Or that it was ever possible to turn one's own urine into an eight-figure fortune? Well, apparently, it is. And it seems the world is full of money, if only you know where to look for it.

The best moneymaking scheme I ever had was selling stolen cigarettes at school. My 13-year-old classmates found those cheap smokes strangely irresistible. And I might be going out on a limb here, but I predict that one day, black-market tobacco could make someone a tidy little profit.

Enjoy the issue.

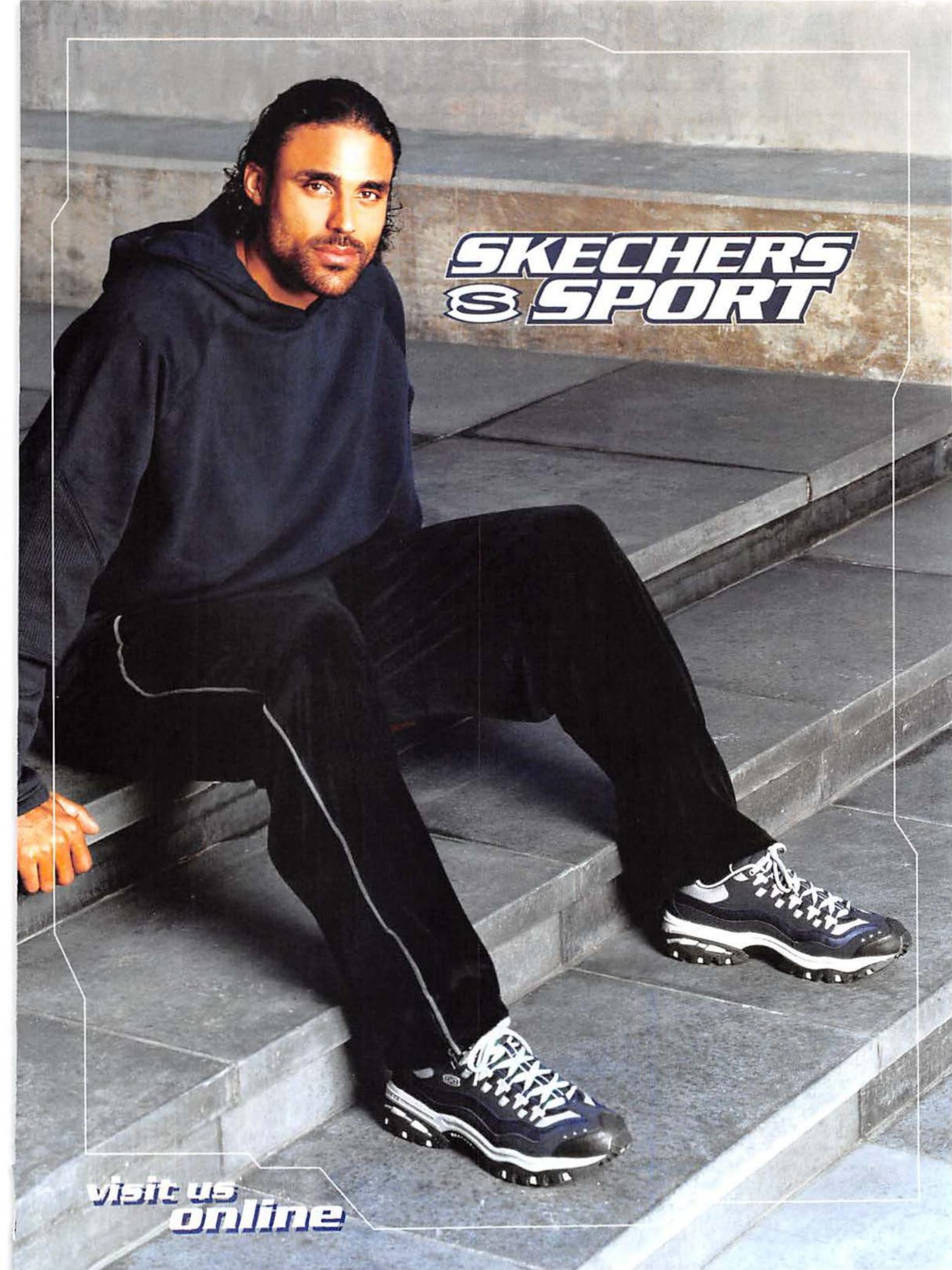
Ed Nud

Ed Needham
Editor-in-chief



THE FHM COVER

COVER GIRLS PARIS (LEFT) WEARS A BIKINI BY TNA BY LISA LOZANO. NICKY WEARS A BIKINI BY BURBERRY. JEWELRY BY K.C. DESIGNS AT FRAGMENTS. **PHOTOGRAPH** ISABEL SNYDER. **STYLING** DEBORAH WAKIN FOR ART MIX. **HAIR** LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PURE HAIR/LUXE. **MAKEUP** TROY JENSEN FOR LUXE



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Legal eagle F. Lee Bailey once said that the three most important documents a man will sign in his lifetime are his will, his pre-nup and, though we stopped listening before he got to

the third thing, we're reasonably sure it's a letter to *FHM*. So go ahead and send mail to Letters to the Editor, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or send an e-mail to letters@FHMUS.com. Those that make it into the magazine earn \$50. Letter of the Month gets \$200. Take Mr. Bailey's advice. OJ did, and he got off for murder. Not bad.

REPORTER



'PIN THE SHORTIE!'

Angry midgets lose what little blood they have

Nobody likes to see children fighting. Not only is it tragic to witness the likes

Midget leaves stain

I went to see the Bloody Midget wrestlers you wrote about in your March issue. It was cool watching those little dudes toss each other around like sacks of flour, but the fun ended when Puppet the Psycho Dwarf bled all over my new Wrangler jeans. Tell him he owes me \$25, and next time I see him, I'm going to take it out of his miniature hide.

Mark Powder, Chicago, IL

That dwarf may only be four-and-a-half-feet tall, but he can bench 310 pounds. So unless those Wranglers are size 42 Husky, your ass will be the one on the ground.

Men on the cover

I love your magazine, but would it be possible for you to keep the number of scantily clad women on your cover to a minimum? It's not that I don't enjoy these beauties, but my dad gets pissed off when he sees me reading "magazines like that." He usually judges a magazine by its cover. He doesn't catch on if some

FHM LETTER OF THE MONTH



Reader bargains with toy

I'm sending you an official Dennis Rodman Wedding Day doll. I work in the toy industry and one of my manufacturing contacts in China sent it to me as a gift. Only five prototypes were ever made, then Rodman decided not to release it, so you now have one of only five in the world. In return, I want Rebecca Romijn-Stamos's shoes offered in the January/February Swap Shop. Or better yet, make me Letter of the Month, which is better than getting a pair of women's shoes that will be too small anyway. With \$200, I could buy a pair of women's shoes that actually fit me. Just kidding.

Gregg Nolan, Calabasas, CA
You'd rather have the \$200? No problem. Some collector just offered us \$700 for the Rodman doll on eBay. Thanks, sucker!



dude's face is on there. If you could help me out, I'd appreciate it a lot.

Naresh Kumar, Midvale, UT
No dice, buddy. The magazine you're looking for is called *Boy's Life*.

Spring breaker finds gift

Oh, man, you think the tattoos in your "Tats for Tools" section [Guide to Spring

Break, March 2002] are lame-brain....

When I woke up on the floor of my hotel room in Panama City, I couldn't remember the night before and my entire leg was throbbing. I didn't really think much of it until later

that day, when I spotted this ink job on the bottom of my foot. None of my friends seem to remember how it got there either, but they might just be screwing with me.

Stan Raldono, Miami, FL

Hold on. Did you say Panama City, or Poland circa 1942?



Nudity-lover finds joy

The first time I saw *Not Another Teen Movie*, the only thing worth talking about afterward was that foreign exchange student who walked around naked the whole time. So it was great when I saw Cerina Vincent in your March 2002 issue. That chick looks even better on paper than she did onscreen. I can't wait for the DVD to come out with its deleted scenes. I hope there's one where that foreign nudie makes out with Jaime Pressly. How hot would that be?

Vic Baker, Pasadena, CA

Did you mean "deleted scenes" or "fantasy-soaked delusions"?



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cineaste bemoans time stream

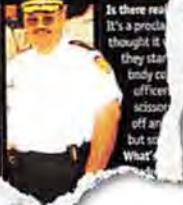
Damn you, *FHM*! After checking out the hot-ass pictures of Samantha Mumba in your magazine [Reporter, March 2001], I couldn't wait to see her movie *The Time Machine*, even though I'd been forced to read the book in junior high and had hated every second of it. Sadly, I couldn't convince any of my friends to go with me, so on opening night, I went alone. Now I'm happy I didn't take my friends. That movie sucked! If I ever get one of those machines, I'll go back in time and make sure it never gets made! Dumb movies are dumb.

James Grant, Webster, MO

If you do get that time machine, you should also go back and come up with a better ending for your letter.

CLANCY WIGGUM'S WET DREAM

South Padre Island's Police Chief Robert Rodriguez and his 95 cops won't put a boot up your ass as long as you get naked and polish off kegs.



How many complaints do you respond to during spring break? And do cops ever get whupped in the process?

Anywhere between 3,000 and 4,000. A lot of the arrests are alcohol related, but we do have our share of ass-kickin'.

FHM shows restraint

I see you guys had more luck with South Padre Island's Police Chief Robert Rodriguez than I did. You did a funny little interview with him in March 2002's Guide to Spring Break. I, on the other hand, urinated on his shoes when he tried to drag me off the beach for indecent exposure. Clearly the wrong move. Luckily, your reporter was able to show better discretion.

Jeff Wayne, via e-mail

It's not that we have better discretion—just lawyers. Lots of lawyers.

ME MAKE PRETTY

Mistaking *FHM* for their parents' refrigerators, scores of readers have mailed in adorable attempts at artwork. Realizing that masterpieces should be shared and such talent should be fostered, *FHM* will publish one submission each month, along with



a critique from *FHM*'s creative director, Ian Knowles.

Title: "I Need Love"
Medium: Ballpoint pen, felt-tip markers and chalk
Artist: Jose Brannigan, Canon City, CO
Professor Knowles explices: "What's truly exquisite is the treatment of the lovers' hair. Through

the use of thin brush strokes, our artist has created a convincing representation of silky voluminous strands. With its blackened windows, the Cadillac suggests the more private side of the lovers shown above wearing their hearts on their sleeves. Also, props for including LL."



She wasn't even drinking them. None of us had the nerve to tell him. Tool. Magnus Valpo, via e-mail
Drunken ignorance at Mardi Gras? Now we've heard everything.

Buffoon readies for Hollywood

Talking about who makes a good stunt man, your fall guy Mike Smith [Reporter, March 2002] said any guy can fall down stairs. I've actually fallen up stairs. My cousin was chasing me through the house, and as I was running up to the second floor, I tripped and my momentum carried me up 10 feet. Does it sound like I'm ready for the big screen?

Lawrence Cumberland, Torrington, CT
It sounds as if you're an uncoordinated boob. You would, however, be the perfect stunt double for David Arquette.

Harsh criticism

Editors (assuming there's someone there): The porcine David Allan Coe without a shirt! The nausea-inspiring Ron Jeremy! Bob Saget, the very definition of humorlessness! And all in the same issue! You guys have no taste. One can only assume that Tom Arnold, Robert Downey Jr. and Al Gore were too busy.

Ralph Novak, Tenafly, NJ

Tom Arnold wasn't too busy, but we already featured him last April.



Matt Damon didn't die

Is Mark Kilroy, the spring breaker you say got his head split open ["Hacked to Bits," March 2002], really dead? I saw *Project Greenlight*, and it seems your "dead" college kid has spent the past few years hanging out with Ben Affleck.

Rick Medina, Philadelphia, PA
Sadly, Kilroy is dead and Damon is alive.

Astute reader calls producer's bluff

I call bullshit on Jerry Bruckheimer [Reviews, March 2002]. Stop pretending you make movies. You finance them. That's like the manager at First Union saying he had a baby, just because he lent me money for my wife's C-section. Todd Craig, Burlington, VT
Or like a reader claiming to care about an interview when he really just wants 50 bucks to start paying off his loan.

NSING, INC.

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T FOR HIM.
THE NEW FRAGRANCE.
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Eau de Toilette

TOMMY
HILFIGER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



THE BROWNSTEIN NOSE

When I read on the cover that your latest issue featured "the world's biggest star in her most revealing photos ever!" I

figured you got Britney Spears to show up in sweatpants or Jennifer Aniston with her hair up. I never so much as dared to dream bigger. But you delivered

J.Lo in a mesh top! You may as well cancel my subscription, 'cause it don't get any better than that!

Ron Howtner, Portland, OR

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FHM?

Congratulations. About 10 million of you realized that student Stefany Garcia's name was spelled wrong and that Sam Raimi's car was actually an Oldsmobile Delta '88. But FHM only rewards readers who spot less obvi-

ous goofs. Those guys get \$20. Out of fairness, the stooge who qualifies as Idiot of the Month should send us \$20 for wasting our time.

Standup robbed
My faith in your BS abilities has been greatly set back. The allegedly true story "Husband Produces a Sample" in your March issue is so not true. The story was told by Jeff Foxworthy in his



book *You Might Be a Redneck If...*. You owe Foxworthy a fee for using his material, but I would be happy to take it instead.

Dan Davis, Oklahoma City, OK

Missing spot
Your March 2002 cover advertises "Her 14 Secret Sex Spots," but in the article, you only listed 13. You left me hanging. I want

one more.

Freddy Olcese, via e-mail

Suffocation error

In your tale about the coke snorter who inhaled a

plastic bag [Guide to Spring Break, March 2002], you reported that the bag "lodged itself in his esophagus" causing him to suffocate. If the bag were in his

trachea, suffocation could have occurred. The esophagus leads to the stomach, so the only symptom from a lodged plastic bag might have been bad

indigestion.

Dayne Marshall, via e-mail

Poor translation

In March's "Who the Hell Are You?", you ask the two unidentified Peruvians, "¿Quién coño sois?" "Sois" is conjugated in a verb form that is used in Spain but not Peru. The correct question is "¿Quién coño son?"

Francesca Bressi, New York, NY

IDIOT OF THE MONTH 19

In Gasoline [March 2002], you call Ron Jeremy a "film legend." I looked up his credentials and the only titles I knew were *Ronin*, 54 and *Orgazmo*, and he had tiny parts.

Save the term "legend" for the likes of Tom Hanks.

Sam Endicott, New York, NY

Everyone knows that the one thing you can't say about Ron Jeremy is that his parts are tiny. We expect our \$20 no later than June 1.



Reader wants Elvis's body

I read your little write-up, "Make It Fried, Little Lady," about the Elvis cookbook [Reporter, March 2002] and it sounded too good to be true. See, I'm 5-foot-11 and a scrawny 135 pounds, so anything that promises to put some meat on my bones is a good thing. I've been eating fried peanut

butter and banana sandwiches for almost a month now, but all it's done is plug me up and give me searing stomach pains. Not a single pound gained. What am I doing wrong?

Adam Sanchez, Odessa, TX

PS: I've enclosed a picture of myself so you can see what kind of meager body structure I'm working with.

You should send that picture to Sally Struthers. She's spent her life helping people like you.

Visit FHMUS.com and send us your comments, queries and beefs.



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REPORTER

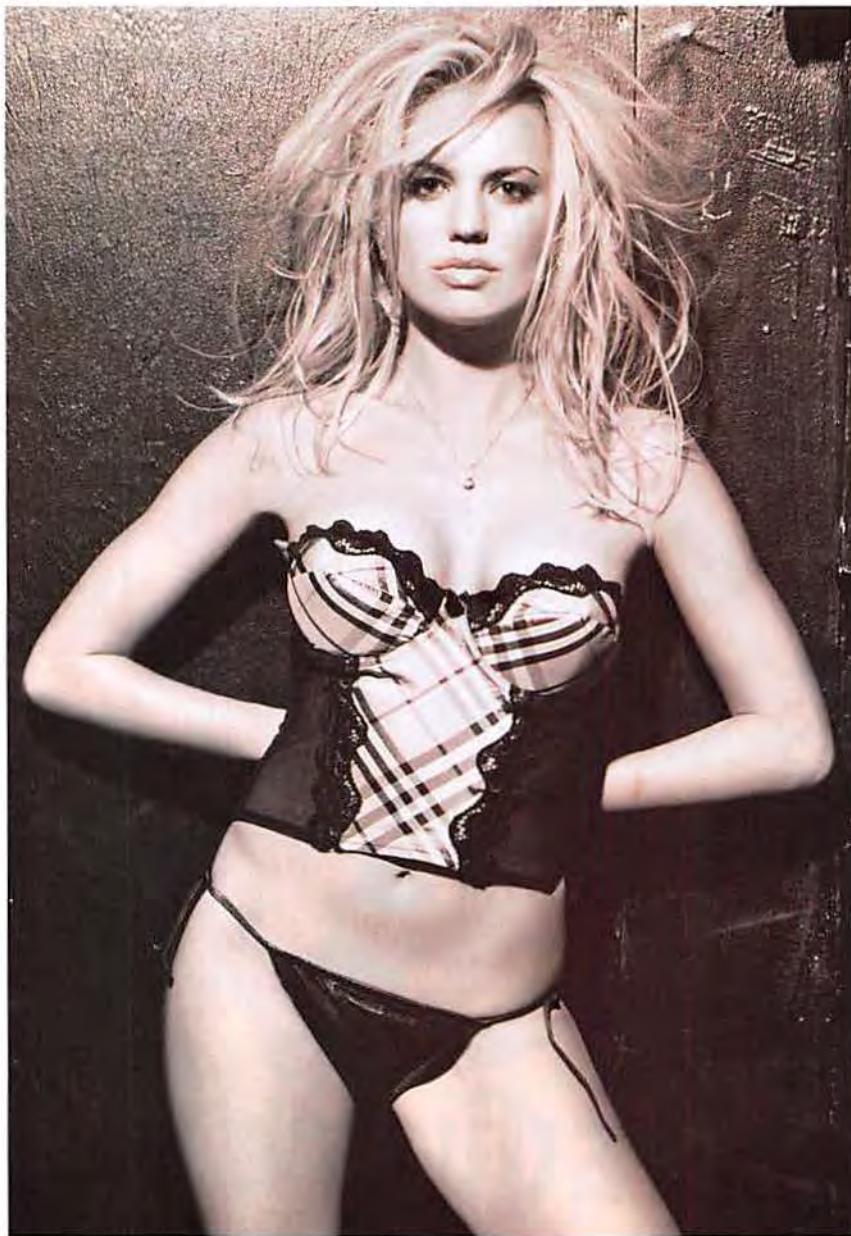
GIRLS, GIZMOS, FACTS AND FREAKS GALORE

THE
FHM
REPORTER
GIRL

BARRET SWATEK

And you thought *7th Heaven* was strictly "family programming"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN DANELIAN



STYLING BY CRISTINA EHRLICH FOR ARTISTS BY TIMOTHY PRIANO; HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTIEC PURE HAIR/LUXE; MAKEUP BY TRACY SONGERI FOR ART MIX/ELIZABETH ARDEN; LEFT: CORSET BY BURBERRY; BOTTOMS BY HIPSTER G.; RIGHT: BIKINI BY BACHATA BY ODABASH; EARRINGS BY DAVID ORGELL, BEVERLY HILLS



For most, the thought of a train coming anywhere near their home is hardly pleasing. This might explain why wealthy neighborhoods like Bel Air are notoriously locomotive-free while lower-class areas such as Chicago's East End are divided by tracks. Yet for one up-and-coming starlet, hearing the dishes rattle as an engine clickity-clacks on by would be a dream come true.

"When I was younger, I had this recurring dream where Ricky Schroder would ride his little train into my living room and pick me up. I was practically psychotic," says Barret Swatek of her undying love for all things *Silver Spoons*. "I used to write to his fan club all the

I'm 26 and single, which where I'm from, is borderline spinster

time—The Ricker Company Incorporated—saying that I loved him."

Though the Schroder Express never did find its way to Barret's couch, that hasn't stopped the heartbroken blonde from getting busy with her share of prime-time heartthrobs. "I'm practically the only one on the show having sex," she says of her character, Cheryl, on The WB hit *7th Heaven*, a show she lovingly describes as "The Waltons for 2002." "It's very family values, so a make-out scene is about as racy as it gets. But Cheryl can be a bit of a bad girl. This season, my ex-boyfriend walked in on me with another guy."

Juxtaposing her onscreen persona, who is content to be dating, the real-life Barret feels the mounting pressure to settle down and get hitched. "All my friends back home are

married," she admits. "I'm 26 and single, which in Alabama, where I'm from, is borderline spinster."

Barret, however, is not one to go for those Porsche-driving, capped-toothed Hollywood types. Instead she's on the hunt for a conservative businessman who will laugh at even her not-so-funny jokes, take five minutes or less to groom himself and promise not to tease her about her sorority girl roots.

"People always make fun, but I had so much fun as a Kappa Kappa Gamma," she recalls fondly. "Some of my wildest nights happened freshman year. Unfortunately, I wasn't accustomed to drinking, so I can't really remember them. The boys at this one



EAT LIKE A CONVICT

Eliminate the fear of being shanked in the chow hall

Martha Stewart may be able to fashion the perfect barbecue centerpiece with cornhusks, bull horns and a delightful array of decorative sauce bottles from New Mexico, but what could she whip up under slightly more restrictive circumstances—like, say, prison? Though we may never learn the decorating gun's tricks for turning a cell into a home, inmates looking to get creative do have somewhere to turn. *A Prisoner's Cookbook* is a collection of recipes culled by a mysterious "Iron Ghetto Gourmet" from the imagination of hardened criminals.

Though the book doesn't explain how to make a burner under the warden's watchful gaze, everything else is neatly detailed. Like this gem (at right) for "Rodent Stew No. 2."

To order your own copy of the book, send an \$11 money order to BlueHorn Publishing, PO Box 2364, Humble, TX 77347.



Step 1

You'll need to collect the following items: 2 rodents, 1 cup of flour, 1 tablespoon of salt, 1/2 tablespoon of pepper, 1 glob of butter, and several cups of water.



Step 3

Mix together flour, salt and pepper. Then roll your meat in the mixture (not your meat; you're going to eat this stuff, you animal). Heat butter in cooking pot and brown meat on both sides.

Step 4

As soon as the flesh darkens, cover with water. Simmer for about one-and-a-half hours. Then invite your bitch over. Begin the feast by tossing some salad, then chow down. (JB)

HATS

'MY HEAD ERASED THE HARD DRIVE!'

Magnetic cap cures pain and keeps paperclips within handy reach

Some people are born dorks. For everyone else, there's the magnetic cap. Made of clear plastic, the sturdy headgear contains 57 gold-plated magnets that its creators promise will cure depression, treat headaches, drain sinuses and even prevent hair loss. Though the science may be debatable, the cap will relieve wearers of their last

bit of self-esteem. Plus, chicks find it irresistible. Well, chicks made of metal anyway.

Sound too good to be true? Just ask "Lucy," whose testimonial is included. "Since

wearing the Magnetic Cap, I have experienced a feeling of well being," she writes. "I find myself humming frequently." With so much magnetic action strapped to her cranium, it seems likely that the humming occurs anytime she gets within five yards of an electronic device. (KS)

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Apple unveiled the new iYarmulke

FAST FACT



The first television program to show a toilet was *Leave It to Beaver* in 1957

THIS MONTH...

... while we were working to bring you this issue, our fellow Americans were busy as well

146,000
tried smoking cigarettes for the first time

94,583
couples got divorced

4,702
went to the emergency room with toilet-related injuries

3,335
injured themselves with a hammer

1,297
killed someone

151
suffered lubricant-related injuries

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STRAIGHT JACKET



EAT LIKE A CONVICT

Eliminate the fear of being shanked in the chow hall

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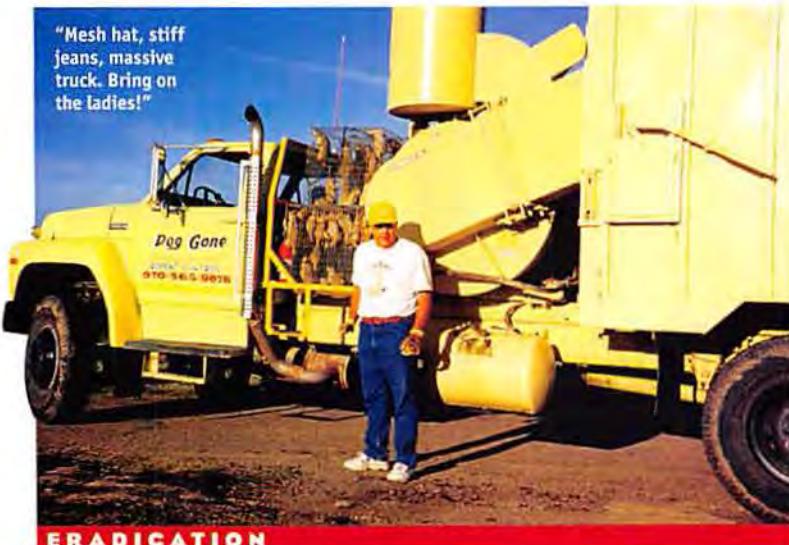
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ERADICATION

RODENT SUCKER

Magnificent machine gives prairie dogs the ride of a lifetime

In the old days, a man could hardly strap on his sandals without seeing water become wine or a sea magically part. These days, however, some would say the Big Guy has become somewhat lazy in the miracle department. At least one man knows better. "I said a prayer before I went to sleep," testifies 57-year-old Gay Balfour, "and within a couple of days, I was sucking prairie dogs out of the ground. That's no coincidence."

As the owner of and innovator behind the Cortez, CO-based Dog Gone, Balfour can slurp up hundreds of varmints per hour with his modified sanitation-department

vacuum-truck. "It makes a nice *thwump* sound when they come out of the ground, up the tube and into the padded hopper," he says. "It only takes a second; the air in the tube travels about 70 mph."

Once the startled lawn-wreckers have been humanely apprehended, they are taken unharmed to a wildlife preserve—where they're fed to ferrets. "It's odd," Balfour says. "I'd like to sell them in Japan. They'll pay \$200 each to keep them as house pets. But although it's OK to drown them, shoot them or blow them up, it's illegal to sell wild animals." That must be the way God wants it. (JB)



FAST FACT



A single human tooth contains 55 miles of canals

HOLES

CHEAT PANTS

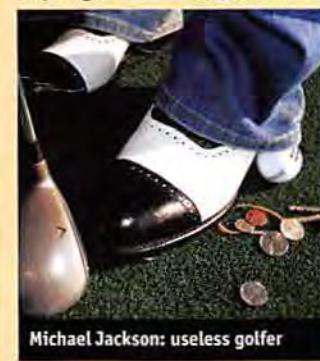
Forget the driving range. The proper attire will fix your shank

To the un-initiated, a hole in one's pants pocket warrants a trip to the tailor. Wrong move. A well-placed gap, hidden from sight and near the groin, allows hours of covert penile poking, or pocket pool, as it's known among perverts. Cheat Pants, a pair of jeans with a secret hole, even shave strokes off your golf



game. Simply stand where you want your ball to land, drop it through the opening and loiter while it runs down your leg and onto the fairway. Just try not to look too smug. (JB)

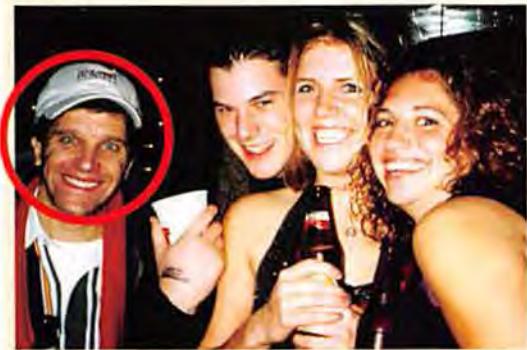
\$90; www.golf-refugees.com



Michael Jackson: useless golfer

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

Drunk people do funny things, like collapse without reason, urinate on police officers and marry Dennis Rodman. When they jump into a stranger's party picture, however, the laughter ends. If you have such a ruined moment, send it to Who the Hell Are You?, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY



10011. A fellow reader may be able to identify the inebriated intruder.

Psycho haunts picture

"This photo is from New Year's Eve,

when my friends and I were in Boston celebrating at a bar,"

writes April Adams of Willington, CT. "I have no idea who the sketchy psycho is. I'm just glad he didn't come to the party armed."



Hey, Killer—who the hell are you?

Marine slobbers on shoulder

"I went to the Marine Corps ball at Cherry Point,"

writes Clay Fowler from Cherry Point, NC. "My girlfriend was taking a picture of me, when out of nowhere, this fool gets all up on me. I'm not sure, but I think he's licking me. This should give people second thoughts about the whole 'don't ask, don't tell' policy." Hey, Sergeant Nibbles—who the hell are you?



HEY! PERI VELOTAS...

IT'S YOUR SISTER!

When little brothers think they know it all, *FHM* shows them the error of their ways

He's such a little twerp," declares 23-year-old Julia Velotas of her younger brother Peri. "He's always making fun of me. He likes pointing to the women in his magazines and comparing me to them, as if they're prettier. I could be in magazines if I want." And now she is, just so she can shut her little bro's pie-hole.

On a side note, she's also available. "My dad was really strict," explains the Norfolk, VA, bartender. "I'd never even been on a date until I went to college, so I'm trying to make up for lost time." Think you have a shot? Here are some things to keep in mind....

Don't wear hair pants

"I was out with this guy once, and I realized his leg hair stopped at his ankles. He had no hair on his feet—it just stopped at the ankle! Leg hair should taper off, so I dumped him."

Drink your milk

"I'm pretty tall, 5-10, so when I put on heels to go out... well, let's just say the guy who's with me had better be tall."

Gaze deeply into her eyes

"All the men who come into the bar where I work talk directly to my chest, like my breasts are going to get them beers. It's so annoying."

Stock up on wax and Rogaine

"Nothing is worse than a hairy back. Oh, except bald guys. I'm not into that at all." (JB)

Check out the "It's Your . . ." archive at FHMUS.com

THE BROTHER



Name: Peri

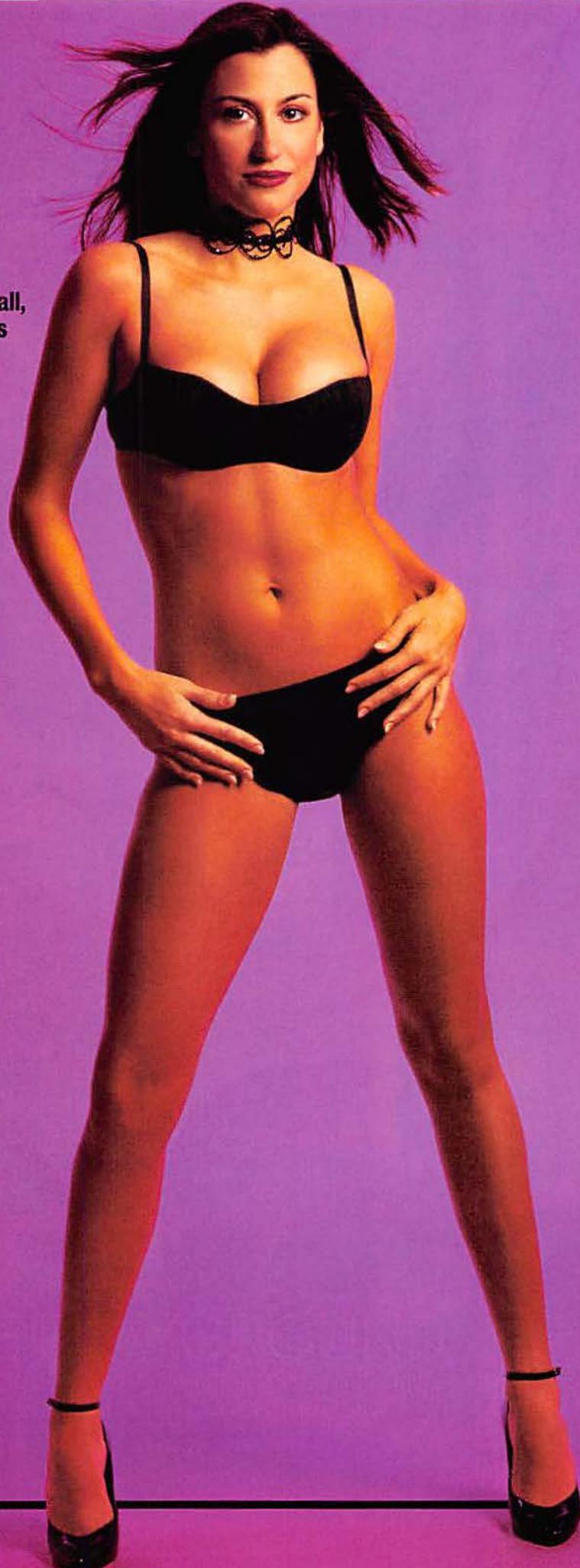
Age: 17

Nickname: Little Miss Know-It-All

Don't mention:

"When he was 10, he would beg me to dress him like a girl."

Ladies! Do you have a boyfriend or an ex, a brother, a dad or perhaps a city councilman you'd like to shame? Send a letter (and snapshots) to It's Your, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.





FOR ALL THE WAYS YOU PLAY

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'ANYONE GOT A LIGHT?'

Fire-loving freak gets hot and bothered in Nevada

Any fool can douse himself in gasoline and set himself ablaze, but what sets Wally Glenn apart from the everyday flame-loving doofus is his ability to wave to the crowd as he goes up in smoke. Known in many circles simply as "Pyro Boy," Glenn is one of the legions of folk who drive out into the Nevada desert every year to set things on fire. Sadly, organizers keep secret the exact date and location of Desert Blast, where everything from fireworks to the occasional person is reduced to large piles of ash.

Morton's zit was one for the record books



BURNING QUESTIONS

Swearing in other religions and the power of Tyson's punch—FHM answers history's greatest queries



Immigrants practiced their high-fives

When testifying in court, how are non-Christians sworn in?

Mark Greenwood, New York, NY

Though most of us don't know what judgment will be like in the afterlife, the rules of

engagement in American court-rooms are quite clear. People must swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but they're not bound by law to take an oath on the Bible.

"Most people just put their hand on the Bible out of fear of the court," explains bailiff Jeremy "Butch" Roberts, "and, of course, fear of God. But they don't have to. A nondenominational 'affirmation' is all that's really necessary."

If a heavyweight boxer like Mike Tyson punched me in the head, would I die?

Scott Burillo, Plano, TX

Taunting anybody much larger than yourself is rarely a good idea, least of all professional boxers. What's more, taking a

solid bare-knuckle knock from just about anybody could possibly result in a lethal injury, anything from the tearing of the spinal column to internal bleeding or brain damage. Some simple physics reveals that a punch from a guy like Mike Tyson is the equivalent to having a baseball launched at your face at 300 mph. So, yes, an average pencil-necked individual such as

yourself probably couldn't withstand the force.

The simple answers

Have Siamese triplets ever been born alive?
No.

Can it ever be too cold to snow?
Yes.

Is it true that Iraqis smoke more than any other people?
Yes. (KA)

CURE MY STUPIDITY

Are you so baffled by a question that it has completely consumed your tiny brain? Send inquiries to... **Burning Questions**, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If your query sees print, you'll get \$50.



Givens hid her freshly munched ears



Served in **fine** establishments and questionable joints everywhere.



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I COULD DO THAT

THE VIDEO PICKER

Justin Prager, 30, is partly to blame for all those damn 'N Sync videos on MTV

Sales calls

"It seems like every other minute, there's a music executive or an artist walking through pitching us on their newest stuff. One minute Method Man or Redman might be here, and the next minute it's Chad from Nickelback. We just had Alanis Morissette in here to present

Thin walls mean I can hear you playing your damn guitar. How many times can one man mangle 'Stairway to Heaven'? For the love of God, stop.

WANTED!

MTV Programmer

Somebody's got to do the work while Carson flaps his gums

Do you bore friends with labored analysis of music trends? Secretly catch yourself humming "Bye Bye Bye"? Yearn for rock stars to pretend to be your friend? This is the job for you! Responsibilities include picking "Buzzworthy" flicks from the endless pile of tapes received daily, separating the Eminems from the Whitey Fords and picking out "the next big thing." Applicants must be willing to attend numerous concerts, rake in freebies from high-rolling record labels eager to break their artists and plow through the massive crowds that accumulate outside the Times Square office. Some music industry background recommended. Salary negotiable.

Friends needed ASAP! Please. I'm lonely.



Times Square: a lively mix of teenage girls and diseased pickpockets

Monday is music meeting day. We gather in our lounge, kick back and watch absolutely every video that's been submitted

some songs from her new album. It was just her and two other guitarists doing an acoustic set five feet away from me in this small room.

Staff meetings

"Monday is music meeting day. We gather in our lounge, which has a kind of Middle Eastern meets Manhattan vibe, kick back and watch absolutely every video that's been submitted, even if it's from some Joe Blow label in Idaho. It takes all day. Then we decide what goes to MTV, MTV2 and the different specialty shows."

Office hours

"Whereas a lot of people have nine-to-five jobs, we get in at 10, leave at eight and then

might go out till one or two in the morning. One minute I might be at some underground hip-hop show, then I might go to Madison Square Garden to listen to Creed. That's a typical night, bouncing from spot to spot."

Company tickets

"Now that I have this job, I have ex-girlfriends who haven't talked to me in five years calling up for free tickets. They're like, 'Hey, I haven't talked to you for a while. How you doing? Oh, great, uh, by the way, P.O.D.'s playing tomorrow night. Can you hook us up?' My mother's funny. I got her a pair of tickets for Neil Diamond, and the next day she called me for tickets to Brian McKnight. I guess her musical taste is expanding too." (AW)

BUT I'M GLAD I DON'T DO THAT

THE SWEATSHOP WORKER

Mike Lee isn't technically a slave, but he might as well be

This is America—where the hell did you find a sweatshop to work in? There are many in New York. The people I work with, we all come from China. I borrowed \$40,000 in China to have people sneak me into this country. But now

that I am here, I cannot get a decent job. I'm not legal. The people in China threaten my family if I do not pay them back, so I take the work that I can.

What's a normal day like?

I put shirts on hangers. Grab a shirt from the pile, hang,

The details

Age: 32

Hours: 15 hours per day; seven days per week
Pay: "Slow people only make \$3 per hour, but I can make \$5!"
Perks: "Is that a joke?"

button up, pull on a plastic bag. We get paid by the shirt, not by the hour, so you work as fast as possible. Two cents to hang a shirt, two

more to button it up and half a cent to button the sleeves. I work over 100 hours per week.

I guess you don't take a long lunch.

There's no time to eat. I've left bowls of broth sitting on a table next to me all day without touching them because I didn't have the time to pick them up and eat.

When do you find time to sleep?

That's all I do when



"Can I have some water yet, Kathie Lee?"

I get home. I get four or five hours of rest. Sometimes I'm so tired, I fall asleep standing up at work. That's bad. You can't hang

clothes while you're asleep. Plus, if the boss sees, he gets very angry.

Do you at least get paid on time?

Sometimes a

factory will lock the doors and pretend to go out of business right before payday. Then no one gets his money. They will disappear for a while and then open a new factory in the building next door. But there's nothing you can do. If you complain, none of them will hire you again. My family needs the money. (FW)

Newport Pleasure Goods!



Vivitar® ViviCam

Capture the sights on this Mac/PC compatible digital camera: 8MB Memory, 138 pictures, 1.3 mega pixels, 10 second self-timer.

Ogio® Cool Packer

It's a backpack and a cooler! Ice chest at base fits 12 pack and ice, with mesh center for wet items and large dry storage for anything else.



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Comfortable and durable. Navy blue with embroidered logo. Available in M/L, XL and XXL.



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Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



THE FHM STUDENT OF THE YEAR

It snows here pretty much every day during the winter," says 19-year-old Syracuse freshman Ellen



Wilson. "A trip to Australia sure would be nice." Thanks to Contiki Holidays, an all-expenses-paid vacation for two Down Under—plus a whopping \$2,000 in spending money—is exactly what will be awarded to the winner of *FHM's* 2002 Student of the Year competition. Each month, *FHM* presents a new nominee and puts her through a challenging 10-question quiz...

Ellen's Questions	Answers
1) What bulb has been dubbed "the stinking rose"?	Garlic ✓
2) What's the longest river in the world that flows north?	The Nile ✓
3) What disease is the focus of oncology?	Cancer ✓
4) What number does "giga" stand for?	A billion ✓
5) What boxing promoter was indicted for filing a false insurance claim?	Don King ✓
6) What country's profit from exporting movies is second only to the US?	I don't know, India? ✓
7) What season boasts the greatest number of US newborns?	Summer ✓
8) What is the world's largest office building, with 6.5 million square feet?	The Empire State Building X
9) What rock group is immortalized on Butt-Head's T-shirt?	AC/DC ✓
10) What cooking fuel is produced by heating wood without oxygen?	Is it charcoal? ✓

QUIZ SCORE
9/10

8) The Pentagon

Nine out of 10—woo-ha!—that's the best score *FHM* has seen in a while. "So do I win?" asks Ellen. Not quite. The winner will be determined by an online poll to be held this September at FHMUS.com. Power to the people.

Ladies! Want a shot at our phenomenal prize? First, you must be enrolled as a full-time college student through December 2002. Then, to be considered, send a letter (with snapshots) to Student of the Year, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or visit FHMUS.com

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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE®

DOUBLE II HELIX



4 OUT OF 4 STARS. — USA TODAY

Explore the planet's deadliest hotspots through 61 levels of real-world action—contained on 2 giant CDs!



Employ over 25 realistic military-grade weapons and tactical equipment.



The enemy is smart, very smart. AI reacts to a variety of strategy, stealth and other combat tactics.



GHOUL II Technology provides ultra-realistic, location-based damage. So, hit 'em where it hurts!

GO ABOVE THE CALL WITH THE PC GAME OF THE YEAR



Blood and Gore
Violence



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hip hop hip hip hip hip ACTIVISION hip

activision.com

'SIT! STAY! FOREVER!'

Honor your pet with the best technology ancient Egypt had to offer

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For the past 20 years, Salt Lake City's



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\$6,000; www.summum.org

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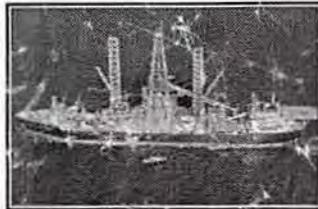
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succeed in accessing its sensitive equipment and codes. But on August 11, 1974, with the Glomar already in position above the wreck, President Ford gave the go-ahead. Using eight elaborate jet thrusters, the ship steamed herself. Then, like something from a James Bond novel, two giant doors opened on her bottom, exposing the "moon pool," and a huge

jaw that reached deep into the sea grasped the sub and prepared to lift it back into the Glomar's hull. But just before the end of the mission, the sub fell apart. If what the CIA says is true, only the front 38 feet, which contained two nuclear torpedoes and various code equipment, was recovered and brought back to the Glomar's port at Long Beach, CA.

FAST FACT



The cracks in shattering glass move at speeds that approach 5,000 mph

KILLING TIME

IN THIS SPACE

Our new intern Liz was complaining about the size of her first New York apartment. So we decided to teach her a few things:

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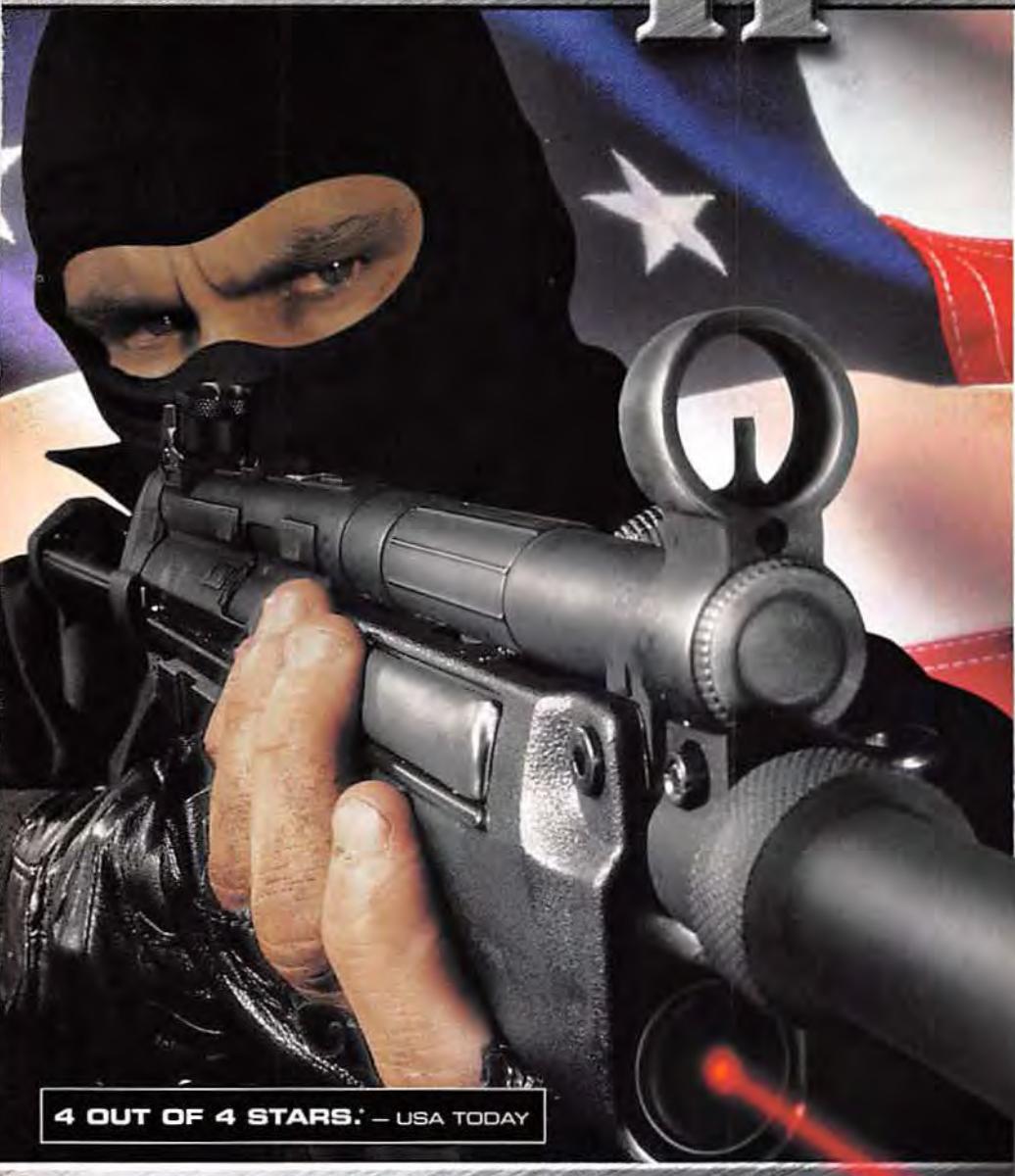
Fabergé eggs worth \$12,000,000



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"And you're sure this will help me float Senator Kennedy?"

LINGERIE

PANTIES PREVENT STABBINGS

Chain-mail intimates offer the ultimate in safe sex

While a Victoria's Secret double-laced silk plunge bra does a great job of enhancing your girlfriend's figure, it won't do crap to deflect the blow of a double-edged broadsword. Thank God someone's finally making panties out of chain mail.

Perfect for the overprotective boyfriend who can't afford a pricey suit of armor, Chain Mail lingerie drapes gracefully over the female form while still providing a level of protection suitable for medieval combat. "It's pretty heavy," explains



"Why are they calling me Microphone Head?"

designer Bright Ryan. "People usually gasp when they pick it up." The headpiece checks in at a solid 12 pounds and the full shirt contains a back-bending 40 pounds of stainless steel.

Though popular with the fetish crowd, as far as Ryan knows, the intimates' actual blade-stopping abilities have yet to be confirmed. "I don't know anybody that's taken any actual knifings," she says. "I haven't put it to the test yet." (AW)

\$65 to \$120;
www.wickedchamber.com

FAST FACT



Only 10 percent of the world's population is left-handed

FITNESS

COMMIE WORKOUT

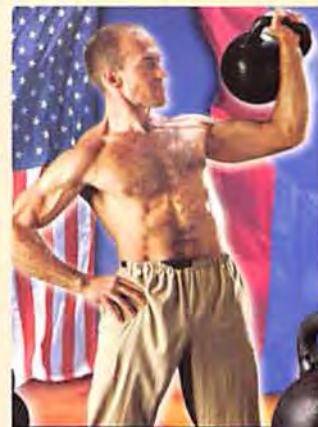
Rusky trainer Pavel Tsatsouline now busts balls for the US Marines

You're teaching American troops strength techniques you learned while training the Soviet Special Forces. How were the Red Army gyms? Kind of like a

opted for work-out machines and the easy way out. Not so in Russia.

Don't Russians begin military training in junior high?

Yeah, throwing a grenade is part



Malkovich admired his purse

junkyard—a lot of big, heavy, ugly iron. They were so bad they were called Courage Corners. I was once stationed up north in the Arctic near Norway, and the gym was just a permafrost cave. All the rust would eat into your calluses. That was some nice local flavor. You work out with kettle bells. Isn't that a bit dated? Guys used to train with kettle bells here in the United States, but then life got nice and soft, and people

of the test in middle school. They give you a cast-iron dummy that's the weight and shape of a grenade, and you take a few steps and see how far you can throw it.

Since becoming a fitness guru in the States, you even developed your own ab machine called the Pavilizer. Come on now. What can I say? I've turned into a capitalist running dog. (AW)

For more info, visit www.dragondoor.com.



REFLECTIONS
OF MEN



CHROME
AZZARO
PARIS

MACY'S

'SIT! STAY! FOREVER!'

Honor your pet with the best technology ancient Egypt had to offer

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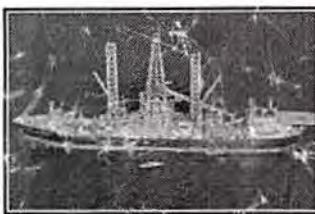
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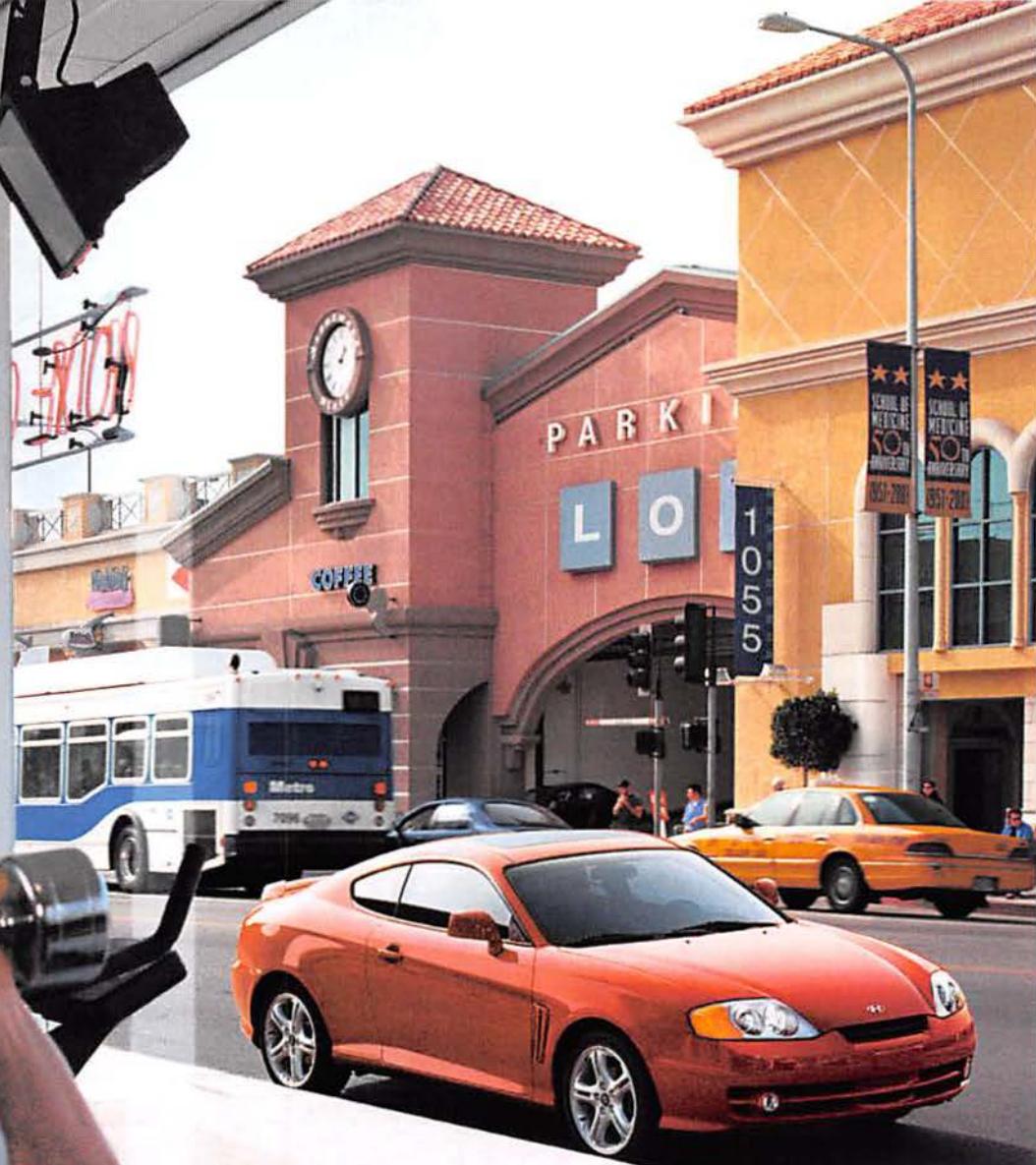
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Introducing the all-new, radically redesigned Tiburon GT V6.

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PICKUP TRICKS

Hairstylist Tracy Kurts gives advice on scoring with the chick who cuts your mop

What are the biggest mistakes men make?
Heavy breathing during a scalp massage. It's guaranteed to kill off further "head work." And hitting on me under undignified conditions. At least wait until I scrape the extra-intensive dandruff treatment off your head.

Ever hit on a client?

Sure, most of my flings and boyfriends start off as customers. Using my boobs as recruiting tools, I adjust the chair so they have no choice but to pay attention. If stronger measures are called for, my famous neck-massage/lap-dance combo has an amazing success rate.

What percentage of your co-workers sleep with their customers?

Tons. But timing is everything. You can increase your odds for salon sex by making an after-hours appointment. That way, if I like you, I can move things along by suddenly "remembering" where we keep the complimentary merlot we save for the big tippers. We also love pimping for our customers, so if I'm not available, I can usually set you up with someone who is.

Failure is guaranteed if a guy...

Is a control freak and tries to direct the haircut. After a few minutes of that, I'll just hand him the scissors and say, "OK, then, you do it, dick."

How can a guy make your day?

By taking my advice. When I tell you cornrows on top of a mullet will not do you any favors with women, I know what I'm talking about. And arriving clean. Some guys see no connection between acres of neck dirt and a three-year sex drought.

What's been the best pickup effort to date?

This guy comes in for a noon appointment and asks me if I've had lunch. Since I was starving, I said no. So he whips out the cell and tells his assistant to pick something up. Twenty minutes later, some other guy shows up and lays out this amazing spread. Turns out it was just his deadbeat roommate who owed him money, but it was such an impressive display of teamwork, I gave him my number.

What's your occupational getaway line?

I just shove the losers off on my gay assistant: "OK, I'm done. Raul will finish blowing you now." (ss)



100 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

Because May is National Hand Tool Safety month, *FHM* asked 100 women about their workplace habits

100 - 71	100% Have fantasized about sex while on the job
70 - 51	90% Have been sexually harassed at work
50 - 21	89% Talk sexually about men in the office with female co-workers
20 - 0	85% Think it's appropriate for men to flirt with women at work
100 - 71	80% Would work a specific shift because a guy they wanted to see was coming in
70 - 51	77% Have had a secret work relationship
50 - 21	75% Have slept with an unmarried co-worker
20 - 0	74% Figure the workplace is the best place to meet potential partners
100 - 71	72% Have caught a male colleague with a boner
70 - 51	64% Claim they are the hottest chick at work
50 - 21	60% Had co-workers cover an office relationship
20 - 0	53% Dress provocatively for male co-workers
100 - 71	36% Have flashed a male co-worker on the job
70 - 51	31% Have had sex at work
50 - 21	23% Would hire a guy because he was handsome
20 - 0	20% Bought a new outfit in the morning to cover the fact they never went home
100 - 71	19% Have brought contraception to work "just in case"
70 - 51	11% Would consider sleeping with a married co-worker
50 - 21	10% Have masturbated at work
20 - 0	8% Were hit on during a job interview
100 - 71	7% Have had online sex/ e-mail sex with a co-worker
70 - 51	6% Have taken a job just to meet men
50 - 21	4% Would have sex in order to get a promotion
20 - 0	2% Have stalked an office crush

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1951



DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830



sip responsibly

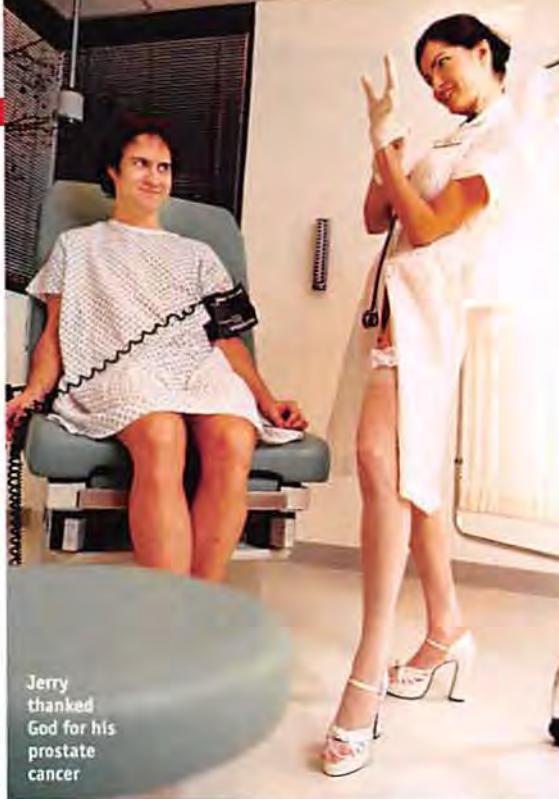
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APPEAR IN YOUR OWN SMUT!

Filmmaking opportunities for those with the acting skills of a porn star

With four sumptuous sets—a bedroom, a doctor's office, a barn and a dungeon—Hollywood's Live Acts Video offers everything a budding filmmaker needs to make his indie debut. Provided, of course, that he wants to film himself having sex.

"It's not just about having sex," clarifies Live Acts founder Frank Keshishian. "It's also about role-playing." Or as they like to say in Hollywood, "acting." Indeed, for a mere \$475, remote-control cameras will film any two budding thespians in scenes that involve, say, a rich housewife and her pool boy, or a lonely patient and her over-attentive doctor. Not only does Live Acts provide a variety of costumes (French maid? Yup. Naughty nurse? Absolutely.), they even offer short scripts to get couples started. And



Jerry thanked God for his prostate cancer

It's not just about having sex. It's also about role-playing

for just \$350 more, you'll get a roving cameraman for tight zooms on penetrating scenes and climactic moments.

"It's an hour session, but we'll usually let them go over," Keshishian says. "Of course, if they go way under, they're doing something wrong." (AW)

www.liveactsvideo.com

SELECT YOUR DOMAIN



Bedroom

High beamed ceiling and a roaring fireplace. Mattress covered with plastic liner for easier post-filming cleaning.



Dungeon

Equipped with whips and wall shackles. Plush yet rugged design is user-friendly for bondage beginners.



Doctor's office

Actual doctor's chair, fluorescent lighting and linoleum floors. Window with a view of a fake parking lot.



Barn

Aged wood interior and antique barn paraphernalia. Hay is changed as soon as couples finish rolling in it.

INFIDELITY

'MY WOMAN IS A WHORE!'

New test confirms what pathetic cuckolds already suspected

Hiring an investigator to track your girlfriend is effective, but it means the private dick will be feasting his eyes on your woman's jahobbies while she rides another man silly. Plus, he'll probably keep his own set of prints.

A safer way to flush her out is with the CheckMate semen detection kit. Just snatch your hussy's panties, mix the liquid and powder on the supplied applicator, then test any visible stains. If it turns purple, it's man muck.

Sadly, the purple is hard to remove, so be sure not to test it on sofas, car upholstery or your girlfriend's teeth. (RB)



\$50; www.infidelitytoday.com

FAST FACT



The longest word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is "uncopy-rightable"

PASTRY

CRAFTS FOR FATTIES

Kit allows lardasses to customize their jelly doughnuts

Everybody loves jelly doughnuts, but nobody loves the effort it takes to obtain them, what with the getting off the couch, the driving to the doughnut shop and the remaining upright while waiting in line. Now there's an easier way. With Stonewall Kitchen's Jelly Donut Kit, you can have freshly fried pastry pockets without ever putting weight on



Budget cuts forced the LAPD to cook their own meals

your cankles. Although the kit doesn't include necessary ingredients such as eggs, flour, yeast or sugar, your girlfriend can easily grab those from

any grocery store, right before she gets to cookin'. The pastry-making process is far too involved for the average male to undertake—it requires hot grease

and a jam-insertion nozzle—but someone proficient in the kitchen should have no problems. (AW)

\$21; www.plumperparty.com

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THE PROBLEM WITH "REAL JOBS",
AS ANGEL SAW IT, WAS THE LACK
OF OPPORTUNITIES TO DANCE.

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CAKE WORLD

FHM scours the globe to bring you bizarre tales, including one that truly takes the cake

AND THE WINNER IS... SCOTLAND



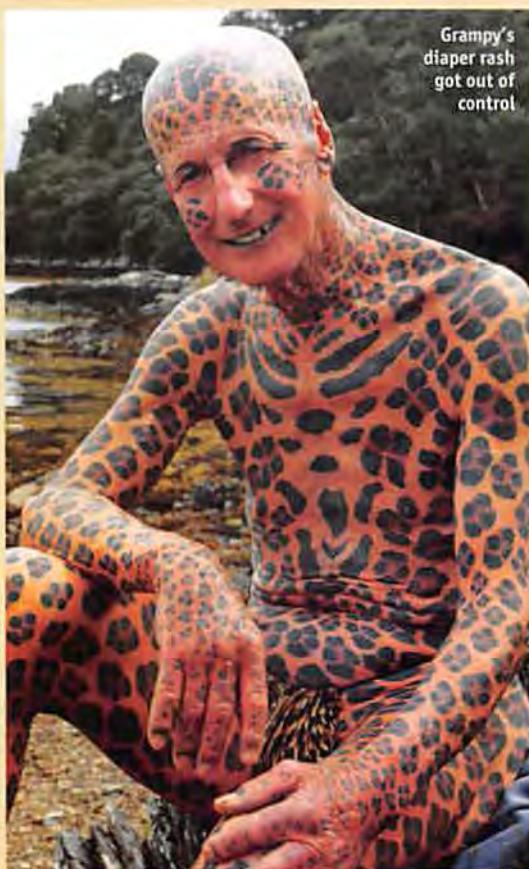
Man becomes leopard

A Scottish hermit has 99.2 percent of his body tattooed with the yellow and black spots of a leopard. Former soldier Tom Leppard admits he has no particular affinity for the jungle cats, and instead chose the design because it made his last name a pun. Plus, Leppard realized tourists would pay to take their picture with him, and he is now an attraction on the Isle of Skye. "I wanted a place to live where there were no people but I still had easy access to shops," Leppard explains of his cave-like dwelling. "If I went back to my old town, little kids with nothing better to do would come and throw stones."

low and black spots of a leopard. Former soldier Tom Leppard admits he has no particular affinity for the jungle cats, and instead chose the design because it made his last name a pun. Plus, Leppard realized tourists would pay to take their picture with him, and he is now an attraction on the Isle of Skye. "I wanted a place to live where there were no people but I still had easy access to shops," Leppard explains of his cave-like dwelling. "If I went back to my old town, little kids with nothing better to do would come and throw stones."



Gottfried nailed *The Lion King* audition



Grampy's diaper rash got out of control

ITALY



Driver glued to road

An Italian driver spent an evening on the road, having gotten himself stuck to the ground when a truck carrying super glue crashed ahead of him. The unidentified man became aware of the crash while driving on the Bressana Bridge between Milan and Pavia. He climbed out of his car to investigate the damage and found his feet instantly stuck to the pavement. Though he luckily had a cell phone in his pocket, it took several hours for specialists to arrive and dissolve the glue.

MALAYSIA



Voyeurs dress as vegetation

Hoping to catch a glimpse of kissing couples, a group of dedicated and highly trained peeping Toms have crafted intricate viewing stations in the trees of a Malaysian park. Equipped with infrared binoculars, the group hides in elaborately camouflaged tree houses and sometimes disguise themselves as park shrubbery. Police first learned of the group when one voyeur accidentally fell in front of a couple after the tree branch he was perched upon gave way. "The couple was puzzled that they were being watched since they were merely enjoying a pizza," a police officer said.

INDIA



Baby grows tail

Believing they've found a monkey-like god reincarnated, Hindu crowds are flocking to see a baby born with a four-inch tail. The growth, along with a number of birthmarks, has led some fanatics to speculate that the boy is in fact Lord Hanuman, a Hindu god that looks like a monkey. Seizing a golden opportunity, the child's grandfather Iqbal Qureshi is taking the boy from temple to temple, showing off the tail for money. No one seems to care that the child is Muslim.

THAILAND



Man inflates to death

A 40-year-old Thai man died after his bored friends decided it would be hilarious to shove an air pump into his anus. Inspired by the site of truck

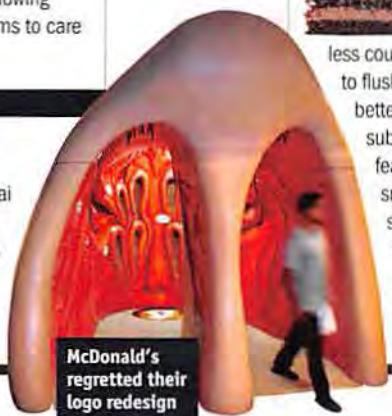
driver Chotpan Sanuanpan asleep on his stomach, his prankster buddies fed an air line into his bottommost orifice and turned on the compressor. Chotpan reportedly awoke with a start before turning "very quiet." His friends dropped him off at a hospital before running away.

SINGAPORE



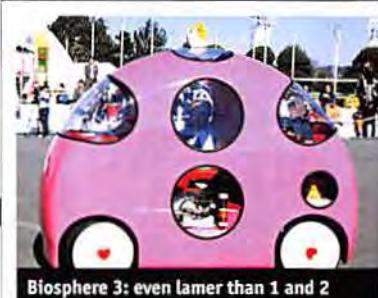
Fart show wows nation

An exhibit dedicated to such human functions as burping and odor excretion has opened in the humorless country where spitting and forgetting to flush the toilet are illegal. Seeking to better educate citizens about taboo subjects, the Grossology exhibit features a walk-through nose that sneezes on unsuspecting passersby. The exhibition also explains the physics, aromatics and timbre of flatulence, and lets individuals sniff odors created by a foot, mouth, anus and armpit.



McDonald's regretted their logo redesign

JAPAN



Biosphere 3: even lamer than 1 and 2



Hamsters power car

Two Japanese students have designed a car powered solely by a pair of hamsters running on a treadmill. An entry in the annual Tokyo Idea Olympics, which is sponsored by Toyota, the car looks like a ladybug, with windows where the insect would usually have spots. In the lower right-hand window, passersby can see the tiny rodents sprinting on their wheel—a process that creates an electrical charge that is then amplified enough to power the automobile. (TK)



PUMA
puma.com

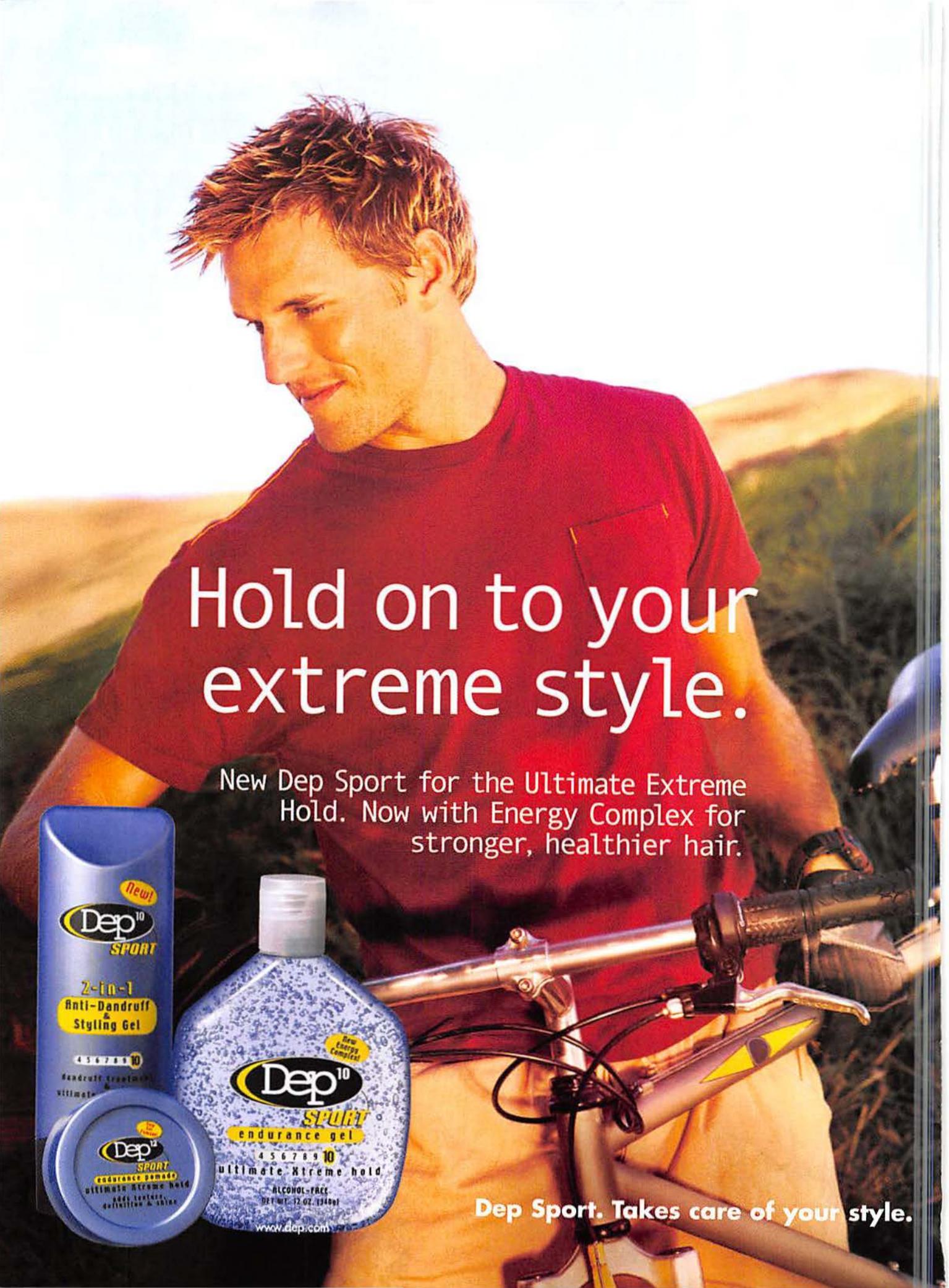


BILLY SAW CROWDED MASS TRANSIT
SITUATIONS AS AN OPPORTUNITY
TO MEET NEW PEOPLE.



PUMA.

San Francisco, Santa Monica, South Coast Plaza, New York, Rome, Paris, Tokyo



Hold on to your extreme style.

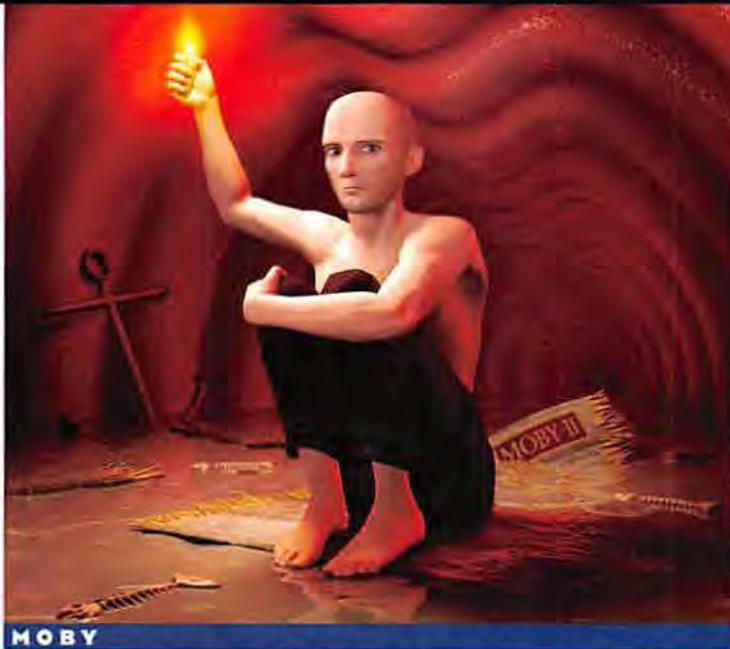
New Dep Sport for the Ultimate Extreme Hold. Now with Energy Complex for stronger, healthier hair.



Dep Sport. Takes care of your style.

REVIEWS

MUSIC • FILM • INTERNET • GAMES



Moby

BALD AMBITION

With *18*, Moby proves he has more than commercial appeal

There was a time when hair was a necessity for anyone dreaming of a lucrative music career. Judas Priest's Rob Halford and that bald guy from Midnight Oil were the exceptions of course, but as it was always assumed that they played for the other team, follicle-challenged rock never really went mainstream.

All that changed when chrome-dome Moby released *Play*. Shockingly, the album that was initially so hard to define that Moby's label, V2, had planned to move only a modest 250,000 copies, it has since

18 really shines when Moby collaborates with other music superstars

sold 10 million worldwide, generated 3 million singles sales and registered gold or platinum in 25 countries. What's more, Moby managed to sell every track for commercial or soundtrack use, making *Play* one of the most recognizable works of music in the last decade—not to mention one of

the most profitable.

Instead of repeating *Play*'s winning formula, Moby has gone the eclectic route with *18*, mixing genres and ideas for a quality record with a distinct sound from its predecessor. It kicks off with "We Are All Made of Stars," a song that could have come straight out of the '80s—squealing guitar, lush keyboards and Moby's spare vocals are all covered with a thick layer of electronic distortion. The album really shines when Moby collaborates with other music superstars. In "Jam for the Ladies," Angie Stone and MC Lyte rap over one of the shiniest dance tracks you will hear all year—a big, stupid, fun song. Sinead O'Connor shows up on the acoustic-guitar-led charmer "Harbour," and the result is one of her best vocal performances in years.

Even though much of the album is a departure, there's still plenty of the scratchy vocal samples, ambient keyboards and break beats fans have come to love. Simply put, *18* rocks. **★★★★** (JH)

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY PARKER

THE RATINGS Michael ★★★★ Jermaine ★★★★ Jackie ★★★ Marlon ★★ Tito ★

ALBUM REVIEWS



Jeremiah Freed

Self-titled REPUBLIC/UNIVERSAL

It's hard to sound fresh when you wear your influences on your sleeve. Case in point: Jeremiah Freed. The band has obviously done its homework and prayed to the altar of rock, but their songwriting is so lacking in dynamics and direction that you barely notice when songs begin and end. They want to be a modern man's Zeppelin, but they come across as a babbling Fuel knockoff. **★★** (KA)



John Forté

I, John TRANSPARENT MUSIC

Rapper/producer Forté first appeared on the Fugees' album *The Score*, and insiders figured fame would follow when he and Clef founded the Refugee Camp All-Stars soon thereafter. Nothing. Then came his solo album. Still nothing. Finally, he made headlines—for smuggling cocaine. *I, John* was recorded moments before he was shackled, and damn, it's good. Smooth, reflective and charismatic, his impending doom did him good—sort of. **★★★** (SB)



The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

Plastic Fang MATADOR

The Strokes, White Stripes and The Walkmen all owe at least a pack of smokes to Spencer for facilitating the rebirth of garage-blues rock. On *Plastic Fang*, the band brings back its old-school sound, with solid drumming and two dirtier-than-your-uncle's-porn-collection guitars exchanging fluids all over the wax. Songs like "Sweet 'N Sour" take a joyride over 50 years of rock history and land somewhere between the Yardbirds and the Stooges. **★★★★** (KA)



Elvis Costello

When I Was Cruel ISLAND/DEF JAM

Costello's first solo release in six years features a diverse mix of taut tunes that nicely complement his stellar wordplay. Highlights include the opening cut, "45," about the importance that recordings can have over a lifetime, and "When I Was Cruel No. 2," a nightmarish recounting of one man's relationships that's full of ominous treble-y guitar. Infused with passion, *When I Was Cruel* is proof that this Elvis has not exited the premises. **★★★★** (JT)

BACARDI LIMÓN™ Tempting.

A hand holds a tall, clear glass filled with a light-colored rum. The glass is tilted, and the liquid reflects the surrounding environment, including a woman's face. In the background, a bartender is seen at a bar counter, and a group of people are socializing in a dimly lit night club. A bottle of Bacardi Limón rum stands prominently on the right side of the frame.

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DIE LIKE A ROCK STAR

You may live like a rock star, but only the dedicated few die like one

You would think the writer of "Let's Get It On" would have had it easy—*au contraire*. The man was riddled with drug problems, repeatedly married and divorced and, much to the chagrin of the IRS, ignored his taxes for 10 years. But that's not what did him in. Marvin was a lover, not a fighter, which is probably why he was



"Baby, I need the Immodium fast!"



The deer mounted its hunting trophy

so easily disposed of. Want to eat it Gaye-style? Follow closely. **Step 1** In desperate need of shelter from your money problems, move back into your father's house. Sure, he's an overbearing

preacher who has threatened your life on several occasions, but perhaps this time will be different.

Step 2 To show thanks for his putting you up, buy the old man a firearm. Now, wait for just the right moment—perhaps nap time, old folks like nap time interruptions—and charge into his room unexpectedly.

Step 3 After he points the house-warming gift at your head, go ahead and give him a shove; he's not the boss of you. Next, take two shots to the chest, one at near point-blank range. Die. (KA)

SPEED ROUND

Get the rundown on five albums faster than Elton John can squander a fortune

Various Artists Rock Music—A Tribute to Weezer

DEAD DROID RECORDS

Tributes are rarely good. This one's downright foul. ★

Blackalicious Blazing Arrow MCA

The Pharcyde fell off. Souls of Mischief disappeared. But Blackalicious just keep getting better. This is Bay-area hip-hop at its best. ★★★★

O'Dirty Bastard The Trials And Tribulations

of Russell Jones D3

Twelve new tracks recorded on the run—awesome. Plenty of cameos; oddly, none of them are from the Wu. ★★★

MC Solaar Cinqueme As (Fifth Ace)

ELEKTRA

For a minute, this French rapper was king shit, but his time in the sun is over. ★



Rappers: happy

Goo Goo Dolls Gutterflower WARNER BROS.

Not as good as *Boy Named Goo*, but not bad either. "Smash" and "What A Scene" make it all worth while. ★★★

For more reviews of the latest music releases, check out

NowUS.com

FAST FACT



The boy band O-Town is the only group in history to have a debut single enter the American charts at No. 1

Refreshing Temptations.

LIMÓN

& CRANBERRY

1 1/2 oz. BACARDI® LIMÓN™

6 oz. cranberry juice

Lemon twist for garnish



LIMÓN

COSMOPOLITAN

1 1/2 oz. BACARDI® LIMÓN™

1/2 oz. lime juice

1 oz. triple sec

Splash of cranberry juice



LIMÓN

& TONIC

1 1/2 oz. BACARDI® LIMÓN™

6 oz. tonic water

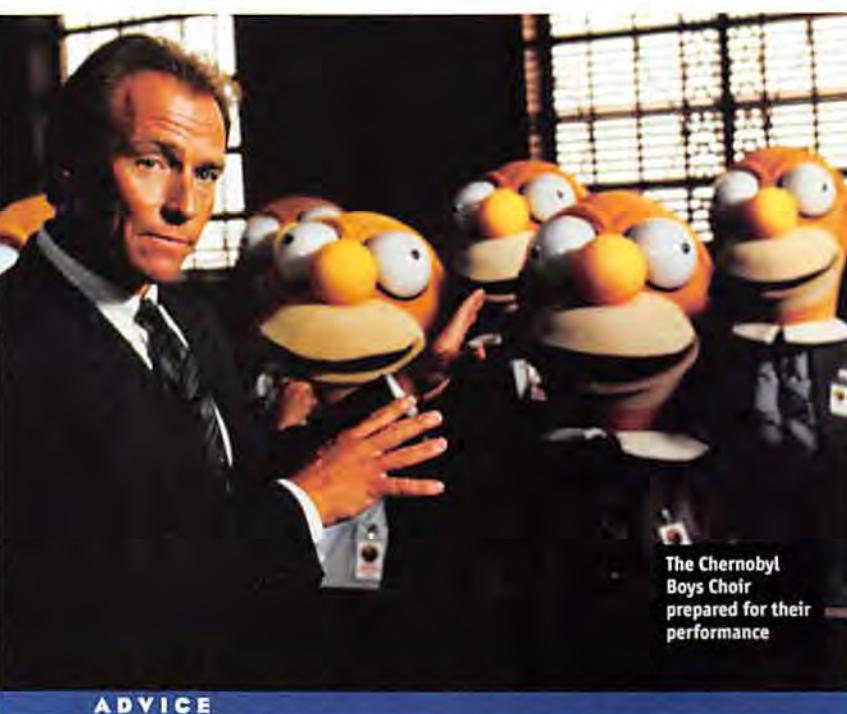
Lime wedge for garnish

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ADVICE

LAWYER TRICKS

Get out of jail free with some help from your friends on the Net

Several Web sites help you save a buck on legal advice by offering basic services at a fixed price. Attorney Jay Abt at MyCounsel.com helped separate legal fact from fiction....

MYTH: If I've been in an accident, I can't avoid getting points on my license.

FACT: Not always. If, for example, you have rear-ended somebody, the police officer probably arrived after the fact and wrote you a ticket for following too close. Don't go to your first court date—instead, have a lawyer or friend say you're sick and get the judge to postpone your court date. That should give your insurance company enough time to pay off the damage to the other guy's car. Once his car has been paid off, they probably won't bother coming to court to testify against you—they have no reason to. The police officer wasn't actually there to witness the accident, so if they don't testify, you can have the case against you dismissed.

MYTH: I can't beat a speeding ticket.

FACT: It's always worth going to court to contest a ticket. Traffic laws vary widely from state to state, but if you plead not guilty, the officer will usually have to be there to testify that you were speeding. If the cop doesn't show up, in some places they'll immediately dismiss the case, in others they'll give the cop one more chance. If the police officer

does eventually appear, you can always change your plea to guilty at any time, at which point they'll probably let you off easy.

MYTH: You have to do the field sobriety tests if an officer pulls you over for a suspected DUI.

FACT: After you've been pulled over and the officer asks if you've been drinking, assert your Fifth Amendment right to shut the hell up and your Sixth Amendment right to have an attorney present. It's hard not to blab when you're drunk, but stay strong—anything you say can only hurt you in court. If you assert those rights, they'll be able to give you a Breathalyzer, but they can't make you take field sobriety tests, such as walking a straight line or saying the alphabet backward.

MYTH: If you fail a Breathalyzer or a blood alcohol test, you're screwed.

FACT: Alcohol tests are pretty contestable in court. I win about 40 percent of my DUI cases by getting the scientific evidence thrown out. There are attorneys out there who charge \$10,000 for a case because they have a success rate of 70 percent.

MYTH: If arrested for a DUI, you should call your lawyer right away.

FACT: Make like Regis and immediately phone a friend. That person can get help for you. Plus, he can later testify about how sober you sounded on the phone. (AW)

When your hatred for figure skating grows unbearable, *FHM* gives a giggle



:01

Confident skaters enthrall housewives everywhere with boring spin move.



:02

Act finally gets interesting as man slips and pair goes toppling.



:03

Woman moans while man ponders why he didn't just play ice hockey.

To see the only interesting figure-skating event ever filmed, download this video at FHMUS.com

SEE YOU IN COURT!

Legal advice for the poor but plugged in



LegalZoom.com www.legalzoom.com

Some legal matters are so simple, a mildly intelligent chimp could work them out. Primates using this easy site need only fill out a questionnaire, which a lawyer then puts into legalese and files in court. Wills (usual price: \$350) cost \$55, prenups (\$700 retail) cost \$120 and restraining orders go for the low, low price of \$200. ★★★



MyLawyer.com www.mylawyer.com

Bare bones and cheap like Mexico, this document depository has any number of legal forms. Grab a will or a prenup for \$30, a change-of-name form for \$20 or an official bill of sale for a mere 10 bucks (helpful for those pawning their car with a classified ad). Unfortunately, no lawyer will check your bad spelling or drive his ass over to a courthouse to do the filing for you. ★★



MyCounsel.com www.mycounsel.com

Recognized by the American Bar Association for providing cheap legal services, this premier site provides actual living lawyers to help customers through their legal tussles. Prices are higher, but no other site will send a suit to get you out of traffic tickets, bankruptcy filings or the occasional bothersome drunk-driving charge. ★★★★ (FW)

BAD CAB



Sometimes a horn
and a gesture won't do.



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Violence



New Olympic ice-dance judges restored the sport's image

HOCKEY

THE HANSON BROTHERS

Slap Shot's legendary goons relive their most painful moments on ice

Steve Carlson (aka Steve Hanson, No. 17) on the beginning

My brothers, Jack and Jeff, and I all played for the Johnstown Jets in the North American Hockey League. We all had long hair and wore black safety glasses. The woman who wrote the script had traveled with us for a bit, and watched how we played. They wanted to get actors to do our parts, but none were good enough skaters, so they gave us a reading. When it came time to film the movie, Jack got called up to the World Hockey Association playoffs. So Dave Hanson, who was on our team and was known as "Killer" Hanson, stepped in to play the role of Jack Hanson.

Jeff Carlson (aka Jeff Hanson, No. 18) on art imitating life

The scene in *Slap Shot* where we go up into the stands—that happened after I scored a goal in Utica, NY. My team was congratulating me, and someone threw a glass of ice at me. It split me above the eye, so I went up about three or four rows and had a battle with the guy. I was up for one to five years in prison, but got off with three years probation.

Dave Hanson (aka Jack Hanson, No. 16)

on why today's players wear helmets

When I got called up to play with Birmingham of the WHA, one of our first games was against the Winnipeg Jets. They had the great Bobby Hull, and I figured the best way to make a name for myself was to throw some thundering body checks. The first time I went to hit Hull, he blew right over me. The second time, we started fighting. I ripped his toupee off his head and threw it into the middle of the ice. I was lucky to get out of Winnipeg with my life.

Steve on his brush with Greatness

I played for the Edmonton Oilers during the final season of the WHA, and my roommate was Wayne Gretzky when he was 17. They knew Gretzky couldn't skate or shoot, so they

figured they'd have him room with me and I'd teach him. And look what I've done for him!

"Jack" on international relations

I once got into a fight with a big French-Canadian guy on the Oilers. He was still in the box when I got out, and as I skated by, he said something to me in French. I figured he was lip-reading, so I dove over the boards and had a bout with him in the penalty box. When I got out, one of the French-Canadian players on my team asked, "What did you do that for?" I said, "Because he was smarting off to me again." He goes, "No, he said, 'I'm sorry I hit you with an elbow.'" "Oh," I said. "Then he should've said it in English."

"Jack" on "The Look"

I was playing in the minors with the Kansas City Red Wings, and we went to play the Dallas Blackhawks. I wasn't too well-liked to begin with, because my role in the movie isn't too far from reality. During warmups, I was hearing the typical heckling, but it seemed to be more profound this time. It got so loud I finally looked up—the entire section was sitting there with the fake nose and glasses! I started howling and they started howling even louder. (SG)

I was up for one to five years in prison, but got off with three years' probation



MOVIE PREVIEWS



Spider-Man

Tobey Maguire, Kirsten Dunst, Willem Dafoe
With the slick story of the web-slinger's origin—biting spider, tragically murdered uncle, maniac man-goblin—director Sam "The Evil Dead" Raimi gives studios their newest cash machine. It will now be up to other directors to ruin it all in future sequels.

Get this For the role, Maguire spent six days a week with a weight trainer, a yoga instructor, a martial arts guru and a gymnastics coach.



Jason X

Kane Hodder, Melyssa Ade, Lexa Doig
The year is 2455, and undead maniac killers no longer exist. That is, until a space crew exploring the husk of Earth decides, of all the billions of bodies, to bring up *Friday the 13th*'s Mr. Jason Voorhees. Future people are stupid. **Get this** The combined running time of the previous nine *Friday the 13th* films is 12 hours and 59 minutes—exactly one minute shy of 13 hours. Spooky.



Life or Something Like It

Angelina Jolie, Edward Burns, Tony Shalhoub
A materialistic TV reporter gives up fame, fortune and a baseball-pro boyfriend when a psychic bum tells her that her life is meaningless and she will die in a few days. Confirming she's as bizarre onscreen as off, Jolie plays the woman who consults a psychic bum.

Get this Jolie and husband Billy Bob Thornton not only wear necklaces that hold each other's blood, they also wear each other's underwear.



Dogtown and Z-Boys

Jay Adams, Tony Alva, Bob Biniak
Winning the Sundance award last year for best documentary, this enthralling history focuses on the Z-Boys, a legendary group of California street kids who revolutionized skateboarding in the '70s.

Get this The Z-Boys originated the practice of skating in empty pools after a mid-'70s drought left a bunch of neighborhood swimming holes dry.



The Scorpion King

The Rock, Michael Clarke Duncan, Kelly Hu
The prequel to *The Mummy Returns* has The Rock's freakishly hair-free chest to anchor it, making this desert adventure look to be the best film work from a professional wrestler since Hulk Hogan brought down the house in *Mister Nanny*.

Get this The Rock earned \$5.5 million for the film, his first starring role. For his first WWF match, he got \$35.



Murder by Numbers

Sandra Bullock, Ryan Gosling, Ben Chaplin
In a coup for the American education system, two youngsters display enough smarts to mastermind near-unsolvable murders. Then they meet their nemesis, a weathered detective who may mistake for the once gratingly cute Sandra Bullock.

Get this As a Mormon, Gosling can't usually smoke or drink, so he was reportedly excited about the role, which let him do both.



"You should see the other guy"

HORROR

JASON'S MANY DEATHS

Worried you won't appreciate the subtleties of the new *Friday the 13th* because you missed the first nine? FHM provides a guide

Part 1

Mysterious maniac slaughters camp counselors.

Crucial plot point

Hey, that's Corey Feldman! And he's shaving his head! And killing Jason!

Part 2

returns to camp.

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's his mom.

Part 3

A New

Beginning

The

machete bandit

stalks oblivious

teens at a mental

health facility.

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 4

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 5

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 6

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 7

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Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 8

Crucial plot point

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paramedic.

Part 9

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paramedic.

Part 10

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Part 11

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Part 12

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Part 13

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Part 14

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Part 15

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Part 16

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Part 17

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Part 18

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Part 19

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Part 20

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Part 25

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Part 30

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Part 32

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Part 33

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Part 46

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Part 49

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It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 50

Crucial plot point

It's not really

Jason. It's a

paramedic.

Part 51

Crucial plot point

FIVE THINGS...

...you didn't know about Marilyn Monroe

1 Because her mother was loony, Marilyn grew up in orphanages and with foster parents. She got engaged to her first husband, the neighbor of a family friend, at the tender age of 15, just so she'd have a place to live.

2 Discovered by an Army photographer while working in a WWII aircraft factory inspecting parachutes, Marilyn began modeling at age 19. In less than two years, she had appeared on the covers of more than 30 magazines.

3 Needing some money when she was 23, Marilyn took \$50 to pose nude. It was those pictures that Hugh Hefner later bought for the very first centerfold of *Playboy* in 1953. Continuing his Marilyn fixation, Hef has also shelled out for the rights to the burial plot right next to hers, so the two will be side-by-side for eternity.

4 Singing her famous breathy rendition of "Happy Birthday" to John F. Kennedy helped get Marilyn fired from her final film, *Something's Got to Give*. Instead of serenading the president, she was supposed to be on the set filming. It didn't help that health and emotional problems had caused her to miss two weeks and six days of the movie's first three weeks of shooting.

5 The famous picture of Marilyn on the subway grate flashing her panties is supposedly from the film *The Seven Year Itch*. Except in the film, censors would only let her dress blow up to her knees. The shot everyone remembers comes from a publicity stunt where the studio let photographers snap pictures of a recreation of the scene. Reporters got 15 takes. (LB)



"Clinton only landed that strumpet Lewinsky"

Marilyn Monroe: The Diamond Collection
Volume 2 box set hits stores May 14.

DAVE SHERIDAN

The comedic actor on penis shopping, nunchaku blows and Dolly Parton hugs

You played the deputy in *Scary Movie*. Any character insights you'd like to share?

I have a prosthetic penis in that movie. You only see it a few times bulging out, but I'm always wearing it, even when I'm disguised as the killer. That's just the kind of actor I am. I like to keep things consistent, so I was like, "Dude, I'm wearing the cock under here!"

Did you get to pick

it out yourself?

I bought it with the costume designer, who was this effeminate gay guy. He and I went dildo shopping at this store. I'm like, "It's for a movie." But at the same time I was going, "We need it big! Get the 15-incher!"

You were also the mullet-sporting nunchaku-wielding redneck in *Ghost World*. Ever kicked any real ass with the twigs of death?

I hit myself a lot in



the head. I stayed in that character the whole time I was filming. Thora Birch and Scarlett Johansson only knew me as that guy, and they were scared shitless. They were under 18, and I just kept walking around saying, "If

JENNY
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there's grass on the field, I'll play ball." Your film *Frank McKlusky, C.I.*, which opens in some cities April 26, costars Dolly Parton. How were the twins? I wrote scenes in which I hugged her a lot. She plays my

mom, so I was like, "I should really give my mom a big going-away hug here." If it had been somebody else, like Kathy Bates, I wouldn't have written the stuff where I'm like, "Oh, Mom, come here!" *McKlusky* won't play everywhere. Do

Freshmen always got screwed on dorm room assignments

you think people will make it a Blockbuster night? The guys with a bong by the couch will like it. The best thing about those dudes is they forgot that they've got it, so you get two extra rental days. That's money in the bank. (AW)

FAST FACT



For his work on *The Wizard of Oz*, the dog who played Toto earned \$125 per week. The munchkins' weekly salary was \$50

COMING TO DVD

Bull Durham: Special Edition

Ball player limits himself to one floozy. Plus, documentary and commentaries from the director and stars, Kevin Costner and Tim Robbins.

Jerry Maguire: Special Edition

Sports agent shows him the money, shoplifts



"Let's wrestle!"



Yankees: overpaid talentless scum?

the pootie, has her at hello and becomes grotesquely over-quoted. Two discs with director and cast commentaries, deleted scenes and rehearsal footage.

Ultimate Fights

Just the violence from 16 films such as *Gladiator*, *Scarface* and *Legend of*

Drunken Master. Includes "party mix" soundtrack scored to the beat of each fight.

Orgazmo: Special Edition

Trey Parker frolics with Choda Boy. Includes documentary, pornstar commentary and "drunken" director commentary from an inebriated Parker.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS: SCOTT HUMBERT; HULTON ARCHIVE

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FREEK-STYLE

The high redneck art of motocross goes mainstream with EA Sports's newest high-flying title for PS2

Even if you don't drive a truck plastered with "No Fear" or Calvin-pissing-in-the-corner stickers, EA Sports's latest foray into motocross brings enough action and gameplay to appeal to any gamer. *Freekstyle* relies heavily on fantasy elements, with over-the-top, clearly impossible, high-adrenaline stunts that are at once pants-wettingly scary and hysterical. Sort of the motorcycle version of what *NBA Street* is to b-ball, and using the same trick system that made *SSX Tricky* a hit, *Freekstyle* is, well, kind of freaky. But in the best way possible.



EA has done their homework and wisely included a who's-who list of real life motocross characters, including "Mad" Mike Jones, Clifford "The Flyin' Hawaiian" Adoptante and even Miss Supercross and TV host

Ride the bike while standing or even in a lotus position



(and *FHM* girl) Leeann Tweeden. There are also loads of fantastically developed racecourses—including some impressive subterranean jaunts. But the goods are in the moves. Not satisfied with standard motocross tricks like suicides or heart attacks (that would still make the average man soil himself), EA has included a wild range that includes the ability to ride the bike midair while standing, doing a handstand on the handlebars or even levitating serenely above the seat in a lotus position. The perfect game for just messing around, there are still more than enough surprises and addictive elements to keep you hooked for months. **★★★★** (EB)

PRODUCT

WIRELESS GAMING HITS CELL PHONES

Your annoying reliance on cell phones just got worse. Nintendo's GameBoy and GameBoy Advance are currently the most popular handheld platforms for gaming, but they're about to face some serious competition from phone-makers Sprint and Motorola. Both

have partnered with game designer THQ to provide support for video games with the new J2ME technology on their current and next generation phones.

Early expected titles include addictive-as-smack *Tetris*, and classic Intellivision titles *Astro-Smash* and *MotoGP* as well as *WWF Mobile Madness*. (PS)



Command & Conquer Renegade

Westwood Studios/EA PC
The classic hit returns, but like you've never seen it before. Instead of the miniaturized 2-D overhead view, you're C&C's original commando tough-guy Nick Parker taking on the evil NOD in glorious first-person 3-D. Spanning 12 stunningly detailed levels, expect flawless gameplay and elements of strategy and stealth. It's as if you're a one-man army that the enemy never saw coming.

★★★★ (PS)



Virtual Resort: Spring Break

Eidos PC
Think of this expansive sim in several lights: a view of hedonistic life for shut-ins; reminiscence for aging frat boys; or just a crash course for snooty hotel restaurant management majors. Island-hop as you develop resorts, hotels, bars, nightclubs, restaurants and more to create the ultimate pleasure paradise. Do it right and your guests will do a little dance, make a little love and get down right in front of you.

★★★★ (RMP)



Spider-Man: The Movie Game

Activision PS2
Thanks to its pathetically uninspired title, a lot of the details of the game are obvious right from the get go—most of the action comes straight from the script of the film. So you're Peter Parker, battling it out with the punkin'-chucking Green Goblin and his evil minions. Just the same, impressive visuals combined with new aerial combat maneuvers and free roaming control make for the best Spidey game ever.

★★★★ (TH)



Virtua Fighter 4

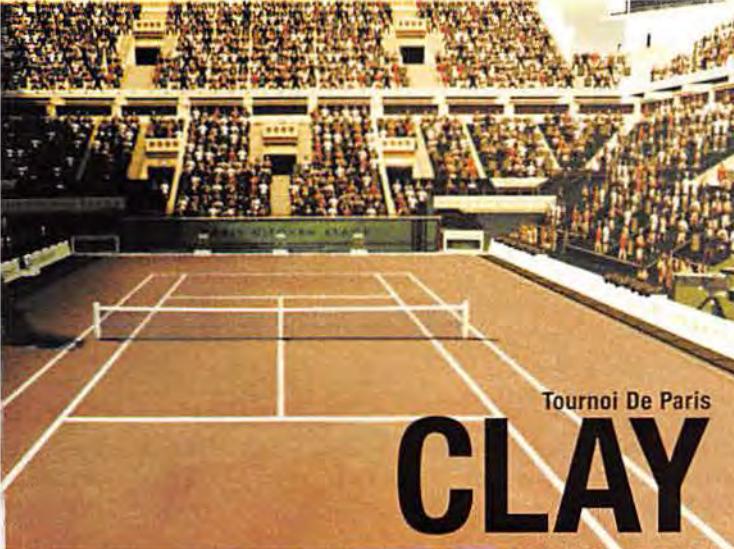
Sega PS2
It's been more than three years since the last incarnation of Sega's king of arcade fighters appeared on a console. Besides a couple of extra characters and fight settings, the graphics in this martial-arts fighter are more stunning than ever, with water effects, fog and such incredible detail in face and body textures that you can actually see facial expressions change mid-pummel. Acrobatic ass kickings never looked so good.

★★★★ (TM)



FAST FACT
Moon Patrol, from 1982, was the first game with "parallax scrolling," in which the foreground and background moved at different speeds to better simulate forward motion

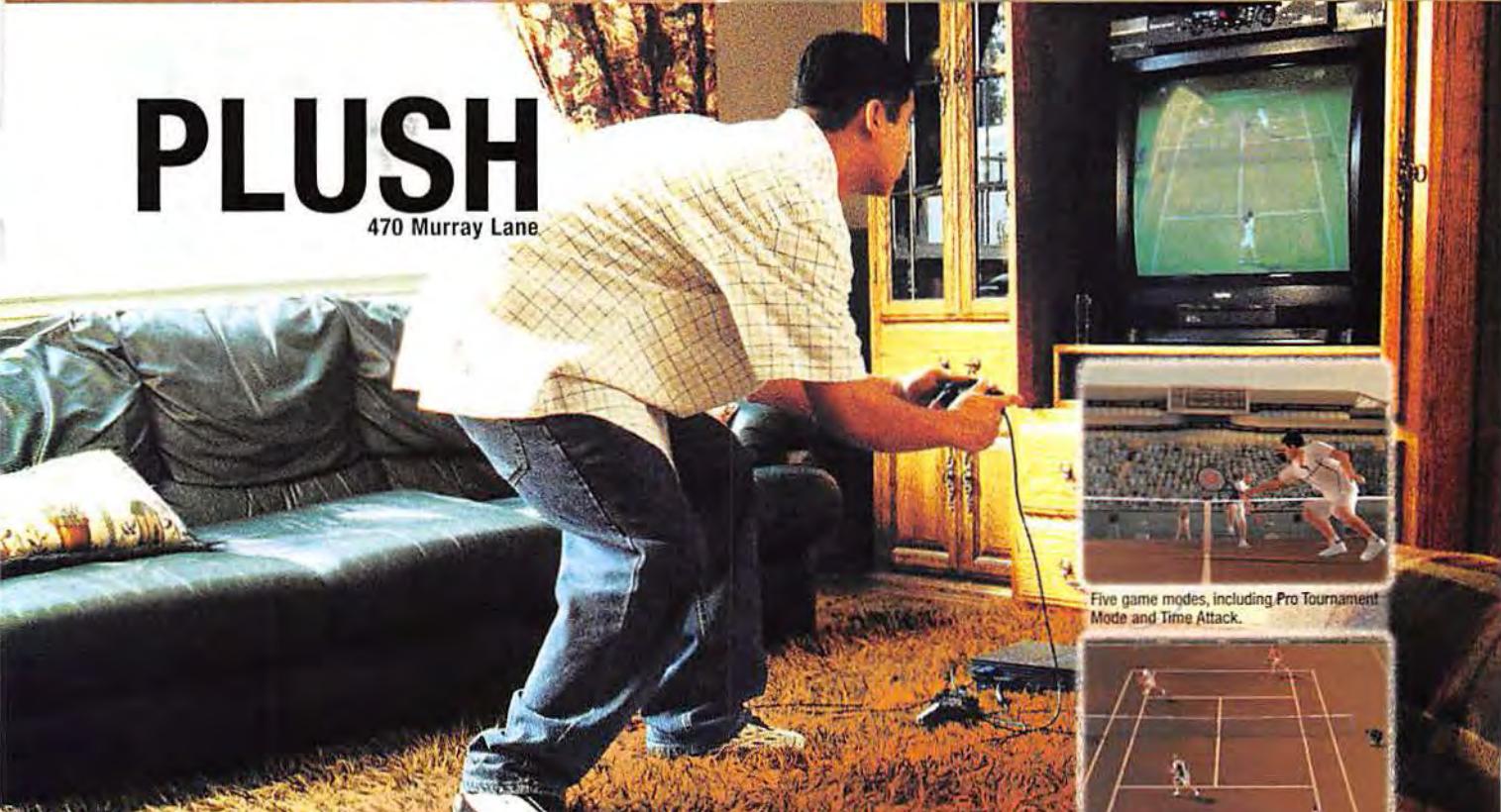
This month's reporters (in order of the most money they've borrowed): Seth Bilax (\$520,000), Enid Burns (\$300,000), Peter Suciu (\$300,000), Scott Grimaldi (\$176,000), Jon Tesser (\$138,400), David Pfister (\$100,000), Tom Ham (\$15,000), Tim Kealey (\$13,000), Katherine Stroup (\$12,000), Kyle Anderson (\$8,500), Jake Bronstein (\$6,000), Jon Hurwitz (\$3,000), Raymond M. Padilla (\$2,200), Ross Brown (\$300), Franklin Wong (\$250), Liz Blazey (\$200), Megan Neuringer (\$50), Adam Winer (\$50)



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Some people are put on this earth just to make others laugh. Take, for example, wacky roommates, Helen Keller or the 1983 *Saturday Night Live* cast. Sadly, normal individuals who want to cause laughter, but lack the comedic flair of Joe Piscopo, must depend on telling jokes. Help your fellow man by sending your best punch line to Bar Room Jokes, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or e-mail it to jokes@FHMUS.com. If yours is printed, you'll get \$50; Joke of the Month wins \$200.

A man goes on vacation to the Caribbean, quickly falls asleep on the sand and ends up with a wicked sunburn. Wincing in pain as even a slight wind touches his scorched skin, the man hobble off to the local doctor for help. The doctor takes one look at the man's legs and says, "I don't have anything to treat sunburn that bad. Try taking these Viagra pills."

"I've got sunburn!" cries the man. "What the hell's Viagra going to do?" "Well, nothing for the sunburn," the doctor replies. "But it will help keep the sheets off your legs tonight."

Alex Schiffer, Palm Harbor, FL

A priest is pulled over for speeding. Smelling alcohol on the good father's breath and noticing a wine bottle on the passenger's seat, the state trooper asks, "Sir, have you been drinking?"

The priest replies, "Just water."

"Then, why do I smell wine?" the trooper inquires.

The priest looks down at the bottle and exclaims, "Good Lord, He's done it again!"

George Wooten, Charleston, SC

Harry suffers from a drinking problem and wanders home completely sloshed at midnight every night. His wife waits up each night and greets him with yells and screams. Fed up with the situation, the wife decides to seek advice from a professional.

"Try treating your husband a little differently when he comes home," the counselor advises. "Instead of berating him, give him some loving words and welcome him home with a

FHM JOKE OF THE MONTH

One day, a laboratory rabbit escapes from his cage. Outside the compound, he tastes fresh grass for the first time. "This is incredible," he thinks.

He soon finds wild rabbits playing in the fields. "I've just escaped from the lab," he says. "What do you rabbits do?"

"We eat fresh, luscious carrots dug from private gardens," one replies.

So the lab rabbit spends hours eating his fill of succulent carrots. Then he asks, "What else do wild rabbits do?"

"You see that field there?" they reply.

"We eat the lettuce." So the rabbit feasts on the fresh, crispy lettuce until his stomach is ready to burst.

"It's fantastic out here!" he cries.

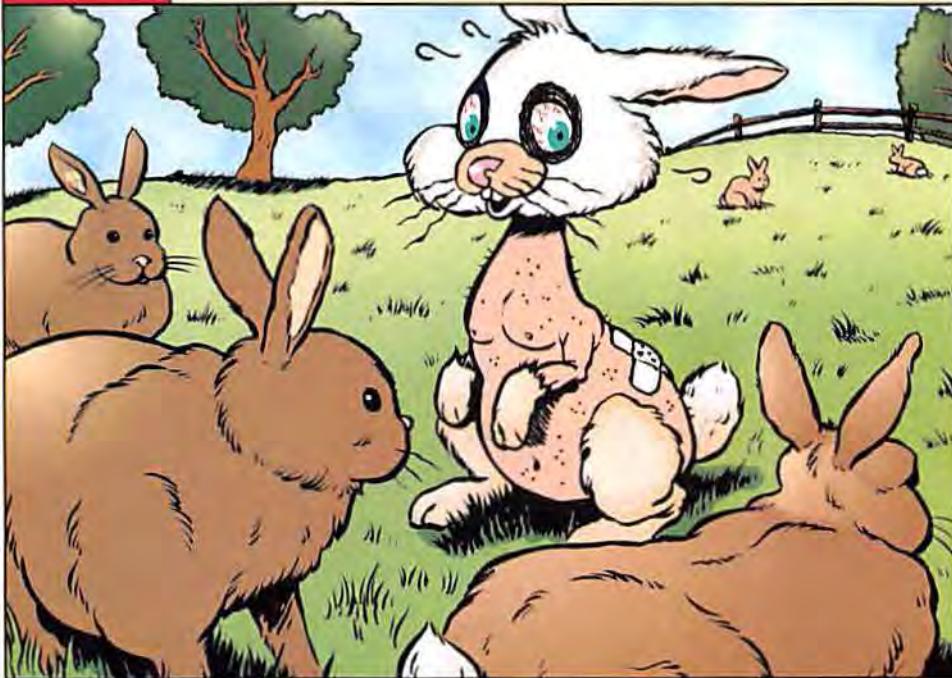
"Are you going to live with us then?" one of the wild rabbits asks.

"I've had a great time, but I can't."

The rabbits stare at him in surprise. "Why? We thought you liked it here."

"I do," the rabbit answers. "But I've got to get back to the lab. I'm dying for a cigarette."

Roger Powell, Clearwater, FL



What's the difference between love and herpes?

Herpes is forever

Daniel Crabtree, Park City, UT

kiss. That might change his ways."

That night, when Harry stumbles in, his wife leads him into the living room, where she sits him down in an easy chair, puts his feet up and takes off his shoes. After cuddling him for a little while, she says, "It's pretty late. I think we had better go upstairs to bed now, don't you?"

"I guess we might as well," Harry replies. "I'll get in trouble when I get home anyway."

Mark Dawson, Hazel Park, MI

After waking up in the morning, a woman tells her husband, "I just had a dream that you gave me the most beautiful diamond necklace. What do you think it means?"

"You'll know tonight," the husband says with a smile.

The woman can hardly think of anything else all day, and she waits in anticipation for her husband to come home. That evening, the man walks

through the door carrying a small package. Elated, the wife tears into the wrapping . . . and uncovers a book titled *The Meaning of Dreams*.

Kyle Meltzer, Orlando, FL

A guy walks into a pub and sees a sign hanging over the bar that reads, "Cheese sandwich: \$1.50; Chicken sandwich: \$2.50; Handjob: \$10."

Checking his wallet for the necessary payment, the man walks up to the bar and beckons to one of the three hot waitresses. "Yes?" she inquires with a knowing smile. "Can I help you?"

"I was wondering," whispers the man. "Are you the one who gives the handjobs?"

"Yes," she purrs. "Indeed I am."

The man replies, "Well, wash your damn hands. I want a cheese sandwich!"

John Cardinaletti, Westminster, CA

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JAMIE KENNEDY

Television's new candid prankster on J.Lo, getting fluffed and sex with Heather Graham

Your show is a cross between *Candid Camera* and *Jackass*. Are there really still people too stupid to realize they are being duped?

We had a guy this one time when we were doing a joke about how his chick kept farting. We wanted to see how far she could go before he went off on her. We released fart noises and smells—everything—and I was like, "Release more farts, release more smell!" But the guy was just really stoned or something. He just sat there like a rock while she was pretending to fart, and it stunk. But he was so out of it and simply didn't care.

Has anybody ever wanted to beat the hell out of you?

Yeah, I pretended to be this horny old man who was hitting on this guy's girlfriend, and he was getting pissed. I kept pushing it and pushing it to see how far I could go until his chest was all puffed up and his eyes were out. When I revealed it was a prank, he said, "Dude, just give me a minute."

If you could prank anybody, who would it be?

I really want to prank a diva, but the problem would be getting them to sign the release. More than anybody, I think it would be Jennifer Lopez, because I could see her getting so angry. And that would make excellent television.

Is it true your father is your all-time favorite mark?

Yes. He sounds exactly like Foghorn Leghorn, and sometimes I just like to pat him on the head like Benny Hill, over and over until he goes ballistic. He'll start screaming, "Goddamn you! Take your goddamn hands off of me!" He also really believes in ghosts and aliens, so I used to pretend to not be home and go out to the electricity box in the back and screw with it, blinking the lights on and off. It would freak him out bad.

Has anybody ever turned the tables on you?

Sure. Once I was doing a movie, and the crew found a *Sassy* magazine that I was in a while back, and they blew it up poster-size, relabeled it *Sissy* and put it in my trailer.

Q If you could prank anybody, who would it be?
A Jennifer Lopez. I could see her getting so angry

Did *Sassy* make you do all kinds of hunky poses?

It was the very first publicity I ever did. I thought, "Cool, I'm going to be a Hollywood hunk." But they put so much makeup on me that I looked like an alien, and I had to do all these stupid poses. I remember going to a Barnes & Noble and looking at it and wiggling out. It didn't even look like me, my stomach just dropped. I tried to hide all the copies.

You played the horror-film expert in *Scream*. Do you get people coming up to you wanting to know what the green slime in the *Exorcist* was made out of?

Every day of my life. But they're all girls with braces who are in the AV club or band. The funny thing is, you come out to Hollywood and get in movies and think, "Hey, I'm in Hollywood, I'm gonna get chicks." But you only get chicks that your character would get. They'll run up to me, ask me some question, then say, "I love you, I want to have sex with you." I never get a Playboy Bunny saying, "I want to fuck you."

So beyond girls with braces, what was your big Hollywood rock-star moment?

One time, this wardrobe girl wanted to mess around, but I didn't have any money. We were shooting near the Mondrian Hotel and she offered to pay for the room. I was the star of the movie, but she paid for it—and it was like \$400 a night! I was like, "Yes!" I couldn't believe she paid for it. It was a pretty big moment for me. We took a Jacuzzi and had apple martinis.

Do you have an official Jamie Kennedy stalker like Andy Dick does?

Not yet, but I don't want to encourage one either.

What has been your scariest fan encounter?

It was something a guy sent me in the mail. He drew a picture of himself standing in front of a clock with a shotgun. I wiggled out. But my friend told me it was from the movie *The Crow*. I was still freaked though. I mean, he had the gun behind his back and this huge smile on his face. I wondered if he was trying to say that my time was almost up or something.

Speaking of frightening, you started your career as a singing telegram.

Yes, I had a clapping monkey and I'd sing all the clichés. "Happy anniversary, happy anniversary," or "We hate to see you leave, we hate to see you leave." I got \$75 a telegram.

Did you ever get dragged inside by a lonely 300-pound woman?

No, but I got a lot of complaints that I was filthy. I had this white tux that I had to wear, and I kept it in the trunk of an old Cadillac with no trunk lining. There was grease all over it, dirt on the knees, pasta stains . . . it was filthy. One time I had to do a telegram in the Bistro Gardens in Beverly Hills for this lady and her 10 friends, a total plastic surgery convention. So I was singing "Happy Anniversary," and doing high kicks in my dirty tux, and she just freaked. It was like somebody ripped the needle off the record at a party.

What was the worst telegram you did?

I drove for two hours and when I got there, they said it was a strip-o-gram. I said, "No, I just sing." They said if I wanted to get paid, I had to strip. So I stripped down to my Hanes. But it wasn't what they expected, so they paid me but didn't give me any tip.

Is that why the scenes you did for *Boogie Nights* were deleted?

No, it was because I got a part in *As Good as It Gets*. I was originally the guy who has sex with Heather Graham in the back of the limo. I really wanted to do it. I wanted to forever be on celluloid being beaten up by Heather Graham and Burt Reynolds. I saved the nudity rider though.

Nudity rider?

I had to sign a waiver saying I was willing to do partial nudity. It was a three-quarter nudity waiver, because the shot was from behind and the camera might pick up the bottom of your sac.

So you don't mind your schlong being on camera?

As long as I'm properly fluffed, I'm all good.

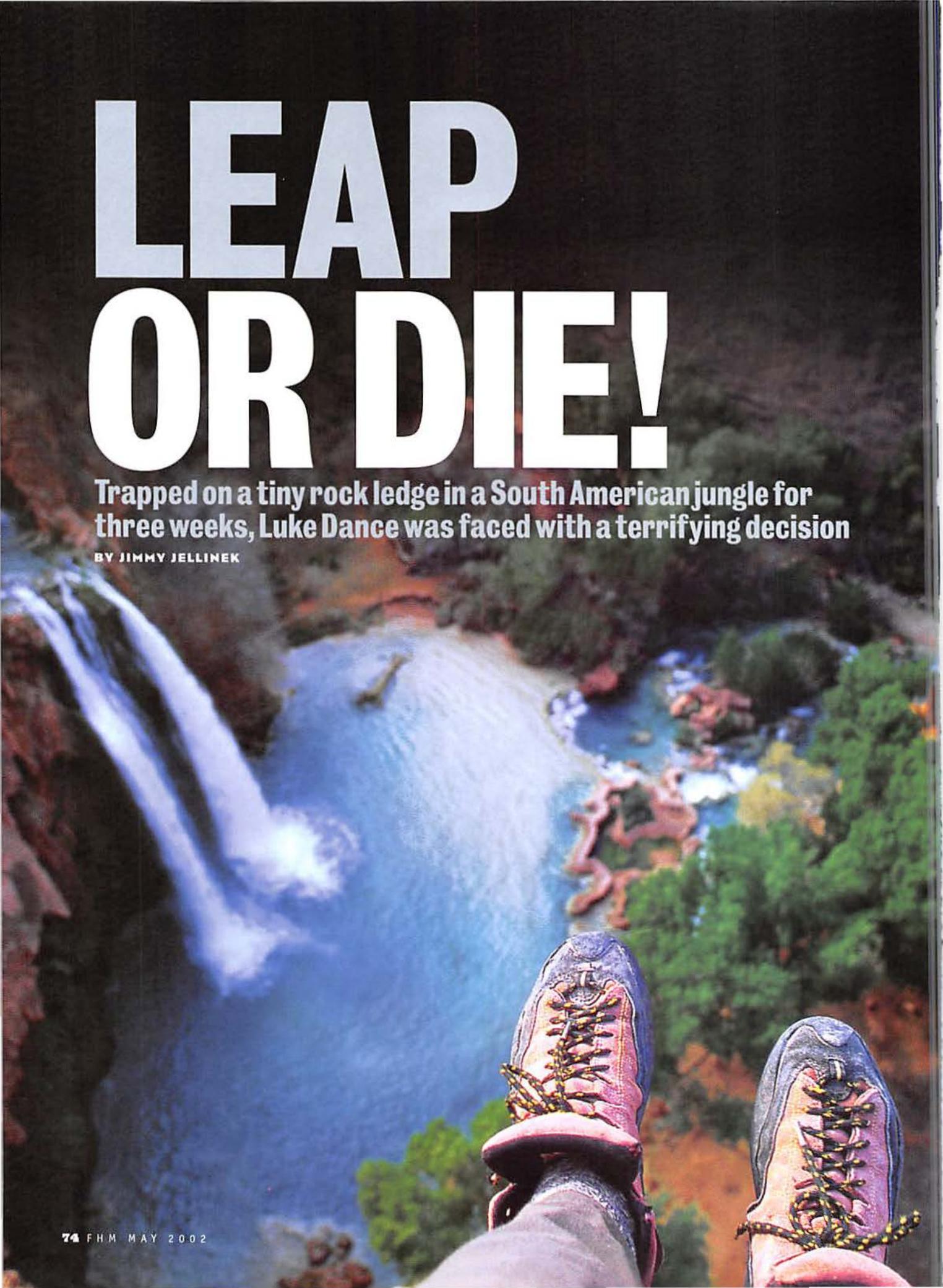
Interview by Jimmy Jellinek

Photograph by Len Irish

JXK: The Jamie Kennedy Experiment airs Sundays at 8 p.m. on The WB.



LEAP OR DIE!



Trapped on a tiny rock ledge in a South American jungle for three weeks, Luke Dance was faced with a terrifying decision

BY JIMMY JELLINEK

Luke Dance had been trapped on a three-foot rock ledge for three weeks. Down to his last few meals, the 19-year-old college freshman's bones were beginning to show through like those of an Ethiopian famine victim. Twenty-one days earlier, he had been swept over a 15-foot waterfall and had nearly drowned. Since then, he had been walled in like a prisoner by the falls behind him, another that lay ahead and monstrous cliffs on his left and right. The tiny ledge had become his cell, where he was forced to eat, sleep and defecate. Without enough room to even walk in a small circle, his legs had atrophied to the point where even the smallest movement was painful.

The only way out was to go over the 30-foot waterfalls that lay ahead and then continue on down the river. Until this point, however, he had been unwilling to budge, and three weeks on the ledge had reduced him to a fragile

I REMEMBER THINKING THAT I AM GOING TO DIE HERE AND THAT NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHERE I AM

shell and left him in a state of near catatonia. Now it was decision time: Jump and try to avoid the jagged rocks below, or stay and risk starving to death while waiting to be rescued.

Luke Dance was not some gung-ho adventurer, just a normal college kid who had gone to South America for the summer to bum around and see the sights. This was his first time in the jungle, his first time anywhere in fact, having never been away from home on his own before.

"I'd had some Boy Scout training, but I knew very little about survival," he says. He'd gone to South America with 11 friends as part of an officer-training program at school, which he'd joined to "beef up my resume."

On July 12, 2000, Dance and his crew landed in Lima, Peru. They went horse trekking through ancient Inca ruins and bungee-jumped from a hot-air balloon in the middle of the night. They drank gallons of booze and went clubbing till all hours of the morning. Drifting from city to city, traveling on trains and buses,



This was
Luke Dance's
first time away
from home

they were having the time of their lives.

With two weeks left of the trip, Dance and his friend Max headed to Bolivia. Dance had one final adventure in mind: the Taquesi Trail, named for the river it crossed. It would be different from the rest of the stuff they'd done—no tourists, no hotels. Real out-there adventure. According to locals and his *Lonely Planet Guide*, it would take only two days, "and this was why we'd come in the first place," Dance says. But Max did not want to go. So ignoring the first rule of hiking, Dance decided to tackle the trail alone.

On September 1, he set out from the

Bolivian capital of La Paz with a backpack stuffed with spare clothing, extra food and an old two-man Army tent. He hiked for 13 hours through rain and clouds, climbing as high as 13,000 feet. He passed ancient ruins, feeling as if he was the first to ever see them, and felt the exhilaration of being out on his own.

"I was exhausted," Dance recalls. "It was hard to breathe. Just making it over a pass was an achievement." After coming down off a pass, he picked a campsite and dumped his pack for the evening. He thought he had only one more day on the trail.

The next morning, Dance passed through the village of Taquesi, then around a mountain to the town of Estancia Kakapi, after which the trail dropped toward a small bridge. A fork appeared that wasn't on the map. "It had happened before and I just followed the bigger trail," Dance says. This time however, it worsened, turning from the Inca highway into a single mud track. Trees and vegetation closed around him.

THE UGLY SIDE OF WATER

Don't provoke nature when she's in a bad mood

Waipahee Falls
Kauai, HI
March 29, 1987

Although the stream feeding the waterfall is waist high from heavy rains, University of Hawaii kicker Shannon Smith and his coach's 6-year-old son tear down the flume and are caught in a whirlpool at its base. Three more people get stuck trying to rescue them. Eventually, they all escape—except Smith.

Bow Falls
Banff, Alberta
Aug. 6, 1993
Michel Van de Perre, 31, of Valleyfield, Quebec, floats his inflatable raft toward Bow Falls. He tells a friend in his craft that they could



Desperate for plots, Hasselhoff launched *Baywatch: Rivers*

float to within a safe distance of the falls. His friend jumps ship and lives. Van de Perre continues over the falls and dies.

Fall Creek Falls
Spencer, TN
May 12, 1995
Jennifer Share and Heidi Nix, both 18, cross a barricade during a class hike in Fall Creek Falls State Park. Both manage to lose their footing,

drop into the water and fall 256 feet. Nix survives, but Share is DOA.

Niagara Falls
Niagara, Ontario
Oct. 1, 1995
Self-proclaimed daredevil Robert Overacker—aka Firecracker Overacker—goes over Niagara Falls on a Jet Ski. Swirling winds created by the force of the water plunging over the falls

cause his chute to malfunction. Overacker falls to his death.

Lisbon Falls
Mpumalanga, South Africa
Jan. 6, 2001
Bethany Park, 7, slips while trying to cross a stream at Lisbon Falls near Kruger National Park. Her mom jumps in to try to save her, but the 210-foot drop does young Bethany in.



Dance's tent was precariously perched on the ledge

THE ONLY WAY OUT WAS TO GO OVER THE WATERFALL THAT LAY AHEAD AND THEN CONTINUE DOWN THE RIVER

"I still wasn't worried," Dance remembers. "According to the map, the bridge was close by, and there were several points where the trail had deteriorated like this before."

Although his map seemed to show that he wasn't more than a few miles from the bridge that would lead him to a town, Dance began to grow concerned as afternoon approached. The trail grew steeper with every step he took. As he plodded on, he could feel his traction slipping, until suddenly, the ground gave way and Dance was sent tumbling down a hillside into the swiftly moving current of the Taquesi River. Almost immediately, he was swept over a 15-foot waterfall and into the whirlpool below. Each time he struggled to the surface, the force of the river and the weight of his backpack dragged him back under. "I remember thinking that I am going to die here and that nobody even knows where I am," says Dance.

He managed to unclip his pack's waist belt, and while hanging on to the pack, he came within reach of a three-foot rock ledge. He dragged his battered, freezing body onto it. Realizing he was trapped because of the waterfall in front of him, Dance decided to set up camp. Due to the size

of the ledge, he was only able to shoddily pitch the left half of his tent.

The next morning, Dance took inventory of his food: three Army meals, four biscuits, one tin of pasta, one packet of soup and some jam. Six or seven meals at best. For the next seven days, Dance either lay inside his tent or sat in a catcher's squat out on the ledge for hours at a time, looking in vain for any sign of humanity.

It was during these hours of squatting that the panic attacks would come. "It would always be the same," he says. "First, I'd start to wonder if anybody knew I was gone, and then I'd start thinking about how on earth they would ever find me." By evening, he'd slip into an elaborate fantasy world, where he was sure an armada of helicopters was coming to his rescue. "People would be rappelling down cliffs and shouting my name," he says. Then he would come to in the dead of night, hearing strange sounds from the wind and the water playing tricks on his ears.

Dance started spending more and more time in his alternate world. Entire mornings were dedicated to working up complicated math problems in his head, going over each minute step. As



Keeping dry was difficult, even inside the tent

he grew more emaciated, he dreamed of food, salivating over the thought of bacon sandwiches. He planned a big party for 50 of his friends with an elaborate menu.

Above all else, his days were numbly the same. When he was able, he'd try to block out everything by curling himself into a ball. "I'd put my elbows on my legs, rest my eyes in the palms of my hands and stick my fingers in my ears," Dance remembers. "It would stop my head from swimming. If I got a bit paranoid or if the sound of the water got too much for me, I'd assume the position." He spent whole days crying, scribbling in his journal. "Please rescue me. I'll do anything to get home."

When he failed to show up at the airport for his flight home a week later, word quickly spread about his disappearance. The national press picked up the story and fanned the flames, and people started to assume the worst. Meanwhile, the days melted into one another on the slab and Dance's desperation grew as his hiker's rations dwindled. On Day 19, he wrote in his journal. "After today's meal I have half a rat-pack [hiker's ration] meal left. I have to risk jumping down the waterfall."

Dance knew death was his only option if he didn't go. His body was wasted from a lack of food and move-



Dance spent hours on end crouched on the slab of rock

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ment, and the nightly dose of paranoia was driving him insane. "I was hearing voices all the time," he says. "I started receiving visitations from dead relatives telling me how to survive."

During his few lucid moments, Dance would think, "No way can I get over that." The first brush with death had been terrifying enough. "I hadn't been in that water for three weeks," he says. "I was terrified of drowning. But I stood a better chance going over that waterfall than I did waiting to be rescued."

He decided to build a MacGyver-style life vest by cinching his poncho around his pack until it felt watertight. He then dumped his stove and some excess gear into the water and waded around the deadly whirlpool toward the edge of the waterfall. He stared down the falls for several minutes. "I was worried that there wasn't enough water and that I'd break my leg or get impaled on a rock," he says. "Then I asked myself if I really wanted to die here."

Dance jumped. "I felt my legs touch the bottom, but the water was deep enough that they didn't get crushed. I knew then that I was free. I pumped my fist in the air and screamed 'Yes!' It was more a release than anything, because when I came to my senses, I was still lost and still out of food."

He spent the rest of the day floating through freezing water and sliding down rock chutes, searching desperately for his marker—the bridge that he had originally been searching for three weeks earlier. Like a machine, Dance was

I STARTED RECEIVING VISITATIONS FROM DEAD RELATIVES TELLING ME HOW TO SURVIVE

impervious to cold and pain. The river flattened out, meaning no more waterfalls, but they were replaced by swollen stretches of boulder-strewn whitewater, all of which Dance had to ride through on his ass. At one rapid, he impaled himself on a log. Squashed into the wood with the full force of the river pushing onto him, he nearly tore his testicles from his body. He then saw what appeared to be another obstacle in the river. "I thought it was another huge log," he recalls, but as he got closer, his heart began to race. It was a wooden bridge—not the one on the map, but a



A fork in the path brought Dance to the brink of death

bridge nonetheless. Managing to haul himself out of the water, he crossed the bridge and said goodbye to the river.

Recounting his story from the safety of his ordinary college flat in England, Dance's eyes cloud with tears. Among the articles about his disappearance that are taped to his walls is a signed poster of Anna Kournikova, with a note from the tennis-playing beauty that reads, "I missed you, Luke."

The last bit of his journey he

remembers photographically. It was a two-hour hike to the nearest village from the bridge. People stared at him as if he were a maniac. His clothes were in shreds, his face was sunburned and peeling, and his legs were cut up and bloody. Nobody spoke English, so he couldn't identify himself, but he managed to get a room for the night. In the morning he boarded a bus for La Paz, cramming in among local villagers, chicken crates and other livestock.

Ironically, after surviving three weeks on the river, the ride nearly killed him when the bus almost crashed into another bus on a steep mountain pass.



Dance nearly drowned in this whirlpool

A short time later, Dance's bus again came to a screeching halt—this time because of men with guns. As the only gringo, he was dragged from his seat and hauled off. "Pasaporte," an angry soldier shouted. Dance handed him his papers. The other men spoke rapidly in Spanish, pointing at Dance. Keeping his passport, they led him away into a room. A general walked in holding a sheet of paper. It was a missing person's flyer and it had Luke Dance's face on it. He was finally on his way home. **FHM**

UNDERWATER SCHLONG-SNACKER

The candiru catfish loves to set up shop in your dinger

What it is
A transparent species of catfish that has a nose for your urine. The only known vertebrate to parasitize humans, it follows warm currents of water looking to lodge itself in a host fish's gills. Occasionally, the candiru gets confused.

What it does
When bathers relieve themselves in the candiru's Amazonian

habitat, the fish—which measures a few inches in length and a quarter-inch in diameter—has been known to swim up the warm urine current of an unfortunate victim and into the penis.

What it wants from you
Blood. Once inside the body, the candiru gorges itself on mucus membranes and tis-



Day 3 on Earth: Still a way to go

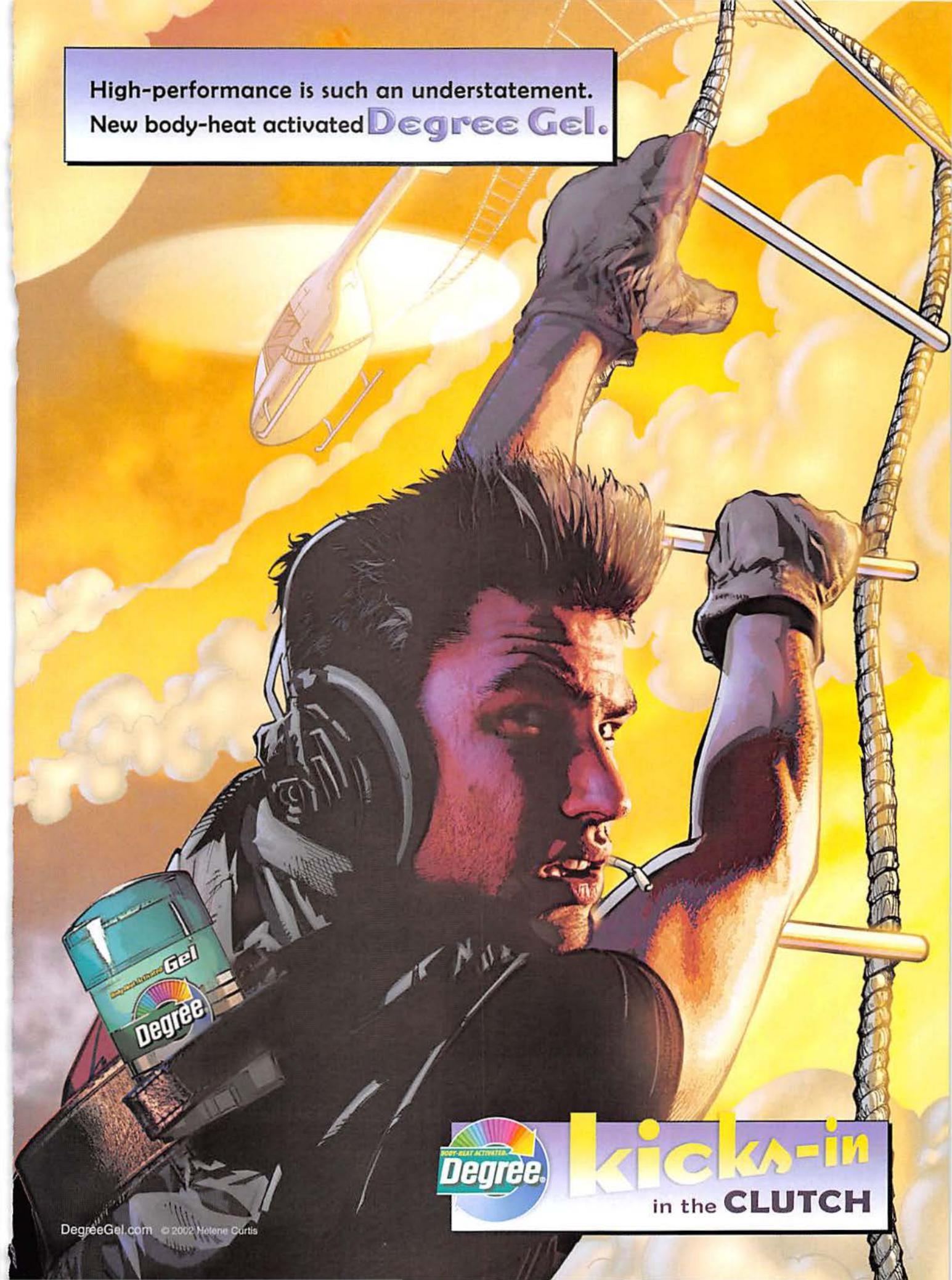
sues until hemorrhaging kills the host. A combination of sharp teeth and backward-pointing spines on its gill covers make it nearly impossible to remove. Even if

you catch its tail, it can't be pulled out because the fish spreads like an umbrella once its head is safely nuzzled inside your pee-hole.

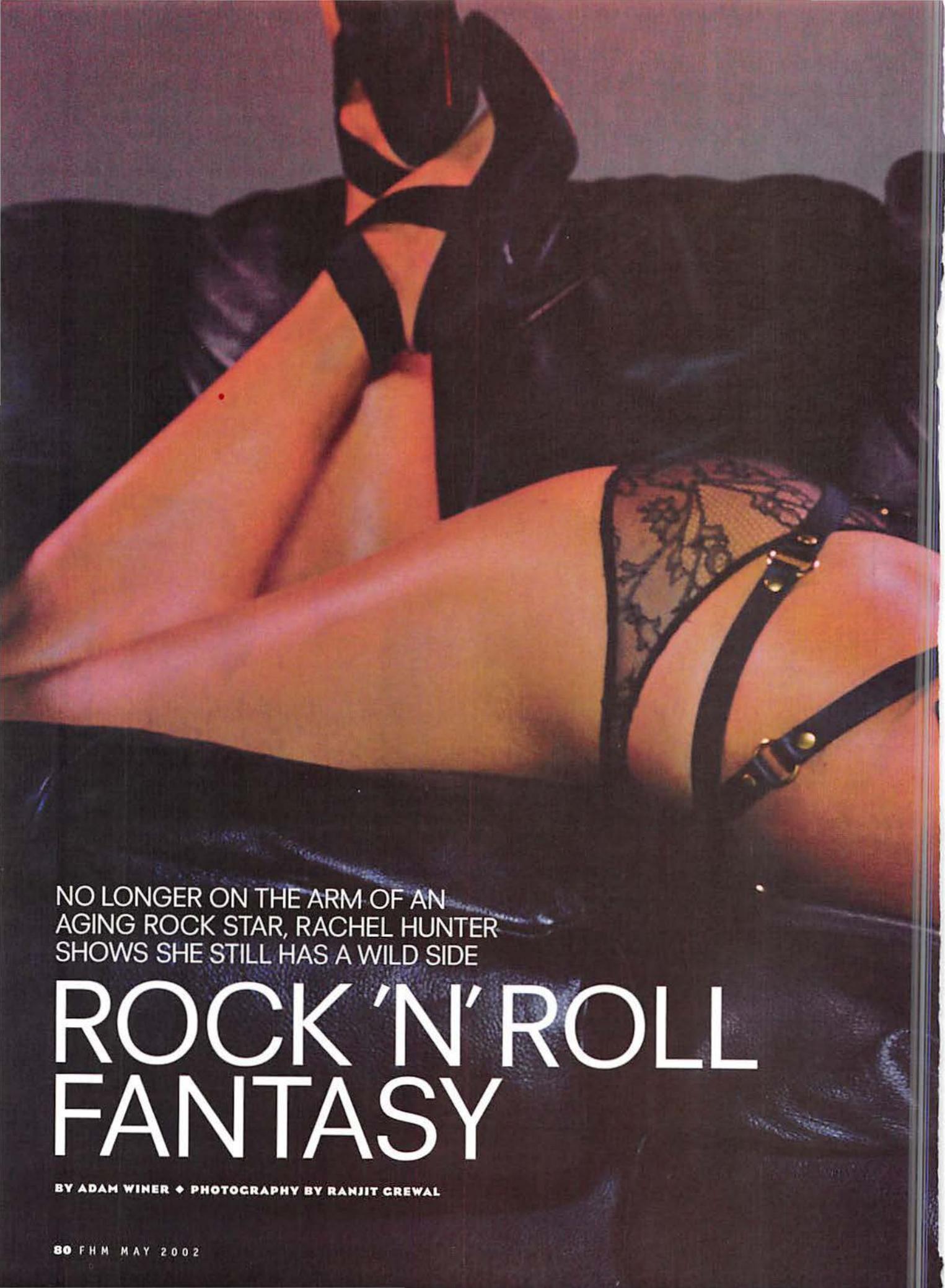
Penis testimonial
"A Japanese

doctor on the Tambopata River showed me one taken from a man's penis," wrote Lt. Col. P. H. Fawcett, who explored Brazil in the 1920s. "It looks like a newly hatched eel." **The remedy**
Victims often choose a penectomy over the misery and pain associated with having the candiru up their spout.

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in the **CLUTCH**



NO LONGER ON THE ARM OF AN
AGING ROCK STAR, RACHEL HUNTER
SHOWS SHE STILL HAS A WILD SIDE

ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY

BY ADAM WINER • PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANJIT GREWAL

RACHEL HUNTER

STYLING BY TONINA HERRERA; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DENNIS DEVON
AT WALL GROUP; MAKEUP BY JUSTIN HENRY AT ART HOUSE; PANTIES BY PASSION
BATI; BUST BY YOUNG & DEVINE; SHOES BY CESARE PACIOTTI



W

hen I was growing up, we couldn't afford things like hamburgers and fries," explains New Zealand's greatest export, 32-year-old Rachel Hunter. "So my mother bought fruit and vegetables, because they were less expensive. I would eat so many plums I'd get hives!"

While scarfing breakout-inducing amounts of perishables isn't most people's idea of a blissful childhood, it did help Rachel stay thin enough to attract the attention of a local photographer when she was 16. Soon came magazine covers, mascara endorsements, saucy spreads in *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issues and a relationship with hair-enhanced rocker Kip Winger. When the relationship faded as quickly as Winger's band, 21-year-old Rachel then passed up every guy in her generation for 46-year-old rocker Rod Stewart.

Though officially still Mrs. Stewart, Rachel has been amicably separated from wrinkled Rod for three years, and has recently been rumored to be seeing Sugar Ray front man Mark McGrath. She may have quit modeling in 1994, but these photos prove that having two children hasn't prevented her from still being the type of girl rock stars can bring home to Mom.

You're a fashion person. Does that mean your kids wear Gucci?

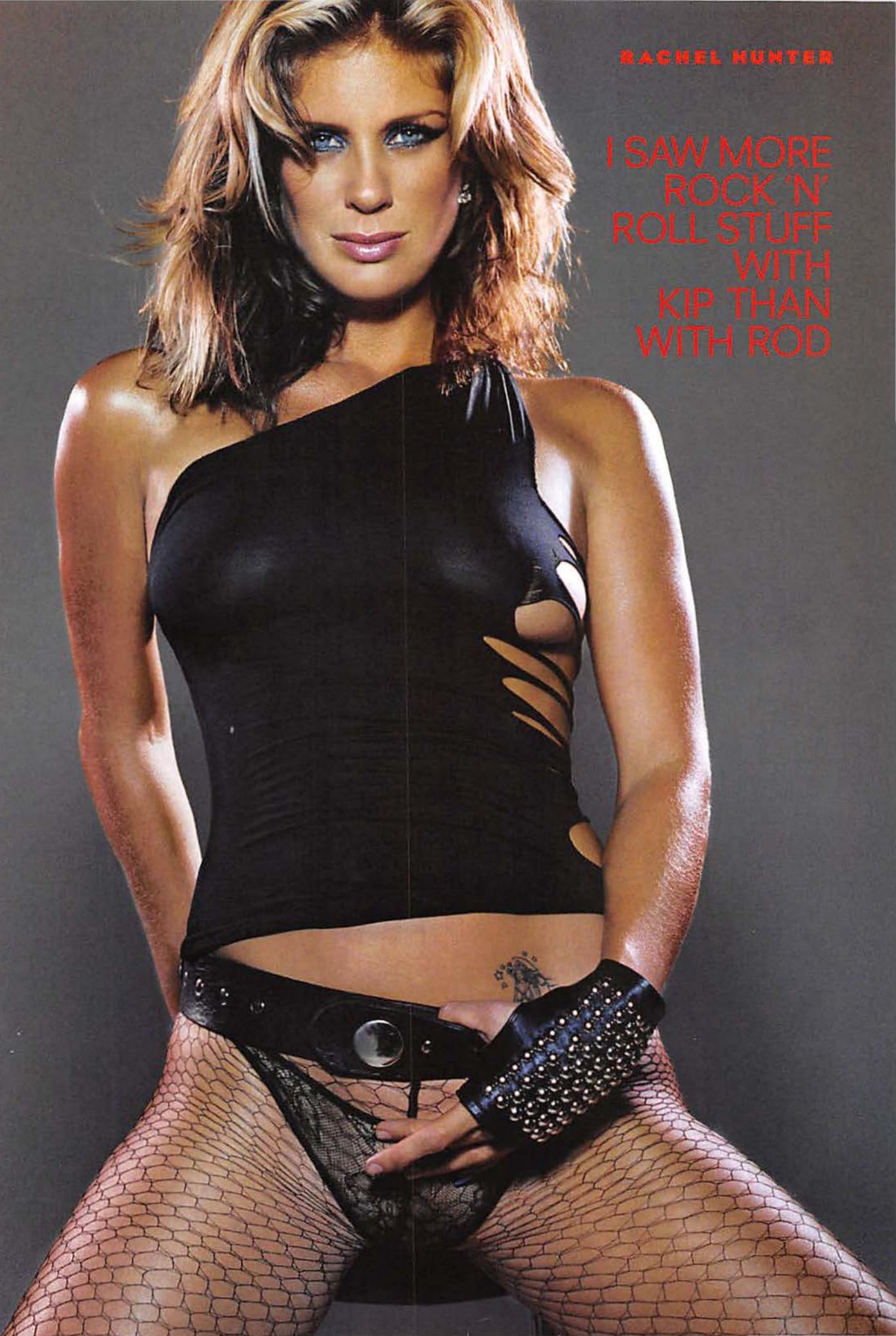
I did go crazy when they were young and buy things like Versace shoes that they'd never wear. I got this cute bikini for my daughter, Renee, when she was 2. Then the second kid comes, and it's, "Here, wear your underwear in the water."

You became a cover model when you were a teenager. Did you blow all your money on furniture and glitter makeup?

I was working so much that I ended up just hoarding my money. These days, my biggest extravagance is the ability to just go somewhere like Las Vegas or New York. I love going to obscure bars. There's a bar called Niagara in New York, and it's a real rock 'n' roll bar. I did a few too many

RACHEL HUNTER

I SAW MORE
ROCK 'N'
ROLL STUFF
WITH
KIP THAN
WITH ROD





I'VE DATED ALL KINDS. IT'S ALL CHEMISTRY

shots of Jägermeister there once and almost got arrested. It brings out a more aggressive side of me, and I ended up chucking bags of trash into the middle of the street. The next thing I hear is a siren, and the cops come over and say, "If you don't pick up those bags, we'll arrest you." So very quickly, the bags were collected off the street.

What were your jobs before hitting the catwalk?

I scooped ice cream at a Swensen's ice cream parlor. It sucked. I used to get really bored, so I'd pick the bubble gum out of the bubble gum ice cream and eat it. I was giving people bubble gum ice cream with no bubble gum in it.

What's your favorite treat these days?

I love caviar. I like to eat it raw, with a spoon. This is a real caviar thing, but a metallic spoon ruins the taste, so they serve it on a mother-of-pearl shell, and you eat it with a mother-of-pearl spoon so the caviar doesn't burst and you don't take away from the flavor.

You're one of the world's most eligible women. Would you ever pull a Liz Taylor and go for a working-class guy?

Who knows? It's all chemistry to me, and I've been there. I've dated all kinds of people, from schoolteachers to salesmen.

Is it true you dated Kip Winger?

I saw him on MTV, and I thought he was cute. I told my booker at my modeling agency to call up and say I wanted to go out with him. *Sports Illustrated* was just coming out, so I had him take a look at it. Two weeks later, we met in LA, and we never left each other for two years.

You played a rock chick in the movie *Rock Star*. What was your biggest real-life rock-chick moment?

In the late '80s, I saw more rock 'n' roll stuff with Kip than the whole time I was with Rod. Those guys would lick someone hello. Once, in some town down South, there was this one girl who'd give the crew blowjobs the whole day. I was fascinated. I was like, "You're kidding me, she's just sitting in that bus giving blowjobs?" She was a messy girl. **FHM**

There's more Rachel at **FHMUS.com**



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HEIDI FLEISS

MADE \$97,000 IN ONE DAY
TOOK ON THE MOB
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Fleiss has only one john now: Tom Sizemore

BY TONY ROMANDO
PHOTOGRAPH BY
GREG GORMAN

There are two kinds of pimps in this world: ones who make money and ones who don't. From 1990 to 1993, Heidi Fleiss made heaps. Like most pimps, Fleiss could have spent her evenings smoking ditch weed in a Bondo-covered '86 Lincoln Town Car or squandered her earnings on footlong feathers for big-brimmed hats. Instead, she laundered, funneled and invested her money in real estate, like any savvy businessperson would. And then she got busted.

Today, the world's most famous procurer of party parties is drinking tea from a mug she made in a prison crafts shop and listening to logs crackle in a gas fireplace. The cup offered to *FHM* was also made in the joint. It reads, "I hate people. Help me."

"I keep these in a special cabinet," the 36-year-old says of her prized beverage holders. "Otherwise, Tom will knock them off the counter and break them." Heidi moved into the home of

her boyfriend (actor Tom Sizemore of *Black Hawk Down* and *Saving Private Ryan*) in LA's Benedict Canyon a year ago. *FHM* is seated on tough-guy Tom's pink suede couch.

After Heidi Fleiss was taken down in 1993 by undercover cops who posed as horny Japanese businessmen, and arrested for pimping, pandering, tax evasion and a handful of other crimes, the Hollywood madam waved goodbye to her fabulous pals, and more importantly, her wads of cash. She spent the next few years in court, where she was eventually found guilty and sentenced to 37 months. Her new friends—dykes and corrupt prison guards—took a shine to the little lady and generously tried to make her stay a bit more comfortable, some more so than Heidi appreciated.

The bad times finally behind her, Fleiss has gone legit, and her first big payday will come this summer when she releases her life story, summed up in a coffee-table book appropriately entitled *Pandering*. "I'm trying to get back into business and back into public life," she

BERSERKER

A full-page photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a shimmering gold sequined dress with a deep V-neck and a zipper down the front. She is posing with one hand on her hip and the other near her head. The background is dark.

says. "I have to do something with my life. I mean, I'm not a Harvard grad." But it hasn't been easy for the high-class den mother. After prison, she filed for bankruptcy, and now every dollar she comes in contact with is accounted for by the helpful folks at the IRS. When *FHM* suggests selling one of her handcrafted mugs if she feels a pinch in her pocketbook, Fleiss snaps, "Don't even mention it. I'm keeping them. If the IRS even considers them as assets, they'll confiscate them. They're not assets, they're my personal belongings. Forget it."

In the *FHM* office, you're lovingly referred to as the People's Pimp.

Any objections?

It's true. I was. Men have to be happy, the women have to be happy and I have to be happy. If everyone is happy, the guys will have better sex, the girls will make more money and I'm going to be very happy.

How did you get your start? Were you pimping in preschool or did you learn the trade on the mean streets?

I was always trying to adhere to some

**I HAD CASH EVERYWHERE.
IT'S WEIRD NOW, NOT BEING
ABLE TO REACH UNDER MY
BED AND DIG OUT \$250,000**

business sense. I ran my entire neighborhood. I was a baby sitter. I started off working for a few couples. They'd all call me on Friday night, four or five couples. I wanted the money, but I couldn't sit for them all, so I'd have friends do it. And then I would take a cut. In a way, that's very comparable. You learn a lot of the same things. A lot of thought went into that, just like it did in my actual business.

How did you refer to yourself: madam, lady-pimp or just straight-up pimp? My federal attorneys made me say I was a "go-between." I hate that word. I hated saying that. Madam sounds stupid. I was just running a business. Since you couldn't launder the cash fast enough, you must have had piles laying around the house like dirty sheets. One time, I got out of bed and was getting dressed to go out. I put on a coat and there was \$20,000 in the pocket. I had cash everywhere. It's weird now, not being able to reach under my bed and dig out \$250,000.

BERSERKER

What was your best one-day take?

My worst day, I'd make \$7,000 in cash. My best day was \$97,000. I was like, "Damn! Wow!" That was only the money I collected, my 40 percent.

What was the most requested sexual escapade among men?

Men fantasize the two-girl thing. But I don't think it ever worked out. I don't know a single guy who's ever had a killer experience, because it's uncomfortable. Someone is being left out,

Fleiss was busted by fake Japanese businessmen



WE WENT INTO A CLOSET.

SHE GOT ON HER HANDS AND KNEES. IT WAS A GERALDO RIVERA PRISON FANTASY

who's doing what . . . they don't work. But it worked for me, money-wise. Your fabulous pool parties: drug-induced hooker orgies, or playful Marco Polo?

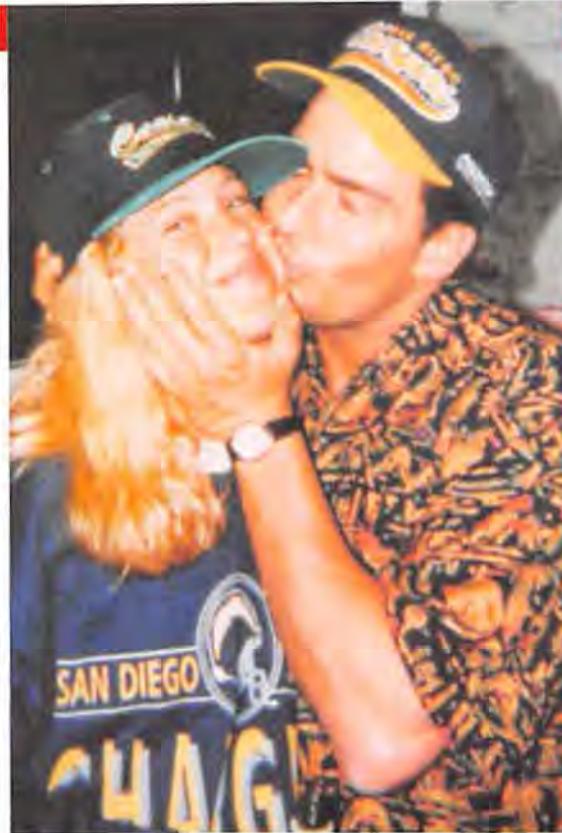
Neither. My friend Victoria Sellers ran the bar On The Rocks, and people would just end up in the pool the next morning. It was where people would come to hang out. But mostly, it would be me and 12 girls talking shop, or some days, a barbecue.

When you got busted, a not-very-believable David Lee Roth said he had been to one of those parties, but claimed he had no idea the lovelies were hookers.

Are you sure it was David? Sounds more like that moron Billy Idol. David is bright. I never did business with him, but he came to On The Rocks and rapped "New York, New York."

Did B-list losers like Ian Ziering ring you up and beg you to lie and say they were one of your best customers, in hopes of jump-starting a career?

They should be so lucky. Famous people are the cheapest on earth. They think that since they're famous,



Turncoat Charlie enjoyed many of Heidi's ladies, including this one

they deserve everything. I dealt very little with actors because they're cheap. Charlie Sheen was the only one you'd really hear about.

Has he ever called to apologize for being a big fat rat?

No. The part that bothered me was he talked about cash. I think that was just for him to brag. It's bullshit that everyone started calling him the Hollywood bad boy. There's only one bad boy, Mickey Rourke, and he can't get a job. He's a great actor, so it's unfortunate. But everyone else, like Sean Penn? He's a pussy. Bad boy living in Malibu?

It's hard in Malibu. Real hard.

Yeah, yeah. He's a real bad boy. Why don't you go with your bad boy to Compton in a Ku Klux Klan outfit? That'll make you a bad boy.

Don't get all worked up. How might a non-bad-boy, say an FHM editor, have hooked up with you if he didn't know your private number?

I had the concierge at every hotel working for me—Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Wilshire. They know who checks in and who their relationships are with. I didn't realize how easy I had it. Well, I did, but I didn't care. In the Philippine brothels, sex is \$16 plus a \$4 tip. What was the biggest tip one of your girls received?

The men gave huge gifts. One girl got two apartment buildings completely paid off, no mortgage. Now they're income for her. She owns apartment buildings!



HEIDI WEAR

"I'm trying to get back into business"



What was your cut?

Nothing. Inside, I was like, "Damn, I want those buildings." But I was just happy for the girls when that stuff happened.

When a girl tried to cheat you out of your cash, would you cut her or perhaps trunk the bitch?

I never even fired a girl. When you have 25 girls working for you, there are going to be one or two problems. If someone's gonna hustle me, outsmart me, this and that, I let them. Then they could take off with their last \$5,000 or \$6,000. Good for them. I met new girls all the time. I was the biggest game in town.

You never had to use your muscle?

The Mob tried to muscle me once. I was at home and this woman called me. She asked if I knew about her. She was at some hotel in Vegas and told me to stay out of Vegas or else. She threatened me and said how she was connected and "had people." I said, "I'm sorry I'm stepping on your toes" and hung up. Then I sent 11 more girls down there that very night. Fuck her. She didn't rule anything.

After being busted for pandering, tax evasion and a few other things, you were sentenced to three years in the joint. What were your first days like?

Bullshit. I worked in the food service. It was the 4:30 a.m. to noon shift. I lived in a dormitory with 100 women who made these disgusting noises and there was nothing you could do about it. And everyone thinks they're some badass. Everything grossed me out.

Share a quick few prison low points.

Once I threw a set of metal chairs at a guard. I got sent to the hole. I spent a third of 1997 in the hole. A guard tried to sell me a brush for \$2,000. I told her to fuck off. Another guard wanted me to sleep with him in exchange for a pizza. People would get in trouble on purpose and get tossed in solitary confinement just to be near me and mess with me. And the scariest person in the whole prison, this 6-foot-5 black woman who looked like a man, like a linebacker for the Rams, wanted to fight me. She started saying, "Let's talk pimp to pimp." She thought I was invading her turf, messing with her business, her money. I went straight to the warden's office and complained.

Certainly, you had some high points. Possibly a romance or two?

Female and male officers hit on me all the time. But I hooked up with large Marge. Actually, she wasn't a large

BIRDS OF A FEATHER PARTY TOGETHER.



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BERSERKER

Marge—she looked more like a blond-haired surfer boy. We got together in an electrical closet. Once I was there, I thought I might as well try it all out. She got on her hands and knees and I closed my eyes. It was a Geraldo Rivera prison fantasy. She was a real hardcore prison dyke. I went with the program. Did you have a Hurricane Carter-style prison credo for yourself like, "Hate put me in this place, but love is gonna break me out"?

"Compassion, wisdom and patience,

THE ONLY REASON I GOT BUSTED IS BECAUSE I DID IT BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE, AND THAT'S WRONG

patience, patience." It was some kind of journey I had to take for whatever reason. I came away with some character traits that I was lacking prior to going in there. Patience. Most prisoners walk away with something, don't they?

Yeah! The knowledge of how to rob a bank.



Heidi and company: loose and leggy

Didn't you ever say to yourself, "Had I just given the LAPD freebies, I'd still be loaded and in business"? Well, I didn't see it that way. I saw what I did as a business. And I wasn't going to pay for some cop to get laid. Let them go somewhere else. I wasn't the only game in town.

The case is closed and you did your

time. Why haven't the feds given you your "black books" back yet? I thought about that. I couldn't even get a copy of one for my book. I think the cops stole them.

You could easily sell them for some serious money.

Even though I filed for bankruptcy, I would never sell them.

How much money do you have left?

I don't like talking about it because of IRS problems. This will clear it up: Once the federal government gets hold of you, they clean you out. This thing about Swiss banking and secrecy laws is bullshit. There are none. If the feds get hold of other resources, forget it. They always get their man.

I counted eight pages of escort services in the Greater Los Angeles Yellow Pages. Have any of them offered you a job as a consultant?

No. But on the Internet, there's one called LA Escorts. It shows a big picture of me and it says, "Heidi Fleiss's \$5-million-a-year empire was not enough for her to handle . . . and the time is ripe for someone to succeed her." It was really funny.

Looking back, what were the three big money mistakes you made?

One of my girls was supposed to stay with a sultan for a year, but I wouldn't let her for safety reasons. My cut was worth millions. Turning that down was very stupid. Second, I got a \$2.5 million cash offer for my house and didn't take it. And, I could have cashed in and opened a talent studio with a legit office and salary and everything. I was just too caught up in myself.

Your life has every riveting element that can be imagined: prison, money and sex with hookers.

Everything but murder.

If you had to do it again, what would you do differently? Perhaps murder? I'd make fewer enemies. The only reason I got busted is because I did it better than anyone else, and that's very wrong. I see it all as humorous. You have to. If you take yourself seriously, you'll have gray hair, no fingernails and end up a sick person. It's only life, and things happen. You've got to deal with the shit when it happens. I ran my own business. I did it better than anyone. I have no problem saying that. I loved it. **FHM**

HOW TO PIMP, HEIDI-STYLE

The Hollywood madam gets you started in seven simple steps

Step 1 Get with established pimp. I was introduced to a famous madam in Beverly Hills called Madam Alex. She was 5-foot-2, bald-headed and only wore muumuus.

her, it jumped to \$500,000.

Step 2 Make said pimp's business the best. She was looking to give the business a kick in the ass, which I did. She was making about \$30,000 a month, and in the month I met



Snoop Dogg: dapper

Step 3 Ditch pimp. After that, she was weird and we had to go our separate ways. I was on my own.

Step 4 Round up ladies. I hear stuff about me soliciting girls in restaurants, bathrooms, on the freeway, at the beach, at schools, everywhere. I never solicited one girl. They'll come to you in droves and flocks. It was word of mouth.

Step 5 Interview said ladies. Look at her fingernails. Listen to how she speaks. You

don't want a girl who's been in the business for a long time. Hire girls from ages 18 to 22 who look at the world as a really beautiful place. You can hire perfect 10s with attitudes or sevens that want to have a good time. I hired sevens.

Step 6 Charge money. Nobody asks for \$10,000 a night. That's bullshit. Set a standard rate—\$1,500. It

has to be a 60-40 split, 60 for the girls. They keep all tips under \$1,000. All tips over \$1,000, I took my 40 percent. Most tips were over \$1,000.

Step 7 Reap benefits. Drive the best car, eat at the best restaurants, live in the best house and fuck the best people, because you're going to get busted. It will happen eventually.



Sex Tips with Heidi Fleiss and Victoria Sellers is available now.

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INTERVIEWS BY SUSAN SELF ♦ PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIP MEYER

Ride on tour bus

\$1,000 in concert tickets

My friends and I were determined to get on the Korn touring bus, and since the driver was point man in groupie assignments, we knew we'd have to offer him something incredible. I won't go into details, but we probably violated public health codes in 15 different states. He never did kick us off though.

Stephanie, 27, Oakland, CA

Big raise \$10,000

At my last job, I was constantly removing my boss's hands from my butt and threatening to tell HR if he didn't stop—until review time, of course. Then I dry-humped his speaker phone and got a 15 percent raise.

Linda, 27, Portland, OR

Smog certificate

\$650 for new smog device

My rusted-out Alfa Romeo was due for a smog test, and since it barely passed last year, I knew I was in trouble. Just in case I had to resort to some below-the-belt persuasion, I picked a place staffed by cute college boys. Sure enough, my car bombed, but helped by an eager staff, I managed to leave with a perfect score.

Katie, 22, Baton Rouge, LA

New clothes \$5,500

My stepfather is decent-looking, and he kept telling me he'd like to take me shopping sometime. While my mom was in Europe, I dragged him to Saks and he bankrolled this amazing haul. Then I modeled it for him . . . but that's it.

Leila, 23, Los Angeles, CA

Taking off your sweater gets you a beer... your shirt, a shot... your bra, a bottle

Pizzas \$34

My roommate and I were starving and broke, so we figured we'd cut a deal with the pizza guy. Apparently, he'd been paid this way before, because he said to us in a really bored voice, "All right—yawn—take off your clothes and start making out." Not a bad deal.

Marci, 21, La Jolla, CA

Ecstasy \$100 for four

I was in charge of getting E for a girls' night out, but I spent the money on a leather coat. They'd kill me if I came empty-handed, so I resorted to screwing the guy. The worst part was that I used to baby-sit him.

Jennifer, 23, Boston, MA

Get-out-of-jail-free card**\$10,000 in legal fees**

I was in need of some artificial happiness, so I forged a prescription on a blank pad my friend had. But the guy at the pharmacy totally called me on it and was about to tell the pharmacist. So I go, "Wait! I don't want Vicodin, I want you!" I swapped the prescription for directions to my place. I didn't get the pills, but I also didn't go to jail.

Shari, 27, Boston, MA

Visa bill paid off \$3,000 with a 19.5 percent interest rate

I'd maxed out my credit cards, and this friend who had

inherited some money offered to help. I was so excited that I promised him "anything, anytime, anywhere." There was no expiration date on my offer, so I had to dress up like Wonder Woman for him a week before I got married.

Megan, 29, Seattle, WA

Gym membership \$120 a month

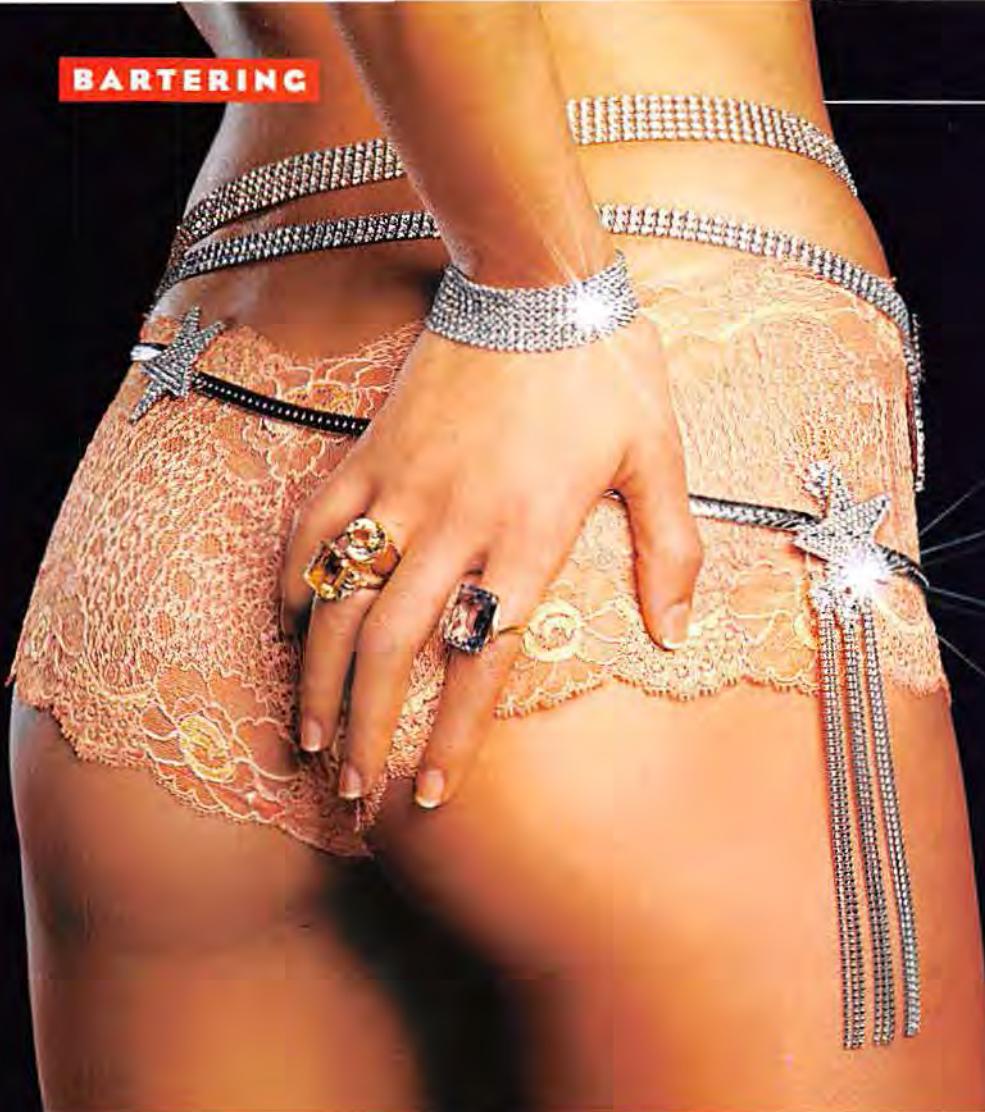
I was whining to this guy about how I couldn't afford gym fees in LA, and he told me maybe there's a way he could write it off as a business expense. Of course, he'd need to see the progress of my workouts "up close" on a weekly basis. Unfortunately, I had to see his lard-ass up close, too, but the thought of the hot guys in the weight room got me through it for two months.

Susan, 25, Los Angeles, CA

Laptop computer \$2,400

I didn't own a computer, so I had to use the ones at the university library to write my papers. This guy offered to loan me his, but he said we'd have to work out a "payment

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plan." And he was hot! I put on a big act like it was a huge sacrifice and we had late-night booty calls all semester. *Kelly, 20, Tampa, FL*

Free booze

Shot of Jägermeister, \$4

In Daytona, girls can always get free booze in a bar. Taking off your sweater gets you a beer; your shirt, a shot; your bra, a full bottle. Have full-on sex and you'll probably get the keys to the bar. *Brittany, 21, Ormond Beach, FL*

Monthly use of a BMW \$3,000

This guy I had dated got a job leasing BMWs and he sent a mass e-mail announcing that he'd loan out cars to any woman who'd blow him. My friends and I sent him sarcastic replies to the tune of "Dream on, loser." Then I sent another saying, "It's a deal." I caught a bit of shit from the girls when I pulled up driving a new Beemer. *Jody, 26, Dallas, TX*

A ride from Nevada to San Francisco

\$864, comparable taxi fare
My friends and I bought one-way

tickets to Vegas, thinking our huge winnings would get us home. Naturally, we had to hitchhike back, but managed to convince these stoned frat boys we were vacationing hookers. So for a few maneuvers in the back seat, we got a free ride home and actually made enough money to recoup our losses. *Marsha, 21, San Francisco, CA*

Frequent flyer miles

\$3,500 for first-class ticket

My miser boyfriend refused to share his frequent flyer miles, which meant I'd be in coach while he'd be boozing it up in first class. He said if I wanted to join him, I had to do everything Chasey Lain did in *Interview with a Vibrator*. I had to refer to my notes a lot, but my "remake" still got me 50,000 miles. *Kathy, 30, Denver, CO*

Dry cleaning \$157.50

My entire wardrobe was hanging in the window of the dry cleaners, but the tab was three figures and I didn't have the money. The guys who work there aren't exactly sex machines, but it was either deal with them or wear trash bags to

work. So I gave them each a worn G-string in exchange for my clothes. *Jody, 22, Austin, TX*

Marijuana plant

\$5,000 market value

I noticed the guy who lived below me had quite a crop growing on his balcony, not to mention no social life. I figured he'd let me harvest a bit for a quick roll in his room. Trouble was, every time I'd make my move, he'd fall asleep on me. After my third attempt to be neighborly, I just helped myself to a plant and walked out the door. *Courtney, 28, Boise, ID*

Quarters for laundry room \$4

I had been putting off doing my laundry for two months, and realized one night that I was totally out of clothes. And quarters. This semi-cute guy walked into the laundry room with a roll of change, and I told him the only clothes I had were the ones I was wearing. He goes, "Throw those in the wash with the rest of the laundry and you can have the quarters." So I sat there naked. *Dana, 24, Santa Fe, NM*

Elaborate tattoo on butt \$450

I was going to get this massive tattoo (the cover of an Aerosmith album) on my butt, and I figured it would cost around \$100, but then I looked at the price list and saw it was going to be way over \$400. Since my pants were off anyway, I figured I'd try to make a deal. Fortunately, he liked what he saw and agreed. It was only three months later that I noticed he'd added his initials. I eventually married him though. *Mila, 27, St. Louis, MO*

It was a perfect time for the lesbian act we had been working on

Use of a good bathtub

\$3,400 retail value

I love taking bubble baths, but I have a standup shower. I asked this guy if I could use his sunken tub in exchange for cleaning his house. The cleaning got to be a drag, so during my next visit, I commented on how easily the tub could fit two. Harmless fun. *Liz, 23, Reno, NV*

Taxes waived at customs \$600

I was coming back from a spend-a-thon in Hong Kong, and I tried to sneak a bunch of stuff in without being taxed. The customs guy was about to nail me, but then he picked up one of my G-strings and jokingly said if I put it on, he'd forget to notice the 20 cameras. I traded my phone number

~"Test your beer I.Q."~

LIGHT BEER LOGIC

Match Game

Match the right light beer to the right chair. Hint: The brown-bottled light chair is luuumpy.



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for it, and when he called, I told him to fuck off.

Gigi, 29, Atlanta, GA

Disneyland all-day pass \$49

We were in line to get into Disneyland, but totally balked at the \$49 price tag. These teenage guys behind us offered to pay our admission if we'd let them "do stuff" in the Haunted Mansion. The "stuff" didn't go further than some boob-grabbing, but they acted as if they'd been laid five times over.

Renee, 20, Santa Monica, CA

Nose job \$4,000

I needed a nose job big time, but couldn't afford it. My doctor told me it was too bad there wasn't a medical reason for the surgery, because then insurance would pay. I suggested he give me a "closer examination" just to be sure. I got the new nose, and his cute surgeon buddy did my boobs for free the next year. I have no shame.

Kim, 23, Miami Beach, FL

Dom Perignon \$180 per bottle

My friends and I were all drunk at this pricey bar on Sunset Boulevard known for its friendly bartenders. After we handed out our boobs as party favors, the guys said they'd break out the Dom if we'd "put on a show." It was a perfect time for the lesbian act we'd been working on. After a few encores, there wasn't an unopened bottle in the bar.

Shannon, 24, Los Angeles, CA

Car stereo \$1,200

I was flirting with this sales guy at a car-stereo place, hoping I'd get him to swap an expensive model for the piece of crap I pretended to want. After making some progress, I suggested going for a ride to test the sound. I tossed him a few flattering comments about his ass, and I now have a car stereo worth more than my car. Chump!

Christy, 28, Indianapolis, IN

Passing grade \$2,600 tuition for repeating the class

I was tanking in lit class, but I heard the assistant professor would overlook a lot for female students who wrote on personal subjects, like sexual fantasies about him. I typed up a steamy one and turned it in with my final. I got an A.

Diane, 20, Philadelphia, PA

Celebrity's gym shorts**\$800 on eBay**

This freak I know works at a trendy gym and he was always throwing away stuff



I got the new nose, and his cute surgeon buddy did my boobs for free the next year. I have no shame

owned by famous people. I begged him for this hot actor's gym shorts, and he agreed, but only if I'd put them on first and then slowly take them off. So I gave him his weird show, and the next day I sold the shorts for a wad of cash.

Joanie, 29, Los Angeles, CA

Song played on radio**Millions in potential royalties**

I snuck into my college radio station one night with a demo of five songs I'd

recorded. I begged the DJ to play it just once and then I'd leave. He said, "OK, but what will we do while it's playing?" Not wanting to ruin my big chance, I go, "Uh, fuck?" He goes, "Good answer." He played the CD so many times, people called in to complain.

Rena, 24, Minneapolis, MN

Month of free rent \$1,000

My landlord knew I was a stripper and was always hinting to see samples of my work. I told him he could shell out just like everybody else. One month I couldn't make the rent, so I showed up at his door and asked if he'd advise me on some new moves I was testing.

Tawni, 22, New Orleans, LA

Engagement ring \$8,000

I was pouring on the freaky sex to get my boyfriend to set a date, and estimated I was a threesome away from getting engaged. To speed things up, I picked up this hot lesbian at the bar where I worked. Afterward, he was ready to marry us both, but once I had that rock, I sent the slut packing.

Celia, 28, Pittsburgh, PA

SHE'LL THINK YOU'RE LOADED!**Use this guide and no one will know how poor you really are****◆ Buy all women drinks**

Rich guys ask, "What's everyone having?" without breaking a sweat. Not just the one he's hot for, but all of her friends too.

◆ Play expensive sports

Rich guys engage in sports that promise a body count, like parachuting, speedboat racing or rock climbing. Video games are left to the financially challenged.

◆ Be good to strippers

Rich guys let women tag along to strip clubs, where

they'll look to the stage for financial guidance. Strippers have radar that can detect a millionaire at 15 yards.

◆ Always be "out of town"

Rich guys are never home on the weekends. They leave staticky phone messages with reggae music blasting in the background.

◆ Get to know some bouncers

Rich guys never plead with doormen. Their warm welcome at the VIP room is noted by every chick in the place.

◆ Have luxury sports seats

Rich guys dazzle women who normally snore during sports talk. She'll be wide awake as soon as he says "my private box."

◆ Have the right shoes

Rich guys know that expensive shoes "pre-qualify" them for sex. Scuffed, synthetic or weird colors will never get your feet through the bedroom door.

◆ Have clean hands and manicured nails

Rich guys show off their hands, knowing they give clues to how

he spends his day. Clean:

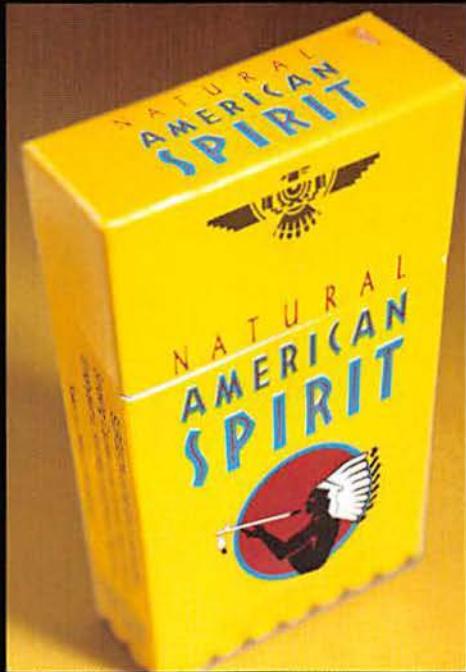
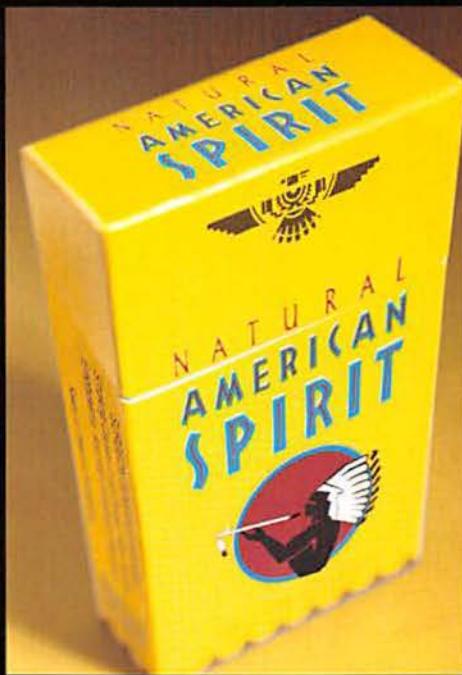
dressed in Armani, managing his portfolio. Dirty: dressed in an orange jumpsuit, pulling weeds on the freeway.

◆ Drive a hot car Rich guys invest in a sweet Porsche Boxster (or whatever). The girl who blew him off in the bar will suddenly "need a ride."

◆ Pick up the tab for a large group

Rich guys jump right in. Women see who squirms when the check arrives. A rich guy plays host without making a big show.

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'I ONLY DATE MEN WITH AN INCOME!'

As these lovelies make clear, the key to any relationship is a wallet stuffed with cash and plastic

What is your definition of a cheap man?

BRIDGET: A guy who will forgo having a good time in order to save a few bucks.

SABRINA: He has no chance if he thinks he can get it on with me without at least springing for dinner first.

Tell us a cheap bastard war story.

SABRINA: One of my ex-boyfriends took me out to dinner. We ordered drinks, appetizers and the main course. Then his debit card was declined. I had left my money at home and had to call a friend to drop off some cash. Even worse was the fact that I found out he spent his last dollars on a PlayStation game.

SERA: I met this guy for "lunch." His idea of getting out of the rain was going to one of those pay-by-the-hour motels. I can still see those neon lights. . . .

BRIDGET: A guy I dated owns a Lexus and wears a Rolex, and he has a great job and a trust fund he's never dipped into. He came to pick me up for dinner, ate a plate of cookies that my roommate had made, and then asked if we could skip dinner because he was stuffed.

Put a money value on the quality of sex you provide: \$1, \$1,000 or \$1 million?

BRIDGET: I've often thought about how much I would cost if I were a call girl, and I would say at least five grand for the night, because not only do I like to do it all night, but I also make a damn good breakfast in the morning.

COURTNEY: I happen to be a master of fellatio. I once had an ex-boyfriend call me late at night and offer me all kinds of favors, chauffeured car services, not to mention a steadily escalating amount of



MEGAN
26, store clerk

BRIDGET
21, writer

**Nice cars
are for
men with
small gifts.
I'll pass**



money just to come over and perform. My secret? I actually enjoy it.

SABRINA: I can't put an exact price on my quality of sex. It depends on the person. However, I've recently gotten into tantric sex. I'd say that my ability to go four or five hours is priceless—if I find a man who can handle it.

Do you shop for men based on money?

SABRINA: I will only date men with an income, but my material wants are small. I mean, if you want me to get so drunk that I'll make out, at least buy me the drinks.

SERA
22, DJ

COURTNEY
24, talent booker

SABRINA
22, writer

COURTNEY: I'll take the romantic boy who picks flowers on the way to my house and knows how to take me to the moon over the guy who's a cold fish in bed but picks up the tab every time.

Ever been given a gift so cheap and tasteless you fell down crying?

SABRINA: I once got a subway token attached to a string as a necklace for my birthday. I ended up using the token.

BRIDGET: My high school boyfriend gave me an army-green flight jacket that was just a little too big for me so he could borrow it! He actually asked for it back when we broke up.

Big schlong or big wallet?

SABRINA: Nice cars are for men with small gifts. I'll pass.

BRIDGET: I'll take good sex any day.

SERA: I'll take an orgasm over crappy roses any day. What about a medium dick with a medium wallet?

COURTNEY: Can't buy me love. Size does count.

How much money would it take for you to sleep with a complete stranger?

SABRINA: If he were cute and English? Buy me a couple of drinks and pay for the cab ride home!

BRIDGET: If the stranger looked like Harry Knowles, no amount of money in the world. If the stranger looked like Benicio Del Toro, it would be free.

How much would it take for you to, say, go down on another woman?

SABRINA: Depends on how much it costs to make sure hell freezes over.

BRIDGET: Couple of drinks.

SERA: Enough money to get me wasted.

COURTNEY: I'm big on the female love, but no amount of money could get me to do it with my boyfriend in the room.

MEGAN: Nothing, if I liked her.

Tell us the most shameful time you slept with a guy because he was loaded.

SABRINA: There was this one guy who was a nebbish but really rich. He had the worst trouble getting dates or getting action. There was a rock concert that I wanted to go to, but it was sold out. Tickets were going for a couple hundred each from scalpers. I knew he always fancied me and I really wanted to go to the show, so I invited him to the concert to get the tickets. Afterward, we went back to his place and I gave him a blowjob wearing just my panties.

BRIDGET: I have no qualms about hooking up with guys just because they have a car. I once went down on a guy just to get a ride to a party.

Certainly, you've been bought more than once?

SABRINA: One summer, I had no air conditioning and it was the middle of the most oppressive heat wave. This guy I sort of knew felt bad for me and invited me to sleep on his couch. When I got there, he had on a porno DVD, the air conditioning was cranked and he was sitting there naked, so I figured why not.

BRIDGET: I once had sex with a guy just because he was staying at the Soho Grand in New York City and I wanted to see the room. I raided the mini bar and I snagged the complimentary Kiehl's shampoo before I left.

What one tip can you give to a cheap guy who wants to get action?

COURTNEY: What good is a rich guy if he refuses to part with his cash? Every guy I've dated has made less than me, but has managed to somehow make me feel like I'm spoiled rotten. It's all about your attitude toward spending. **FHM**

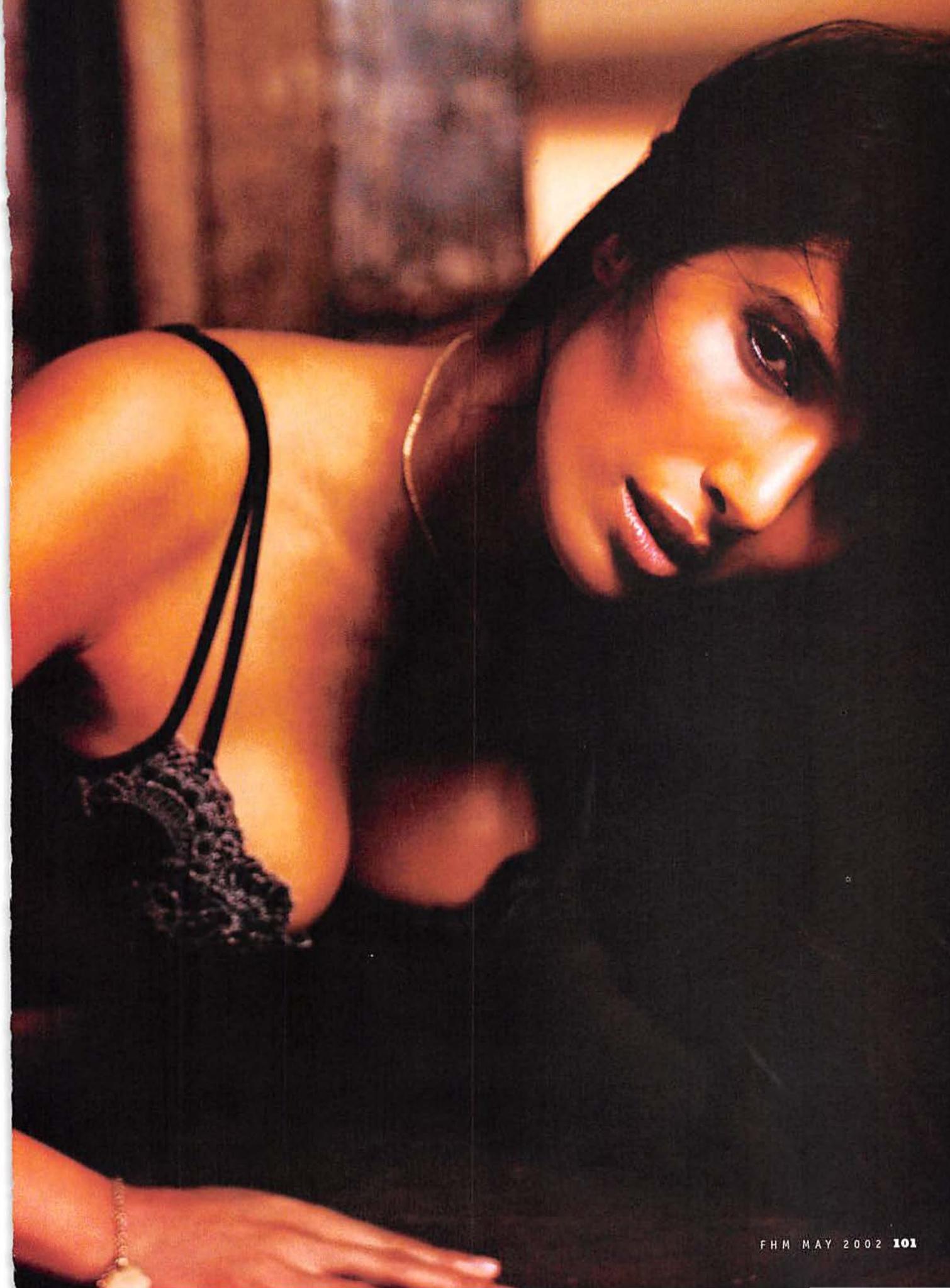
*Interviews by Marti Zimlin
Photograph by Larry Busacca*

PADMA LAKSHMI

DINNER IS SERVED!

IF YOU THINK ALL TV
CHEFS ARE VAIN
BLOWHARDS OR
FLABBY-ARMED OLD
BIDDIES, TAKE A LOOK
AT PADMA LAKSHMI

BY JON CHASE
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY ALESSANDRO
D'ANDREA





Think hard: When did you last meet a woman who looks like a model, cooks like a master chef (with a cookbook to prove it) and can out-diva Mariah Carey? To make things even more painful, she's also brainy enough to be dating jihad-inspiring endangered novelist Salman Rushdie.

Over the past few years, 29-year-old Indian-born Padma Lakshmi has trotted the globe modeling for high-end chick magazines like *Vogue* while piecing together the recipes for her hit cookbook, *Easy Exotic*. The Food Network, cleverly recognizing that a drop-dead gorgeous woman just might boost their ratings, soon had Padma hosting a pair of documentaries and her own series, *Padma's Passport*, a sort of culinary version of E!'s *Wild On*. Prancing around in next to nothing on the set of the *FHM* photo shoot, Padma explains the reason for her show's popularity: "The Food Network was flooded with letters, because not a lot of people cook while wearing leather pants."

If Padma has her way, you'll be seeing and hearing a lot more from her, and soon. She's currently developing projects for her new film production company, Lakshmi Films (besides being her last name, Lakshmi is the Hindu goddess of prosperity) and fielding scripts from Hollywood studios. Between her upcoming work and the reruns of her shows, you'll be seeing her as much as a real girlfriend. But don't get your hopes up. It doesn't count, sucker.

NOT A
LOT OF
PEOPLE
COOK
WHILE
WEARING
LEATHER
PANTS

Professional chefs are typically ugly, shrewish men who are notoriously snobby. Do they get on your case for being a model?

All the time! I get "You're a model—what do you know about food?"

Which really is a pretty good point.

Well, it isn't true. Models eat a lot. It's just that we're freaks of nature and our metabolisms are high. So I don't let them bully me about it. Plus, I look better than them in a chef's hat.

What's the weirdest thing you've ever put in your mouth?

In southern Spain, they made me eat a bull's testicles. They were really garlicky, which I don't like. I prefer to take a bull by the horns, not by, um . . .

His scrotum? Dating Salman Rushdie, who is on the hit list of Muslim extremists, must put the fear of Allah in you.

No, no, that's all past us. We lead a completely normal life. We are discreet, but we don't have any of the problems that, say, a major American actor has.

With all you've done, when will we see you in a breakout blockbuster role?

I don't believe that one movie can totally make your career. Of course, would I die to do a big Hollywood film? Of course!

I'm not stupid. But at the same time, if I'm not going to do a role that's juicy, I'd much rather work on building one myself. One day I'm going to own a studio. I want to sit behind a really big desk and chomp a cigar and have a big scotch and 15 assistants. **FHM**

Check out more pictures of Padma at FHMUS.com

"CASH TIPS" BY AMELIA MCDONNEL-PARRY; STYLING BY DEBORAH DRAGON; JEWELRY AVAILABLE AT WWW.GIRLPROPS.COM; ANTHONY VERDE; REUTERS NEW MEDIA INC./CORBIS; MATTHEW CAVANAUGH/SPRINGFIELD UNION NEWS/AP/WIDE WORLD; DAVID PAUL PRODUCTIONS/GETTY IMAGES

Broke, Culkin
cruised the
assisted-living
circuit



BY JIMMY JELLINEK
PHOTOGRAPH BY
ANDREW BRUSSO

GETTING

RICH

Instead of sucking up to a grave-teetering 80-year-old, take your next brainstorm and run with it, much like the people who made crazy dollars off these absurd get-rich-quick schemes



20 FLORIDA MICRO-PROPERTY

Ridiculous scheme: Florida real-estate developer Scott Weber bought a 120-by-100-foot lot on Sunset Beach valued at \$400, then sold one-inch plots of "beachfront property" at \$49.95 each. After selling 1,000 plots, he has a million left, and they're still selling.

Eureka moment: That people like to say they own seaside property.
The payout: \$50,000



CASH TIP

Of the estimated 5 million people who currently receive stock options as part of their incentive packages, less than half will ever make money on them



To disguise their "crops," the Colombians looked to Italy

19 MAIZE QUEST

Ridiculous scheme: Hugh McPherson came up with the idea to transform bankrupt farms into elaborate *Children of the Corn*-style mazes. Farmers bit, and McPherson now has 30 franchises nationwide.

Eureka moment: "After I turned my farm

into a maze, I realized there was a limit to how far people would travel to see it. But there are lots of struggling farmers, and that's where the franchise idea began. People may not come to mine, but they'd go to one closer to home."

The payout: McPherson charges farmers a \$3,000 design fee, an undisclosed franchise fee and a cut of 25 cents per customer. In 2000, 250,000 people visited.



18 TERM-PAPER MILL

Ridiculous scheme: Taking advantage of the fact that the average college student is as sharp as a marble, Floridian Kenny Sahr came up with Schoolsucks.com, where a student can purchase a term paper when all else has failed.

Eureka moment: "By using the Web, I could do the professors' jobs better than they could by offering free homework."

The payout: \$5,000 per month



17 THE BEVERAGE HELMET

Ridiculous scheme: In 1985, Michael Del Rey perfected for mass production his version of the hat you always wanted, but were simply too ashamed to own. He shipped 15,000 in the mid-'80s alone.

Eureka moment: Del Rey was tired of having to put down his beer to clap at sporting events.

The payout: \$180,000, on just what he shipped from his garage



Still desperate to land bitches, Popper underwent a second surgery

16 PUMPKIN PRESERVER

Ridiculous scheme: Jodi Roppoccio created a reportedly non-toxic spray that slows the decaying process of pumpkins. It foils the plans of thousands of *FHM* readers who enjoy "pumpkin smashing" by reducing the amount of softer, more destructible rinds.

Eureka moment: Tired of watching her pumpkins rot in the humidity, the Florida mom began playing with fungicides.

The payout: \$180,000. Keeps coming in at \$60,000 a year



15 WITTY BUMPER STICKERS

Ridiculous scheme: Paul Rosa of Idiot Ink came up with the brainstorm for angry bumper stickers such as "DARE to keep cops off doughnuts" and "Your college sucks."

Eureka moment: "I saw some 'My son is on the honor roll' stickers and thought it was obnoxious. I made up 100 'My kid beat up your honor student,' and pretty soon, everybody wanted one."

The payout: \$940,000



14 WORD-STRETCH RUBBER BANDS

Ridiculous scheme: St. Paul, MN, entrepreneur Ave Green took plain rubber bands and inscribed them with slogans such as "Trust" and "What Would Scooby-Doo?", then sold them as bracelets.

Eureka moment: "I saw a guy wearing a black rubber band and saw the words written on it in my head."

The payout: "I just hit the seven-figure mark. Once I hit eight, I plan to disappear."



Enron unveiled this year's Christmas bonuses

13 CHATTERING TEETH

Ridiculous scheme: After 57 years, windup chattering teeth are still funny, despite advances in whoopee-cushion and joy-buzzer-noise technology. Toy maker Eddy Goldfarb invented the teeth just after WWII and sold 5 million sets.

Eureka moment: "I saw an ad for a

product called the Denture Garage, which holds your teeth at night. I laughed so hard I fell over."

The payout: According to Graham Putnam of Fun Inc., the current owner of the invention, the chattering teeth netted Goldfarb \$250,000—in 1950s dollars—before the patent ran out. Then the Chinese started making them for six cents each.



The nation's poorest county is Hawaii's Kalawao, with an average household income of \$9,859. Douglas County, CO, with an average of \$84,645, is America's richest



The Amish: clever, utility-free capitalists

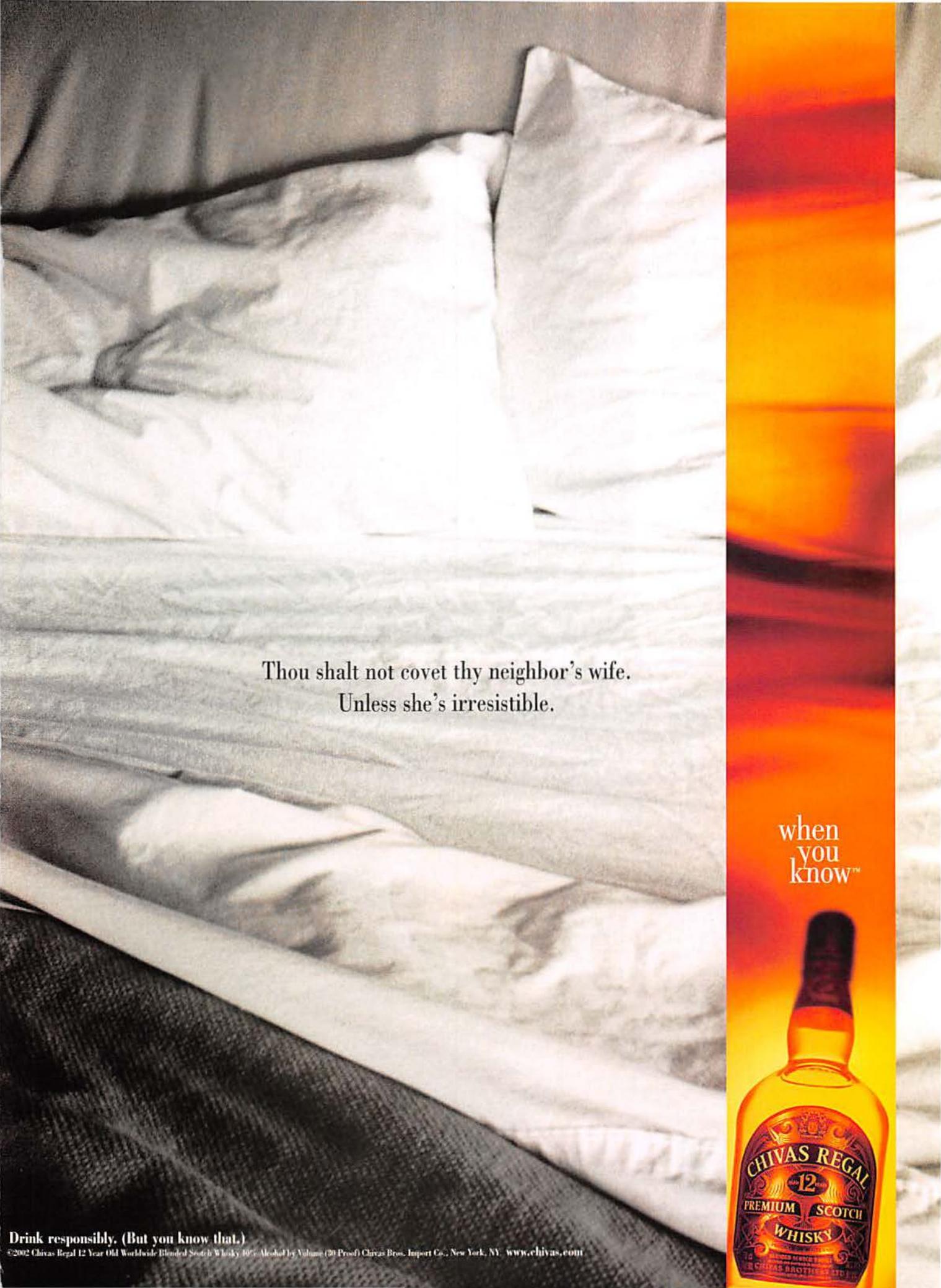
12 PET ROCK

Ridiculous scheme: Taking advantage of the drugged-up '70s society, ad copywriter

Gary Dahl wrapped up rocks and sold them as the perfect pets, because they never moved—just like the burnouts.

The rocks were on sale for only 13 weeks at \$3.99 each, yet Dahl made a fortune. **Eureka moment:** "The idea came out of a conversation at work about how pets are expensive to keep. I said, 'I don't have those problems. I own a pet rock.' Then everyone started throwing out lines like, 'It would be the best pet in the world. You could tell it to sit and it would—forever.'"

The payout: \$4 million



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when
you
know™



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CASH TIP

The CEO of a company makes an average of 40 times more than an employee a few steps above an entry-level position

11 HAUNTED HAYRIDE

Ridiculous scheme: Accountant Ronald Brooks designed a spooky tractor-pulled wagon that runs for 15 days during Halloween. Designed more for high school drop-outs to make out with their girlfriends than for actual scaring, it was an immediate hit. Brooks trademarked the name in 1988, and sold franchises around the country.

Eureka moment: "I figured I'd hire some kids, throw sheets over them and have 'em scare people. It was so successful, I knew that if I franchised it, I'd make huge money."

The payout:
\$4.5 million



Tijuana narrowly edged out Detroit in the vote for "World's Worst Transit System"

'I LOVED HIS MONEY, HE LOVED MY BREASTS'

The financial roller coaster of gold- and grave-digging Anna Nicole Smith

**1969 to 1985**

Born to poor parents, Anna Nicole Smith grows up in Media, TX, population 7,000, where the major employer is a state-run school for retarded children. She drops out of high school to embark upon a glorious career at Jim's Krispy Fried Chicken.

1985 to 1991

Smith is a single mom making \$50 a day as a topless dancer. "I had to comment on her weight," her boss says. "She wasn't allowed to work nights." Luckily, a wheelchair-bound oil tycoon came during the day.

1991 to 1994

Securing the love of geriatric billionaire J. Howard Marshall, Smith milks him for \$60,000 a month before they're even married. Life changes, and she wins *Playboy* spreads and modeling contracts.

1994 to 1995

The lovebirds marry. Marshall's son, who has control over his dad's estate, cuts off the



happy bride and bans her from seeing his father. He also has her power shut off. She later admits, "I was taking over 100 pills a day. I got fat. I was having seizures."

**1995 to 2000**

When Marshall finally kicks it, his son and Smith fight over the ashes and end up splitting them into two urns. After filing for bankruptcy and losing several legal fights for the corpse's cash, Smith finally gets a judge to hand her \$475 million.

2001

On a nationally televised appeal, the jury awards the old man's cash to his son, screwing Smith.

**2002**

During a bizarre trial that found Smith so out of it that she had to stop and think before naming the year in which she was born, the judge became so irritated that he asked if she was on medication. Anna Nicole's response: "Not at this time." He later calmed down enough to award her \$88.6 million. It was "a victory for a husband's love for his wife," babbled her lawyer.



10 RENTAL CARS FOR MOVIES

Ridiculous scheme: Michael J. Kopilec has rented classic cars to movie sets since 1984. Using the Internet, he set up a service for people to loan their own cars to movie studios and get paid up to \$400 a day.

Eureka moment: Kopilec rented his classic cars for a photo shoot, making him wonder where all of today's cars come from for movies, videos and ads.

The payout: \$500,000 in the first year alone



9 ANTENNA BALL

Ridiculous scheme: Reviving a '70s fad popularized by a Jack In The Box restaurant promotion, Lisa Sievers cornered the market for the plastic balls that attach to your car antenna. She sells them with such decorations as faces, slogans and the American flag on her Web site, Coolballs.com.

Eureka moment: "An antenna ball was stolen off my car, and I realized how popular these things are."

The payout: \$2 million per year

CASH TIP



A study on looks in the job market discovered that men considered "homely" earn up to 15 percent less than men considered "good-looking"



"Ha! No quarter in this hand. Or a stake hole"

8 WWJD BRACELET

Ridiculous scheme: Started by youth minister Janie Tinklenberg, this fashion item for young Christians has the initials of the question, "what would Jesus do?" inscribed on a bracelet. Today, the idea has grown into an empire of WWJD moguls.

Eureka moment: Tinklenberg was



inspired by the Christian novel *In His Steps*, about a pastor who pledged to ask himself, "What would Jesus do?" in weighing his every action. She thought putting it on a bracelet was a good way to get kids to think about Christ.

The payout: Michigan bracelet maker Ken Freestone rode the idea to \$7.5 million even before it was proven impossible to trademark the term.



7 CYBER-SQUAT

Ridiculous scheme: Unused Internet domain names with commercial potential, such as Eflowers.com and Business.com, were bought by Marc Ostrofsky, who then sold them to desperate companies for ridiculous sums.

Eureka moment: After seeing how much domain names were selling for, Ostrofsky went to work.

The payout: \$7.5 million just for Business.com



The Girl Scouts moved their shortbread empire to Coney Island

6 ADVERTISEMENT IN THE SAND

Ridiculous scheme: Inventor Pat Dori receives extortionate amounts to have ads appear on the beach in the form of thousands of 4-by-12-foot sand impressions pitching products such as Snapple and Skippy peanut butter. They are created

by rubber mats inscribed with the ads that attach to rollers dragged behind beach-cleaning tractors.

Eureka moment: "The idea came to me in a dream at 4 a.m. I woke up and immediately started drafting the idea."

The payout: \$10 million per summer just for beaches. "We're working on all kinds of licensing. The numbers are huge."



Out of fake crab, Red Lobster served piss

5 BAG O' PEE

Ridiculous scheme: Proving people will buy *anything* on the Internet, Kenneth Curtis of Greenville, SC, sells his clean urine as part of a substitution kit for passing a drug test. Known as the Pee Man, he personally fills every \$69 order placed at Privacypro.com and promises results with a money-back guarantee.

Eureka moment: "I had so many random tests at work that it started to make me mad. I realized the hypocrisy in drug-testing and wanted to do something to change it. If you can fight fire with fire, I was going to fight pee with pee."

The payout: \$10 million

MAKE MONEY THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Tired of earning a measly 2 percent from savings accounts? Three top analysts offer tips for serious cash

NAME	INVEST IN	AVOID
Richard Berner Chief US economist, Morgan Stanley	Energy companies As the global economy warms up, big energy conglomerates benefit early on after a recession.	Blue chip utilities They're a basic need that will remain undiminished in a recession.
Richard Kurz Former director, Credit Suisse First Boston; Doctor of Economics	Healthcare Baby boomers want the life they had at 25, so you have Viagra, baldness cures, weight-loss pills. . . .	Cable TV Especially in urban markets, the TV/Internet/telephone consolidation thing is grabbing hold.
Charles Reinhard Senior US investment strategist, Lehman Brothers	Consumer discretionary items With all the home sales, companies that provide home furnishings will benefit.	Materials As the economy rebounds, so will manufacturing. Companies that provide raw materials will thrive.



Charlie Brown boasted of pulling trim

2 "BABY ON BOARD" SIGN

Ridiculous scheme: Michael Lerner got filthy rich off signs that warn of kids riding in Volvos. It spawned legions of copy cats, including "Banjo player on board," which was responsible for many purposeful rear-endings.

Eureka moment: A friend of Lerner knew a couple who had seen a child-on-board safety sign dangling in a car in Germany. The couple had attempted to market an American version themselves, but they had little business sense and didn't succeed. Lerner made a deal for all the rights in exchange for a royalty.

The payout: \$38 million



Most executive secretaries make more than middle managers at the same company—and they are five times more likely to get an annual raise

1 SUPER BLUE BROWN ALGAE
Ridiculous scheme: Marketed by strange direct marketers and purported to be a cure for whatever ails you, this sketchy wonder pill is made out of pond slime from a specific water source in Klamath, OR, and sold to the ignorant. The pill's sales show no sign of slowing down.

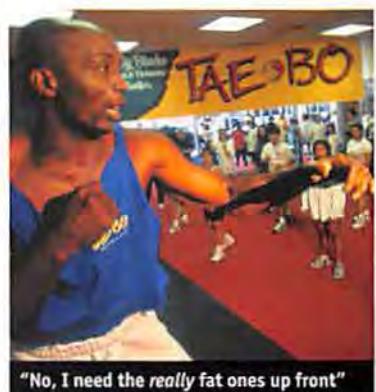
Quaker's St. Paddy's Day breakfast promotion was a hit



4 HANDCUFFS
Ridiculous scheme: Fresno, CA, brothers Bob and Chuck Mellon created a sweatshirt with roll-down cuffs that convert into fingerless gloves.

Eureka moment: "In 1994, I fell off my dirt bike and ripped my sweatshirt. When I put it back on, my thumb poked through a hole in the sleeve. I was warmer, and that's when the light bulb went on."

The payout: \$10 million



3 TAE-BO
Ridiculous scheme: The martial arts/aerobics workout devised by exercise guru Billy Blanks. By sucking in high-profile clients such as Shaq and Oprah, he helped to ignite the female kickboxing craze.

Eureka moment: "I knew women like aerobics and they like to dance, so why not take boxing and karate and combine it with music and create this exercise?"

The payout: \$5 million per year

'TRUST ME, THIS POOL CANNON WILL CHANGE THE WORLD!'

The US Patent and Trademark Office gives exclusive rights to any invention—no matter how moronic. Try to tell which of these are real and which sprung from *FHM*'s imagination

1) Portable nuclear fallout shelter

The cold war is over, but fears exist that an evildoer may play martyr with a nuclear device. To survive the radioactive snowstorm, dig a small hole and assemble the dome. Equipped with water- and air-filtration systems.

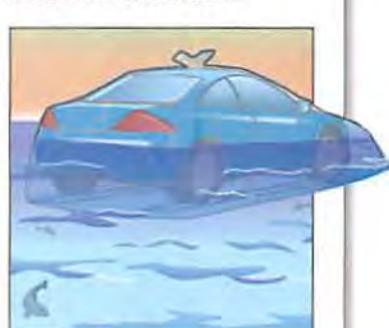
REAL IMAGINED



2) 12-gauge golf club

Allows you to drive like Tiger without having to improve your swing. The firing pin is located on the sweet spot of the club, propelling your ball to new lengths. Explosives load easily through a trap door in the back. Keep out of reach of children.

REAL IMAGINED



3) Motorcycle air bag

Motorcycles have never been equipped with lifesaving safety features—until now. The motorcycle air bag is a stylish body suit that inflates with compressed air during forceful ejection. The suit remains inflated during impact.

REAL IMAGINED

4) Executive bungee cord

A last-resort escape route from tall buildings when the stairwell or elevator isn't accessible. Comes in 10- to 60-story lengths. Safety helmet not included.

REAL IMAGINED

5) Thigh-mounted cup holder

Stop driving with one hand and holding your drink with the other, or soaking your pants when you stop short. The sturdy, two-piece insulated beverage holder attaches to inner thighs with Velcro straps.

REAL IMAGINED

6) Flood bag

Protect your car from rising water by driving over the bag's guide markings and tying at the top. Leave room for air to escape—or else your car might float away.

REAL IMAGINED



7) Greenhouse helmet

Breathe clean oxygen generated by plants on shelves next to your ears. A microphone and speaker provide communication with the filthy outside world.

REAL IMAGINED

8) Truth extractor

Get a confession by scaring the living hell out of the suspect. The criminal stands before an apparition with blinking eyes while an operator sits behind a wall asking questions. Answers are recorded for use in court.

REAL IMAGINED

9) Pool cannon

Climb into the cannon at the shallow end of your pool, set the controls, then feel the rush as a blast of compressed air "fires" you into the deep end.

REAL IMAGINED

10) Tingle pants

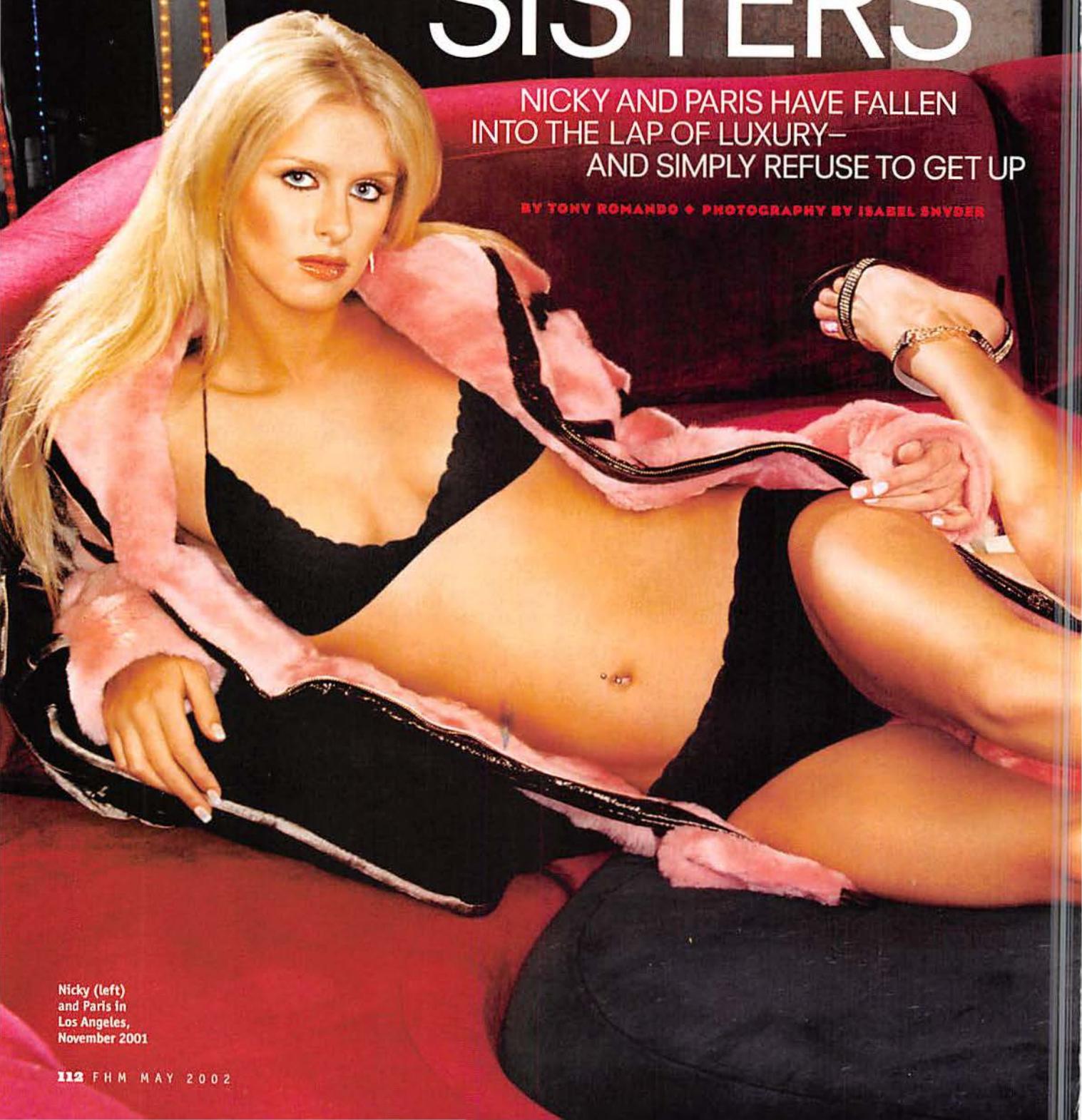
For audiophiles seeking a new kind of satisfaction from their music, tingle pants are undergarments that contain a speaker. They conveniently plug into the standard headphone jack of any stereo.

REAL IMAGINED

THE HILTON SISTERS

NICKY AND PARIS HAVE FALLEN
INTO THE LAP OF LUXURY—
AND SIMPLY REFUSE TO GET UP

BY TONY ROMANDO • PHOTOGRAPHY BY ISABEL SNYDER

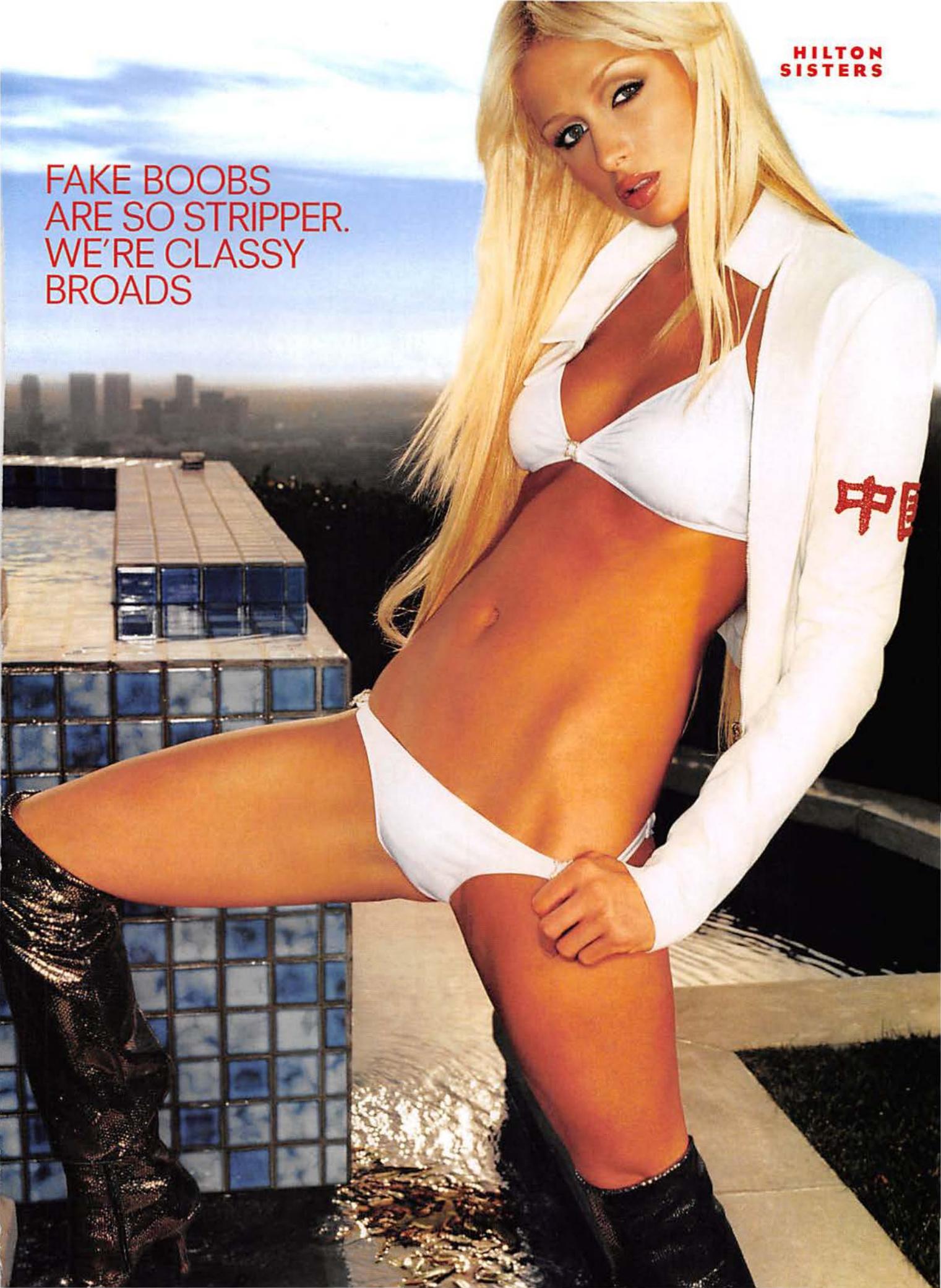


Nicky (left)
and Paris in
Los Angeles,
November 2001



HILTON
SISTERS

FAKE BOOBS
ARE SO STRIPPER.
WE'RE CLASSY
BROADS





pretty get fake boobs because they want guys to look. When you have a beautiful face, you don't need it. They don't feel good. It's stripper. We're classy broads.

NICKY: Having huge plastic things attached to you?

PARIS: I love being flat. It's sexier.

Tell us three facts about the *New York Post's* Page Six.

NICKY: I don't wanna mess with them.
PARIS: I'm scared of them too.

You have 20 seconds to clear up any gossip you've heard about yourself.

PARIS: I need more than 20 seconds.

NICKY: OK, at Sundance last year, they said I delayed a concert because I was standing on the stage and I refused to get off. I'm pretty shy. I'm not going onstage. They said I created a huge scene. Absolutely 100 percent not true.

I promised your publicist that I wouldn't ask any saucy questions, so we'll skip—

PARIS: You can ask about our underwear. Describe the underwear you're wearing.

PARIS: Um, none?

NICKY: It's yellow and it has Powerpuff Girls on it.

"Genuine Russian vodka.
Never seen a breed so pure."



See what unfolds
Stoli

HILTON
SISTERS

PEOPLE
LOVE TO
HATE US.
BUT WHEN
YOU KNOW
US, YOU
LOVE US



NICKY (LEFT): DRESS BY FAUSTO PUGLISI; SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO
PARIS: DRESS BY DIAVOLINA; SHOES BY FAUSTO PUGLISI: SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO



I SLAPPED
PARIS IN
THE FACE



interned at *Hamptons Magazine*. I was 12. I walked around with a pad and was like, "What do you guys want for lunch?" to all of the people that worked there.

Paris, ever had a job?

PARIS: Um, not really.

Can money buy happiness?

PARIS: Money does not buy happiness.

Most people I know with money are miserable.

[Check arrives] Isn't this funny that FHM is paying for the richest girls in town?

PARIS: Thank you.

NICKY: Thank you for lunch.

Just out of curiosity, a normal person tips 20 percent. What do you ladies tip?

PARIS: I don't know. I never pay.

Who pays?

PARIS: My boyfriend. Or my guy friends. How do you do it? What do you do? You add eight and six?

Ten percent of \$86 is \$8.60. Then multiply.

PARIS: I don't know how to do any of that. I suck in math. **FHM**

See more of the Hiltons at **FHMUS.com**

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Duane "Dog" Chapman on trunking criminals, sifting through garbage and utilizing hookers

So how did you end up becoming a bounty hunter?

I'd done a few years in Texas for accessory to murder, even though I didn't do it. When I came out, I found out I owed child support for the whole time I was locked up. I didn't know what to do until the judge told me he'd take care of one of my child-support payments if I caught this guy who'd jumped bail. I found that guy, so the judge gave me the name of another guy. Twenty-three years later, here I am.

Have you ever caught more than one guy in a day?

Yeah, brother. I get five a lot of times, but one day I got really lucky and caught six.

Does that mean most people don't run?

Oh, no, they run—I'm just the best. The other day, at seven o'clock in the morning, I had a guy's alias. I got his phone number, called him up and asked if he wanted a job "watching stuff" for a hundred bucks a day, under the table. He met me in the morning—boom!—I nailed him. On the way to jail, I saw another guy I was looking for driving a car in the other direction. I pulled him over, and by noon I had two. I was also looking for two Mexican aliens. I caught one and told him, "If you can help me get this other guy, I'll let you go." Believe it or not, he worked for half a day with me. He tricked the other guy, and I arrested that guy. Then he says, "OK, I helped you, now let me go." And I said, "I can't do that." So that's four right there. Some days you just get lucky.

If it's that easy, why don't the cops catch all the bad guys?

The cops can't really get a guy unless they pull him over on a traffic ticket. Plus, they get to go home with their paycheck whether they get their man or not. I only make money when I catch a guy. So I profile him until I know what cigarettes he smokes, who he loves, who he used to love, what his strengths are and his weaknesses, and I will work on that all day, every day for as long as it takes. I'll lie to everyone, trying to get a message to him. If he's

**Q What if the guy has a gun?
A I don't care. If he shoots at me, I dial 911 and yell, "Officer down!"**

done time in Arizona, for instance, I might call the prison in Arizona and ask the warden, "In John's cell, who was with him?" Then I'll start leaving messages for him with his girlfriend as his old cellmate.

What other tricks do you use?

I think like a criminal. Speed freaks, after they run around for a couple of days thinking they're untouchable, they crash at motels. Bank robbers go to whores. So if I'm looking for them, I'll hit the track. I find the nicest-looking whores, and I give them a picture of the guy and say, "I don't want no pussy, but for 300 bucks, baby, if you see this guy. . . ." I'll tell them he's wanted for sexual assault on a child, when it's really for bank robbery and murder. A hooker won't turn a guy in for murder or robbery, but she'll turn him in for sexual assault on a child. They'll call me and say, "Hey, I'm not being a snitch, but he's at this park."

What's the slickest trap you've set for a bail jumper?

One time I called this guy's mother. She said she didn't know where he was, but I thought she might be lying. I found out it was her birthday, so I started going through her trash, looking for a birthday card or something from him. After a bunch of days sifting through her trash, I found her phone bill. It showed that she'd gotten a collect call on her birthday from Memphis. I figured it must be him. So I called her later that night and said, "Hi, this is the coroner's office. We have a body here that's been mangled in a head-on collision. In his pocket is this ID. . . ." She started freaking and screaming, "My God, that's my son!" So I said, "Well, ma'am, we're not sure if you'll be able to recognize him. When is the last time you talked to your son?" She said, "I just saw him two hours ago. He's supposed to be home at midnight!" And I said, "Oh, is that right?" So I parked outside the house at about 11:30, the kid came home at 12, and I nailed him.

So once you get your man, what then?

The law says you have to give him to the nearest jurisdiction at the time of

the arrest. But that rule only applies in-state. If you catch him anywhere else, then you have to get him back to the state from where the warrant was issued. Years ago, I drove everyone, but you can imagine how many guys try to grab the steering wheel or dive out of the vehicle. One time, I was driving this guy who was in the back seat of a convertible—real mean son of a bitch—and he goes, "I could kill you right now, even with my hands cuffed." He was probably right. I mean, he could have head-butted me or put his legs around my throat or something. So I put him in the trunk. These days, I fly all of them.

Do you ever use a gun?

No. If I carried a piece, I'd kill every single one of them—but that's not my job. So I use non-lethal weapons instead; they're so strong they could drop a mule to its knees—mainly, a really good pepper spray, one that looks like a small fire extinguisher. I don't care if he's a master blaster, a boxer, whatever, the spray is putting him down.

What if the guy has a gun?

I don't care. If he starts shooting at me, I dial 911 and yell, "Officer down!" I've found that brings cops faster than "Hi, this is Duane the bounty hunter and I've been shot." They get there in minutes, their adrenaline is pumping and they ask who made the call. I just say, "I don't know, but there's a guy in there shooting."

What has been your single biggest payoff so far?

Well, I've caught many big bounties, but I've never been paid the full amount. The bail bondsmen who write the bonds for these guys just don't have any money. Legally, I should be getting \$10,000 on a \$100,000 bond, but I usually walk away with only 200 or 300 bucks. Very seldom does a bounty hunter get paid the full boat. Money-wise, it's very frustrating.

Interview by Jake Bronstein

Photograph by Chris Gorman

To read about Dog's latest captures, go to www.dogthebountyhunter.com



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FASHION

THE BEST CLOTHES IN THE WORLD



TEXT BY JAMIE CHANIN

INVEST

FLIGHT PATTERN

GUCCI PUTS THEIR MARK ON NEW AVIATOR SHADES

PHOTOGRAPH BY DARRYL PATTERSON

The classically masculine aviator frames have made guys look cool, at least since Tom Cruise took Kelly McGillis's breath away in *Top Gun*. Not much about the aviator has really changed—until now. This spring, Gucci has jump-started a new trend in sunglasses with the signature piece in its latest collection, the logo aviator. On par with those logo-embazoned purses favored by your fashion-victim girlfriend, the slick hologram lenses sporting the ubiquitous interlocking Gs may be too flashy for those without the flair to pull them off.

Logo aviator by Gucci, \$210; Gucci boutiques nationwide

ROCK-STAR STYLE

PAUL FRANK'S NEW LINE USES ROCK 'N' ROLL FOR INSPIRATION

Known for his excessively cutesy cartoon monkey paraphernalia, designer Paul Frank has finally stepped up to the big leagues with a cool new T-shirt for guys. In conjunction with Fender, Paul Frank's newest shirt sports the Bronco model of Fender's bass guitar. This T-shirt also prefaces more good things to come from the West Coast designer. Hitting stores this summer, the brand will launch a new line of rock 'n' roll inspired sportswear. The best of the lot includes a woven button-down with an expanding pattern of guitar amps, and a Western shirt printed with 8 mm cameras. The hang tags even have guitar picks attached to them. But for now, the Fender tees are out for a limited time, so grab one while you can.

\$26; Bloomingdale's stores nationwide

LACOSTE

OLD LINE IS NEW AGAIN



hip French designer Christophe Lemaitre, the line now features colorful sportswear with a retro twist. Best pieces include tipped polos, color-block pullovers, and white visors and sneakers—all emblazoned with the little gator, of course. The best part is that despite Lacoste's recent return to the spotlight, the prices will stay low. At least for now.

The Lacoste alligator logo is back. The ultimate symbol of preppie domination in the '80s, the classic sportswear brand has been completely revamped. Under the direction of



COLOGNE



SAVORY SCENT

NEW COLOGNE USES BASIL AS MAIN INGREDIENT

Coming in as a close third to multi-carat diamonds and huge floral arrangements, cooking is surprisingly effective as a seduction technique. Light a few candles, plunk some pasta in a pot and you're home free. Not to mention that it's a lot cheaper than springing for the tab at a four-star restaurant. Inspired by this culinary sexiness, Jean-François LaPorte, creator of Maître Parfumeur et Gantier, has created a fragrance based on basil. Following the success of his innovative celery-based cologne, *Grain de Plaisir*, LaPorte's newest scent is also extremely masculine (think George Clooney meets the Naked Chef). Now when you're too lazy to shower, simply spray it all over your body and reap extra points from the ladies.

\$45; 877-348-6444

DICK'S DIARY

FASHION EDITOR ELISABETH DICK SOLVES YOUR STYLE WORRIES AND KEEPS YOU FROM LOOKING LIKE AN ASS



BREAK THE BANK

Just because you drive like Evel Knievel doesn't mean you have to plaster yourself in glaring logos. You'll find it easier to pick up the ladies with this sleek helmet and leather goggles from Furla. They may look retro, but if James Bond can pull it off, so can you.

Helmet, \$190;
goggles, \$140;
Furla stores
nationwide



JUST ASK DICK



DICK'S DO'S AND DON'TS

Dick scours New York, fashion capital of the world, for the guys who've got it right and the guys who've got it so, so wrong.

Do: Though the fact that this guy is wearing denim shorts is a big strike against him (the last time I saw those was on Skippy from *Family Ties*), I have to give him props for his bag. With all the tech-inspired gear out there, there's something to be

said for keeping it simple with a black nylon and leather messenger bag.

Don't: I'm a big fan of the new wave of retro-style gym bags, but this guy just proves that even the best trend can be slaughtered by the right person.

First, the reason he's having trouble fitting this bag under his arm is because, shockingly enough, you're not supposed to carry it like a purse. It's also too small for his frame. And did I mention he somehow felt it necessary to also wear a fanny pack?



Are you completely hopeless when it comes to dressing yourself? Is your girlfriend embarrassed to be seen in public with you? Send fashion inquiries to Dick's Diary, FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

Q A friend of mine says that sleeveless shirts and tank tops are cheesy. What do you think?
A Given the sartorial abilities of most men, I'd say 99 percent of the time your friend is right. In particular, the tank tops of the nipple-skimming variety favored by the WWF should be banned for all eternity. That said, if you're brave enough to expose your biceps to the world, a logo T-shirt with the sleeves ripped off or a motocross tank (as long as the neck doesn't go much below your collarbone and the armholes don't dip past the top of your rib cage) can look quite cool when worn with a pair of jeans. Just make sure you wax your shoulders first.

Q My skin is on the oily side, and in the summer I'm a total greaseball. How can I keep my face from being an oil slick?

A Men's skin is much oilier than women's, and it's only recently that products designed to keep you from oozing all over the place have come on the market. Using technology I can't begin to explain, Trifecta, the newest innovation from Lab Series,



is a light gel that instantly reduces the oil produced by your skin while minimizing shine and large pores. The only catch is you have to apply it twice a day.

\$33; department stores nationwide

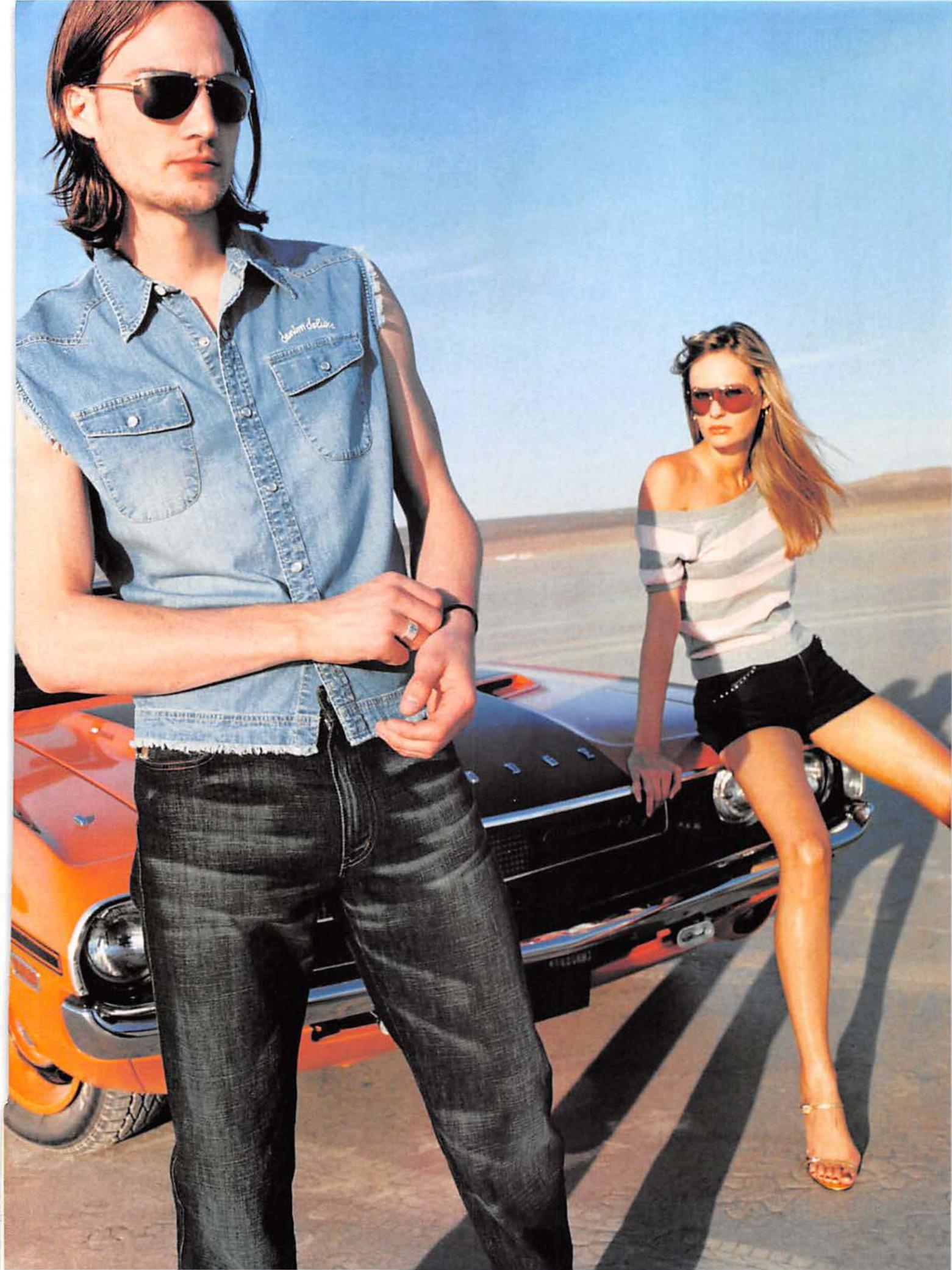
THE DRIFTERS

ESCAPE THE DAILY GRIND IN CASUAL DESIGNER THREADS THAT ARE RIGHT AT HOME ON THE OPEN ROAD

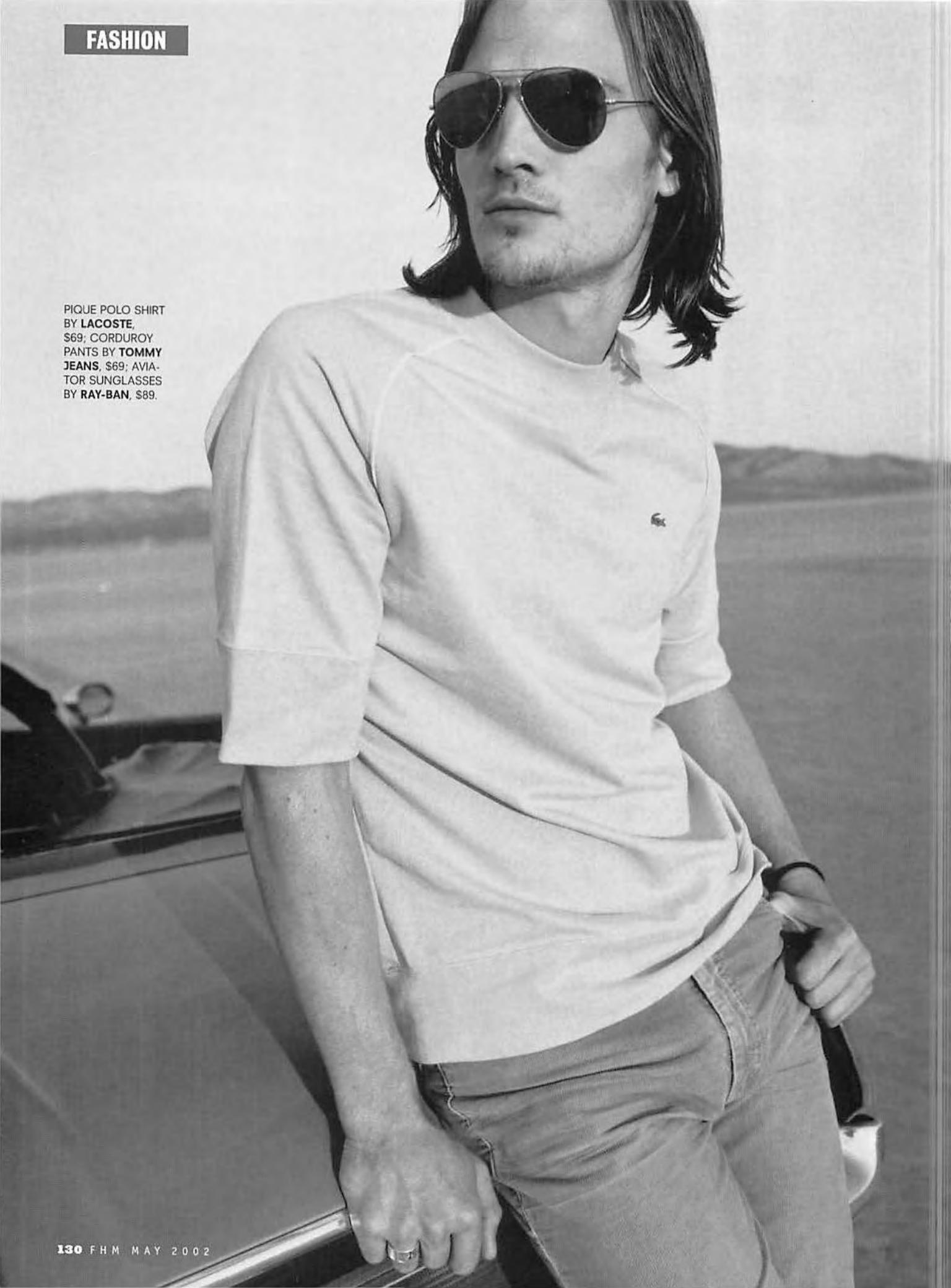
SLEEVELESS DENIM
SHIRT BY **PEPE**,
\$56; JEANS BY
MOSCHINO JEANS
UOMO, \$170;
SUNGASSES,
MODEL'S OWN.

ON HER:
STRIPED TOP BY
FRENCH CONNECTION,
\$88; DENIM
HOT PANTS BY
KATHARINE HAMNETT, \$90;
STILETTO HEELS BY
GINA, \$330;
SUNGASSES BY
RAY-BAN, \$89;
GOLD HOOP
EARRINGS BY
AGATHA, \$38.





PIQUE POLO SHIRT
BY LACOSTE,
\$69; CORDUROY
PANTS BY TOMMY
JEANS, \$69; AVIA-
TOR SUNGLASSES
BY RAY-BAN, \$89.



FADED DENIM
WESTERN SHIRT BY
WRANGLER, \$50;
FULTON JEANS BY
POLO JEANS CO.
RALPH LAUREN,
\$70; AVIATOR
SUNGGLASSES BY
RAY-BAN, \$89.

ON HER: CORSET
TOP BY UTH, \$73;
HOT PANTS BY
DIESEL, \$70;
SUNGGLASSES BY
GUCCI, \$134.



PATCHWORK
STRIPED SHIRT BY
MOTO, \$40; FADED
JEANS BY **ARMANI**
JEANS, \$134;
BASKETBALL SHOES
BY **CONVERSE**, \$40.

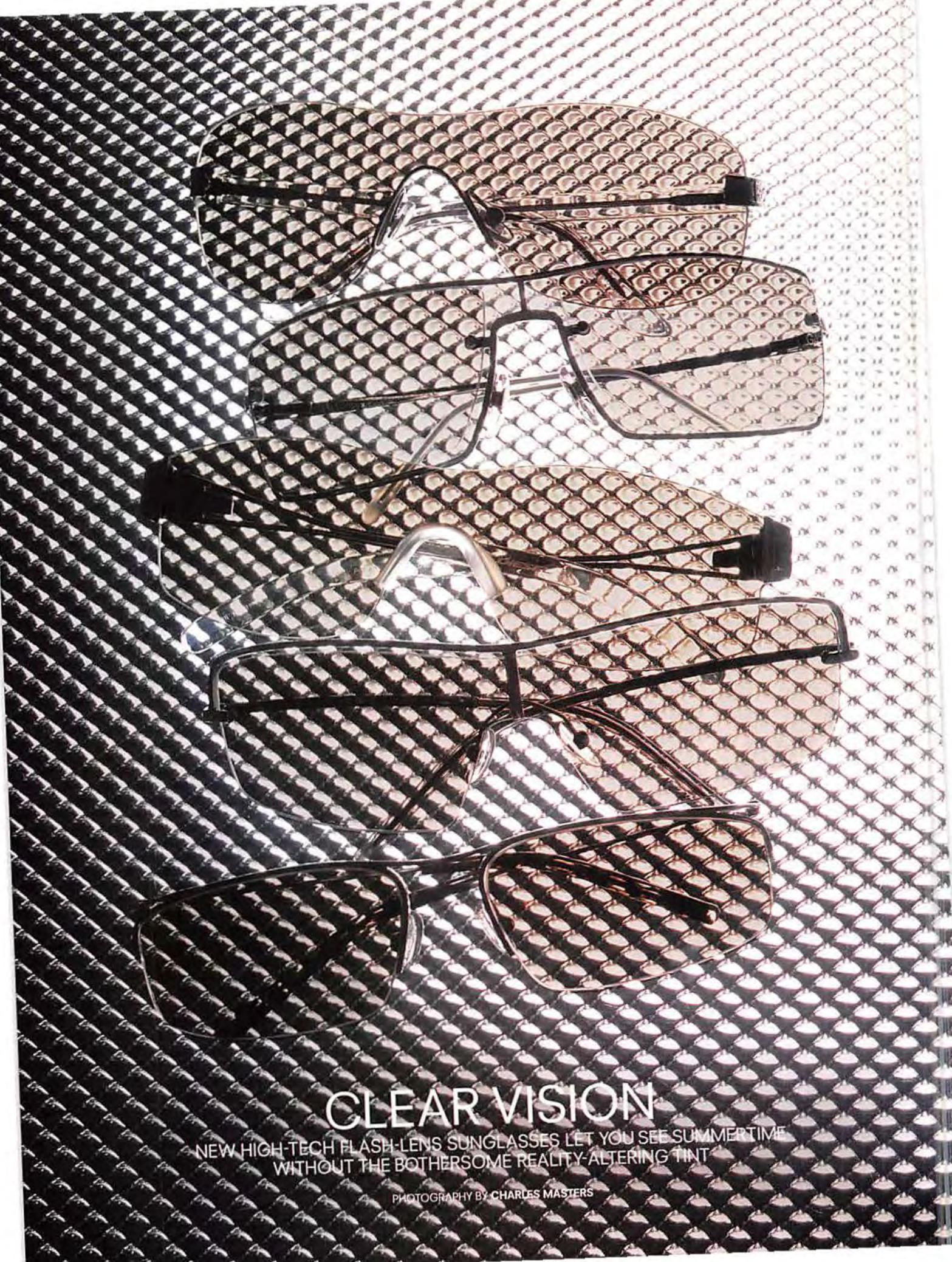
ON HER: COTTON
VOILE SHIRT BY
TOMMY HILFIGER,
\$60; JEANS BY
CK CALVIN KLEIN
JEANS, \$110; "JACK
PURCELL" TRAINERS
BY **CONVERSE**, \$50;
SUEDE BELT BY
PEPE, \$24; GOLD
HOOP EARRINGS
BY **AGATHA**, \$38.



SHORT-SLEEVE
CHECK SHIRT BY
CK CALVIN KLEIN
JEANS: \$50
SUNGASSES:
MODEL'S OWN.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GRANT
SAINSBURY
FASHION BY
OLIE ARNOLD
HAIR AND MAKEUP
BY KATE HUGHES
AT TIME USING
DAVIDOFF
MODELS: LUCAS
BABIN AT IMG,
REANNA AT ELITE

SPECIAL THANKS
TO CHUCK
FRANCIS AT
DREAM CARS
OF AMERICA
(323-956-6141)
FHM STAYED
AT THE
HOLLYWOOD HILLS
MAGIC HOTEL
(323-851-0800)



CLEAR VISION

NEW HIGH-TECH FLASH-LENS SUNGLASSES LET YOU SEE SUMMERTIME
WITHOUT THE BOthersome REALITY-ALTERING TINT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES MASTERS



OPPOSITE PAGE,
FROM TOP:
RIMLESS SHIELD BY
TOMMY HILFINGER, \$45;
SUNGASSES BY
GIORGIO ARMANI, \$169;
POLAR STAR BY
DIESEL, \$150;
SUNGASSES BY
GUCCI, \$210;
ROCKIN' SUNGLASSES BY
POLO JEANS, \$60
THIS PAGE, FROM TOP:
LAGUNA BY
OLIVER PEOPLES, \$395;
AVATORS BY RAY-BAN, \$79;
HAVEN SUNGLASSES
BY GUESS?, \$65;
AVATORS BY
VALENTINO, \$140;
SUNGASSES BY
BOSS HUGO BOSS, \$198

STYLING BY
MARISSA KELLEY
COMPILED BY
ELISABETH DICK

LEATHER SIGNATURE
STRIPED SNEAKERS BY
TOMMY HILFIGER, \$69



AT THE PLAYGROUND

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD FOR SPUD AND FREEZE TAG, ESPECIALLY WHEN
YOU HAVE THE BEST NEW SNEAKS ON THE BLOCK.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES MASTERS

1) MID SKOOL
SNEAKERS BY
VANS, \$54

2) XA PRO BY
SALOMON, \$90

3) SPORT SNEAKERS BY
SKECHERS, \$65

4) TEETH LOW
SNEAKERS BY
OAKLEY, \$115

5) RUNNING SHOES BY
NEW BALANCE, \$55

6) SPEZIAL BY
ADIDAS, \$60

7) RUNNING SHOES BY
AVIA, \$50

8) CLASSIC SNEAKERS
BY REEBOK, \$65

9) LEATHER SNEAKERS
BY SAUCONY, \$50





1) BOUNCE BY FRESHJIVE, \$120

2) AVATER BY DC SHOES, \$32

3) CANVAS AND SUEDE SNEAKERS BY SAMSONITE, \$168

4) PUMA SUEDE BY PUMA, \$65

5) FILA RACER BY FILA, \$85

6) CRUISER BY SIMPLE, \$75

7) HARRIER BY GOLA, \$70

8) PROTON BY DIESEL, \$80

9) NO-LACE SNEAKERS BY ROYAL ELASTICS, \$80

AIR PRESTO WOVEN
BY NIKE, \$100

STYLING BY
MARISSA KELLEY
COMPILED BY
DANIEL OU AND
NADIA ROSNI





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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Student of the Year Contest open to legal female residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia who are 18 years of age or older on date of entry and enrolled as a full-time college student from date of entry through 12/31/02. Contest void where prohibited or restricted by law. To enter, submit one or more original, unpublished photos of yourself along

with your name, address, age and telephone number either (a) by mail to Student of the Year, FHM, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or (b) by e-mail to letters@fhmus.com. Photograph(s) should depict entrant's appearance, personality and photogenic quality. Entries will be accepted from 12:01 a.m. EST on 10/15/01 until 11:59 p.m. EST on 8/1/02. One entry per

person. Entries will be judged by FHM based solely on appearance, photogenic quality and FHM's editorial standards. FHM will select Nine (9) Student of the Year nominees. Nominees must be able to travel to New York City at FHM's expense for a Student of the Year nominee photo shoot. Photo(s) of each nominee will be featured in an issue of FHM. From 9/10/02 through 10/1/02, FHMUS.com will

conduct an online poll to determine contest winner. The Student of the Year nominee receiving the greatest number of votes through the FHMUS.com online poll will be declared the contest winner. Name and photograph of contest winner will appear on FHMUS.com Web site on or about 11/12/02 and in the December 2002 issue of FHM. Each nominee selected by FHM must complete quiz consisting of

approximately Ten (10) general interest questions. Quiz results will be disclosed in FHM and on FHMUS.com. One Grand Prize will be awarded. Grand Prize winner will receive \$2,000 and a trip for two to Australia. Approximate retail value of Grand Prize is \$7,000. FHM and Contiki Holidays (Sponsors) reserve right to substitute prize for one of equal or greater value if prize cannot be

awarded as advertised. Taxes are sole responsibility of winner. Entry information and photos become property of Sponsors and will not be returned. Prize winner will be required to complete affidavit of eligibility, liability release and (where legal) publicity release. For full Official Rules, visit fhmus.com or send letter to FHM, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!

DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE,

but the Penis Enlargement Method you choose matters even more!

PENIS ENLARGEMENT BREAKTHROUGH

MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the **MAGNA-RX+** Penis Enlargement Formula – GUARANTEED!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+



The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000

patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists. Over 7 years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as **MAGNA-RX+**: a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

By using this proven formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their penis size by 2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, **MAGNA-RX+**'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. There is absolutely no prescription necessary.

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked Orgasmic Thrust Activation process. This factor alone would make **MAGNA-RX+** the most powerful Penis Enlargement Formula available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms (as are their very satisfied lovers)!

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA & STILL GROWING!

In the past 12 months, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful Penis Enlargement Formula. In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of **MAGNA-RX+**'s proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!



The **MAGNA-RX+** Formula is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will NEVER have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make **MAGNA-RX+** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+ System**, you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN!

Amazing New Sex Pill Gets Men Erect & Ready – Gets Women Hot & Eager!

SATIVOL

The secret is an enzyme from certain grasses that works on the centers of the brain concerned with libido (desire and performance). Now it's possible to manufacture a highly concentrated dose of the enzyme that has a pronounced effect upon humans!

Safe & Proven Effective!

Sativol is proven effective in two research studies. These studies proved Sativol measurably (1) increased sexual desire (horniness), (2) increased performance (erections), (3) increased feeling (pleasure).

MOTIVATOR (motivate-her) Just 1 of these tablets, used as directed, creates intense sexual feelings in women. The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the tablet. Best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these tablets and you'll find the effect is irresistible. Motivator (motivate-her) will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989. Precaution: get her permission before using.

24 tablets for
\$12.00

POWER PILLS: Endurance in a Bottle!

I'm Peter North (a.k.a. Matt Ramsey) and I promise you "my private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." I've performed in over 800 videos and am known for my sexual endurance in take after take. I personally perfected Power Pills using highly concentrated doses of ingredients to ensure this highly charged sex performance day after day. You can have an erection and develop staying power and climax control just like me. That's why 87% of our customers reorder!

30 tablets for **\$18.00** or
SAVE! 120 tablets for only **\$35.00**

ECONOMY PACK! SAVE \$49.95!
You get: 60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol,
24 Motivator & 30 Power Pills (regular \$139.90)

PROVEN IN TEST AFTER
TESTI SOLVES SEX
PROBLEMS FOR
BOTH MEN &
WOMEN!

60 capsules for only **\$49.95**



all for only
\$89.95

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the **MAGNA-RX+** Penis Enlargement Formula daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches
- Your penis will be thicker and fuller
- Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar
- You'll satisfy your lover like never before

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (A \$60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of **MAGNA-RX+** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling Penis Enlargement Formula for one very simple reason: **IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!**

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? How about 50% OFF our regular price! **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for \$59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE! Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a \$1.00 a day!

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for 2 months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra to the love in my life." – W.B., Washington, D.C.

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements." – V.W., Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" – T.M., Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." – R.C., South Carolina

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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 POWER PILLS (30 tablets) \$18.00
 POWER PILLS (120 tablets) \$35.00

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 Send me 2 month's supply of **MAGNA-RX+**,
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all for only **\$89.95**

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MACHINERY

THE BEST GADGETS AND GEAR

DO-IT-YOURSELF

ULTIMATE TOOLS!

Few things feel better in a man's hands than a massively powerful tool

BY TONY ROMANDO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHRIS CORMAN



Craftsman drill and drive set

\$100; www.sears.com

Chances are you won't use even 12 pieces in this do-it-all Speed-Lok set, much less the entire 85. But knowing that you have the option to bore through a slab of concrete with one bit and then tighten your old lady's glasses with another makes the set worth every penny. And perhaps, in time, you'll learn to use piece 37, the "shank."



14.4 volt cordless Skilsaw

\$99; www.skil.com

With enough battery power and raw bite to destroy your boss's desk in 13 seconds, the cordless Skilsaw also allows one to then run from building security without having to drag an extension cord down through the stairwell. Although the saw's average running time depends on your project, most do-it-yourself and illegal projects require less than 20 minutes of power-on saw time.



Skil palm-grip sander

\$30; www.skil.com

This little fella isn't going to work for sanding all the floors in your entire home, but if you're looking to smooth out the rough edges on a quality birdhouse project, you're set. Its key feature? Uh, it sands. And it's the perfect size for that workhorse woman in your life. Guaranteed, she'll want to use it for the projects she would otherwise make you do by hand. With sandpaper. And sweat.

The small haul for the car

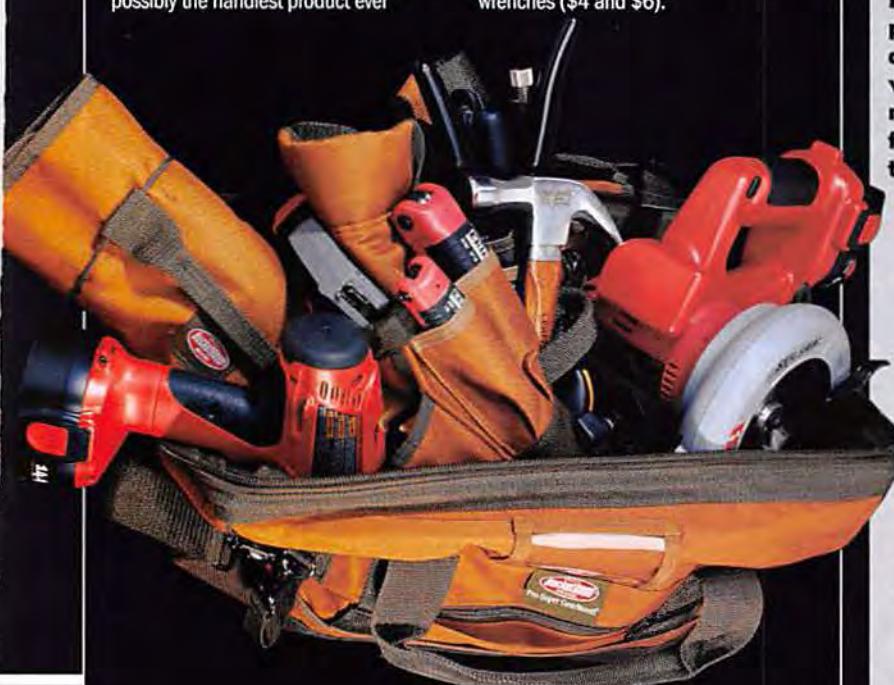
The bottom line when choosing tools is durability. Then ask yourself, "Who cares? I've got a Craftsman unlimited warranty!" The must-haves: ratchet clamps (\$27), locking plier set (\$20), reversible ratcheting wrench set (\$60), screwdrivers (\$40, not shown) and the robogrip (\$30); all stored in the Bucket Boss (www.bucketboss.com) tool roll (\$20). Craftsman tools—buy 'em, break 'em and take 'em back. Suckers!



The big haul for the house

Sure, you had one of those silly little red toolboxes when you were 10. And no doubt you spent most of your time trying to stuff all of your tools back into it after your Green Machine was "fixed." Then you wrestled with the damn lid and latch. That trip down memory lane taken, the Bucket Boss Pro Super Gate Mouth (\$45), quite possibly the handiest product ever

invented, has 50 pockets inside and out for every tool and clamp. What makes it special is that it's carried by a shoulder strap for lugging massive loads of stuff, like the Skil cordless 14.4 volt drill/drive (\$90), the Stanley 28 oz. hammer (\$30), the Cobra 8000 staple gun (\$25), the Starrett tape measure (\$35) and the Eklind Tool (www.eklindtool.com) Allen wrenches (\$4 and \$6).



FAST FACT



On average, 13 people per year die from vending machines falling on them

MINI

3.2 Amp
3/8-in.
Compact Drill

3/8 inch Mini-T drill/drive

\$139; www.sears.com

Not to be confused with one of those infomercial-style Dremmel tools, the Mini-T can flush a screw or drive it into cement. It's not cordless, and that's actually a good thing: Its weight is kept to a minimum for those long workdays. Best of all, you can drop it from as high as eight feet and it will continue to work.

HIT THE LINKS!

You'll still drive like Bea Arthur and putt like Magilla Gorilla, but the latest golf gear will at least make you look like a player

BY CHRIS SCHREIBER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHRIS CORMAN

BITEGOLF Sandals

It took *how many* decades of golfing in Florida and Arizona to come up with golf sandals? Perfect for warm weather, public courses and your local co-op, they're primarily for the rental-club golfer. \$80; www.bitegolf.com

FAST FACT



One in every four Americans has been on TV



Mark's Golf Shoe

When being hip is more important than making the chip, this stylish shoe (top) fits the bill. It's not your daddy's golf shoe, and it's ideal for dance-club golfers. \$100; www.dexter-shoe.com

FootJoy Classics

Waterproof and comfy, the classic styling is exactly what you'd expect from the CEO set. \$240; www.footjoy.com

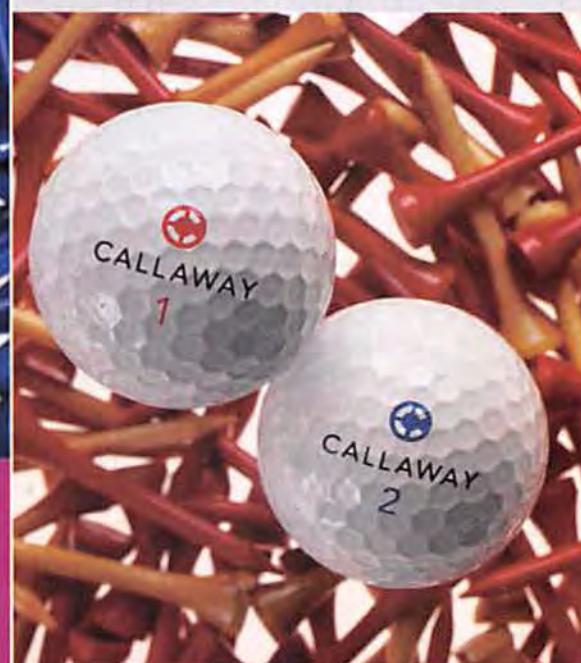


Mark's

This all-in-one ball mark, divot repair and club rest will make you look more acceptable on the green, and more efficient too. And looking the part is half the battle. \$10; www.golfinstuff.com

Callaway HX Blue and Red "HEX"

The Callaway name normally brings to mind the renowned Big Bertha drivers, but the company has also poured millions into developing the perfect golf ball. The revolutionary hexagonal-dimpled ball not only looks funny, it has an odd effect on your game too—like 40-odd extra yards off the tee. \$58; www.callawaygolf.com





Caddyshack animatronic head cover

As if you needed a reason. Well, here are three: "Big hitter, the Lama, Long." "I smell varmint poontang, and the only good varmint poontang is dead varmint poontang!" And, "Mrs. Crane! You're a little monkey woman, you know that?" Nuff said.

\$35; www.golfinstuff.com



Grip-Lok bag

If your ratty golf bag has ever tipped and spilled its goods all over the green, or if the clubs are so jumbled you pull the 6-iron out instead of the 9, the Grip-Lok will turn you from bag lady to Bagger Vance in a snap.

\$170
www.griplock.com



Island Mist model IV C02 mister

All that's missing from this product is half-dressed women with palm fronds fanning you on your walk up the fairway. That's a pretty significant omission, but the mist will keep you nice and cool on the steamy greens anyway.

\$30; www.islandmist.com

FAST FACT



The YKK on zippers stands for Yoshida Kogyo Kabushiki-baisha, the world's largest zipper maker



TIM SOTER

Big-people umbrellas

The company brags that it's been making avant-garde umbrellas for 80 years. That's no lie. These umbrellas are as big as a tent and tough as nails. They can withstand 65 mph winds and being run over by a car, come in cool colors and don't conduct electricity, which means you can at least play safely in the rain, if not well.

\$150; www.birdlepal.com

BIONIC

BIGGER, STRONGER, NOT SO FLABBY

HYGIENE

CURE THAT STANK!

Help reduce air pollution and spare those around you with these self-sanitizing tips

When someone talking to you takes two steps back and makes a joke about your being "ripe," the funny thing is they're not kidding. We all seem to notice others' peculiar odors and feel free to comment on them, even though a few of us might secretly suspect we're in the same malodorous boat. That's because so many of you out there have bodies that smell like cheese, breath that reeks of feces and feet that should be amputated lest their hurtsome vapors ever be released on an innocent and unsuspecting public. There are a few obvious solutions—take a shower, brush your teeth and change your socks—but for many, those everyday activities aren't enough to combat the problem. You need help, so for God's sake accept it and come rejoin society. We're willing to take you back, if you do the right thing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

Ramada had improved accommodations



3 STEPS TO HYGIENE...



A young Aiello sold knockoff herring

2 Breath

Bad breath may be inevitable some of the time, but if it's chronic, you may need special treatment. It can usually be attributed to a buildup of sulfurs in the mouth due to dehydration, so

drink water all day long. Don't follow the route of ol' Chairman Mao, who didn't believe in brushing and only washed his mouth out with green tea. Brush for a good three minutes and scrub your tongue. Sinusitis, character-

1 Body odor

By now you should know to shower and wash your hair every day. But sometimes that's not enough. A lot of BO comes from bacteria that stay on the skin after sweating. That's why fatties,

who tend to sweat a lot, often have BO. So lose weight, lardass. Wash your clothes after wearing them once—it's obvious, but clothes trap scent—and stick to natural fabrics, which don't make you perspire as much. A diet

without green vegetables (chlorophyll is an odor absorber) but high in dairy also raises stink levels. If all else fails, talk to your doctor. BO could be a sign of health problems such as diabetes or a liver disorder.



Whitey regretted visiting LaShauna's salon



Kentucky's youth loved the Hokey Pokey

3 Feet

The main problems for feet are sweat and the bacteria that feed on it—there are some 250,000 sweat glands in each foot, which can produce a pint of sweat per day. Foot smell comes in

two forms: sweaty funk, and blue-cheese-meets-dog-droppings, both of which come from the excrement of bacteria. The former means you should wear cotton or wool socks, and shoes made of canvas, leather or mesh. If

you sweat heavily in general, put powder, or even antiperspirant, on the undersides of your feet. For those with odor beyond the pale, see a doctor who can prescribe drugs to prevent sweating and bacterial growth.

FAST FACT



Only 30 percent of humans can flare their nostrils

FLAVORING

MAKE YOURS TASTY!

More of a treat for your lady, Semenex is a concoction designed to make your spunk palatable, if not downright scrumptious. Made from fruit extracts, a few packets per day for a few days should make your man juice tasty. Tests at

the FHM lab were inconclusive due to a dry spell in the girlfriend and intern departments, but the raving testimonials on the Web site are plenty convincing to give this stuff a go.

\$17 for five packs
www.semenex.com



KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

There's no point exercising if it kills you. Take the smart route and keep your energy level at its peak

Triathletes, marathoners and all their masochistic little buddies have long known about "hitting the wall," when after hours of intense exercise, their body runs empty and they proceed to lie down in the road and cry hysterically. Even if you don't care about being an Ironman, your trip to the gym will go a whole lot better if you're prepared. FHM has consulted with the experts to figure out the simple way to have a seemingly endless supply of energy.

SUPPLEMENTS

INSTANT ENERGY!

There are three major types of energy supplements that you can try, each with their own ups and downs. Here are a few of the most effective.

Sports drinks

You've been guzzling these indescent drinks since you were a kid, but what do they really do? Powerade and its ilk have only 20 grams of carbs, but keep you hydrated. Nutrament is a meal replacement with 52 grams of carbs, so don't chug one mid-workout, unless you like puking.

Power gels

The new vogue, these supersweet supplements are packed with carbs—each pack has an average of 25 grams. For a marathoner, two of these per hour with a little water should suffice.

Energy bars

Though early energy bars tasted like crap, there are now dozens of palatable brands. Balance Gold uses the 40/30/30 percent system of carbs, proteins and fat, and has 22 grams of carbs. The Clif Bar has 43 grams, enough for an hour of hard exercise. The downside? You need lots of water to wash these down.



Sexual Attraction Breakthrough!

THE MOST POWERFUL PHEROMONE OIL AT THE LOWEST PRICE EVER!

NATURE'S ONLY APHRODISIAC!

You've read about the amazing discovery of human pheromones in such respected publications as *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *LA Times*. Pheromones are odorless chemicals secreted from the body that increase sexual attractiveness and are detected through the sense of smell. Now, a revolutionary breakthrough in pheromone technology has propelled the science of sexual attraction to new unparalleled heights.

Introducing **Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance**, a new super concentrated pheromone oil that experts in the field of biochemistry have labeled the *most potent sexual attractant ever produced*. Just a few drops of *Tropical Romance* are up to a thousand times more powerful than normal pheromone secretion. Add instant sex appeal to sunscreens, massage and bath oils, or wear by itself. Even the most beautiful and desirable women are powerless to resist the seductive lure of *Tropical Romance*'s subtle intoxicating fragrance. But there's more, *much more*.

FREE ATTRACTION GUIDE!

"Attract Any Beautiful Woman... Guaranteed"
by JENZ, The Web's New #1 Pinup Girl!

Although *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance*'s sexual chemistry will attract you to more attention from beautiful women, you're still not home free. To close the deal you must also master the psychology of sexual attraction. You need to know exactly how a beautiful woman thinks and what she looks for in a lover. So to find the answers we asked one of the world's most beautiful women, JENZ (www.jenzpinup.com).

Often referred to as "the blonde Bettie Page," JENZ beat out over 20 million other hot women to score her very own national magazine, JENZ is also the Internet's new #1 pinup girl and she's currently on record pace to become the most downloaded woman of all time. In this exclusive guide, JENZ reveals to you (100% uncensored) the ten simple secrets to attract and make love to any beautiful woman. This is powerful stuff! You would gladly pay many thousands of dollars for this info, but for a limited time we're including JENZ's guide, "Attract Any Beautiful Woman... Guaranteed" (a \$19.95 value) **FREE** with every order of *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance*! So don't miss out, order today!

SUPER LOW PRICE!

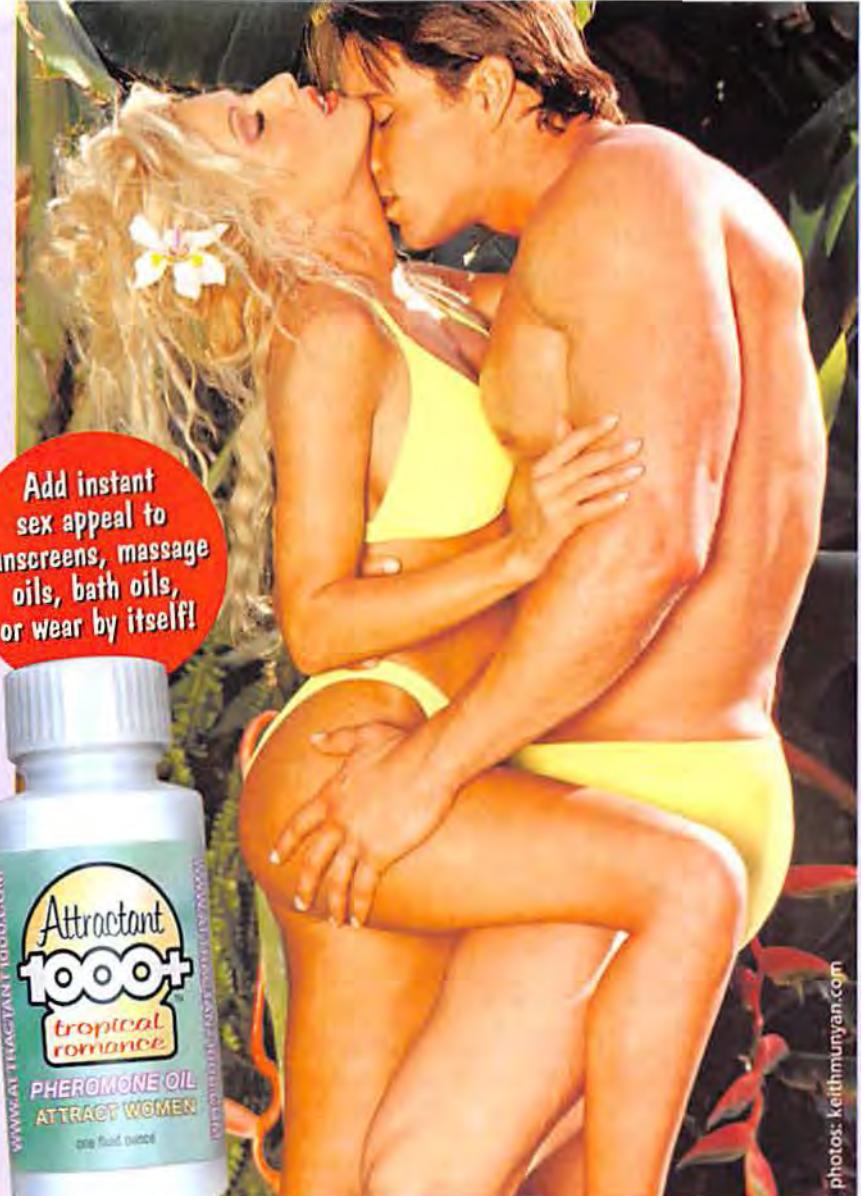
Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance retails for \$99.95 per one ounce bottle, but through this special introductory offer you can *try it for less than \$9 per bottle* (when you order a 6 pack).

We are so confident that you will agree that *Tropical Romance* will dramatically improve your love life and make you more sexually desirable that we are willing to let you try it at this unbelievable low price. We know once you experience the results for yourself you will gladly be back for more and more at the regular price.

FREE SIGNED JENZ POSTER! (Limited Quantities)

Be one of the first 1,000 people to help us choose our summer *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance* poster and we'll send you **absolutely FREE** a limited edition of the winning poster signed by JENZ herself. Don't delay, we can only guarantee signed posters for the first 1,000 who respond! Go to either www.jenzpinup.com or www.attractant1000.com and vote for your favorite today!

Add instant sex appeal to sunscreens, massage oils, bath oils, or wear by itself!



PICK OUR SUMMER POSTER!



send to: **WESTERN RESEARCH 3000, Inc. DEPT. FHM-4**
Post Office Box 6879, Thousand Oaks, California 91359

YES! I want to increase my ability to attract WOMEN (or) MEN, send me:

one bottle of *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance Oil* (1oz.) a \$119.95 value for only \$19.95
 plus **FREE** Jenz Attraction Guide

one bottle of *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance Oil* & one bottle of *unscented Attractant 1000+ Pheromone Concentrate* (1oz. each) a \$219.85 value for only \$29.95
 plus **FREE** Jenz Attraction Guide

SIX-PACK SPECIAL: three bottles of *Attractant 1000+ Tropical Romance Oil* & three bottles of *unscented Attractant 1000+ Pheromone Concentrate* (1oz. each) a \$619.65 value for only \$49.95
 plus **FREE** Jenz Attraction Guide

I enclose:

Cash Check
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Charge it: VISA AMEX
 MasterCard Discover
Exp. Date _____ / _____

Total Purchase: \$ _____

CA Residents ADD Sales Tax: \$ _____

Shipping Via Priority Mail: \$ 6.95

ADD \$4 for RUSH Service: \$ _____

Foreign Orders ADD \$10 S&H (US funds): \$ _____

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SEX NEWS

The latest scientific developments from the exciting world of rumpty

RESPIRATION

Erection med
also good for
sagging
mountaineers

Besides its unrivaled skill at turning soft wood into sturdy timber, Viagra also makes it easier for mountain climbers to breathe in the low-oxygen atmosphere of high altitudes. English scientists say clinical trials are

still needed to determine Viagra's safety in such situations. However, they failed to explain what horny hiker had time to pop the pill while grappling up K2 in the first place.



"Excuse me,
miss, can you
spare some
change?"

FAST FACT



**Astronauts
can't cry
in space
because
there is no
gravity,
without
which
tears can't
flow**

BULLYING

Boys suffer ass kicking from dates

A Minnesota survey has found that an alarming one in 20 high school boys has been raped or physically abused by a date. Though the report doesn't mention whether the abused boys are dating women or men, the obvious conclusion is that the once-proud progeny of stout Vikings now breeds limp-wristed, simpering pussies. Or just some really husky chicks.



CONTRACEPTION

New drug eliminates annoying fetuses

Nearly fulfilling the persistent dream that is consequences-free sex, the FDA has approved a contraceptive vaginal ring that is 99 percent effective. Called Nuva Ring, it is basically a combo of the Pill and a diaphragm, which is to say, still annoying. But it's better than playing with the 95 percent effectiveness of the Pill and 97 percent of condoms.

PROMISCUITY

Homeless
women a sure
thing

A UCLA study found that homeless women in LA had vaginal sex an average of once per week, often without any birth control. The downside to romancing the indigent, besides going to hell, is that half of the bag ladies claimed a history of STDs. Note to self: Pack penicillin.



"But I don't like
chocolate syrup!"

FAMILY TIES

Daddy's girl indeed!

Scientists from the University of Chicago have found that women can sniff genetic differences and prefer men who smell like their fathers. The scientists had a group of women smell different objects, including T-shirts men had slept in. Subjects often favored smells from men with similar genetic sequences to their fathers, proving the best way for you to score is to hit on your sister.



Stabbing:
cradle-robbler

DISEASES YOU
DON'T WANTINTERSTITIAL
NEPHRITIS

Medicine is our friend. Everyone knows it kills infections, stops a cough and in the proper doses, may even help you get a good buzz on. But medicine can also lead to a miserable life and an early death. Occurring in about one in 25,000 people, interstitial nephritis, a deadly kidney disorder, can be brought on by a bad reaction to various household pills



Kidneys: festively adorned

like penicillin, anti-inflammatories and diuretics. Once you contract the disease (generally, a speedy two weeks after popping meds), you'll experience reduced kidney function along with such pleasantries as non-stop vomiting, constant drowsiness and bloody urine. Usually, the disease is short-term and treatment ranges from certain diet restrictions to kidney dialysis, but chronic renal failure is possible. When that happens, the kidneys slowly deteriorate and die, forcing you into a life of bedpans, bad hospital food and relentless pity. And then the ground.

You know you have interstitial
nephritis if...

- You feel pregnant, constantly vomiting, retaining water and watching your body swell.
- You develop a horrific rash and your mental status changes, ranging from a touch of drowsiness to a full-on coma.
- You develop chronic renal failure, making a dialysis machine your new best friend until you break down and die.

GASOLINE

MARVEL AT THE MOTORIZED WORLD

SPEED

NASCAR EXPOSED!

NASCAR cars used to be so stock, drivers could rent one on the way to a race. Today's "stock" cars have enough extras to bankrupt a small country

What they mean by "stock"

Today's NASCAR engines aren't much different from the Chevy 355 small block V8 that revolutionized the sport in 1955—but everything else has changed. Better aerodynamics, weight ratios, drive trains and exhaust systems mean the same engine that once struggled to put out 250 horsepower now has to be regulated to a maximum of 720 horses.

Efficient!

The average NASCAR ride gets five miles per gallon, requires 20 times the oil of your dad's car, and holds 22 gallons of 110 octane fuel. It costs an average of \$6 million a year to keep one on the track.

Stinking brakes

For years, brake pads were made of asbestos. Since pit crews apparently don't think much about air quality and cancer, it took years for them to switch to space-age polymers. Now, brake pads are so tough that the rotors will often melt before the pad fades.



In case of fire...

Most NASCAR drivers don't smoke while competing, but should a flame spring up anywhere in the car, a simple switch activates fire extinguishers behind the seat and under the dashboard.

Nice paint job

NASCAR's cars are plastered in high-end decals from corporate sponsors. The hood fetches upward of \$10 million; the trunk, \$1.5 million; and the rear quarter panel, \$1 million. The teeny spots along the window? A mere \$200,000.

Intimidated

To keep races tighter, NASCAR implemented restrictor plates on carburetors, which reduce airflow to the engine and limit speed.

BY MICAH ABRAMS





Weight problems

NASCAR engineers are so anal about weight that they've even tinkered with the size of the bolts in the car's connecting rods. When they whittled down bolt diameters from three-eighths to five-sixteenths of an inch, saving a whopping one-half ounce on the car's total weight, it actually made headlines.



Interactive roofing

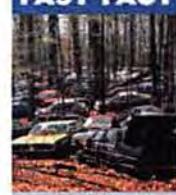
If a car is spun backward at race speed, uninterrupted airflow across the roof will create enough lift to send the vehicle flying. Flaps positioned at the rear of the roof are designed to flip up and disrupt the airflow, which keeps the wheels on the ground. Well, most of the time.



Can you kick the tires?

During races, the car's tires can reach 200 degrees, which means they must be filled with nitrogen instead of air to reduce heat-related pressure changes. A NASCAR team can go through 32 tires in a race, which is good news for Goodyear, which is the exclusive tire supplier of NASCAR and charges \$384 a pop.

FAST FACT



In 1995, there were 647 million motor vehicles on earth. The US had the most per capita, with 767 per 1,000 people



Keeping up appearances

Sadly for them, NASCAR drivers aren't able to indulge in that favorite highway fast-lane tradition: flashing the high beams at annoying slowpokes. The reason? It's not illegal, just impossible, since their "headlights" are nothing more than decals designed to make the car look more stock.

GEORGE GRAY

The scrappy *Weakest Link* host on car restoration, screaming chickens and not smoking around gas tanks

What was the first car you ever worked on?
I had a '79 Trans Am in high school. I jacked it up because my auto teacher told me that when they were jacked up, they got better gas mileage because they're always going downhill. And chrome. He said that chrome made it go faster. So I had me a '79 Trans Am, and I put me a 455 motor in it with braided hoses, and had Rush blaring from the eight-track.

What does your collection look like now?
I've got a '67 Firebird convertible that is a factory HO car, which means it's a high output, factory street racer. I've got a '58 Chevy stepside pickup truck. I've got a '55 Thunderbird. I've got a '68 BSA Starfire 250 motorcycle, an old one-banger. I've got a 2000 Indian Chief and a '59 Indian Chief, which was the old cop bike. I've got an Indian Dirt Tracker, which was the enduro bike they used to run. I've got a Harley WLA, which was the World War II bike, and I have a '72 Cadillac El Dorado stretch limousine—that's my new project. It's got dual air conditioners and a 500-cubic-inch engine. I'm having it lowered and painted midnight blue with flames coming off the hood. It's pimp beyond pimp.

Does your '67 Firebird have the bird decal?
The screaming chicken? No, they didn't



I have a '72 Cadillac El Dorado stretch limousine. It's pimp beyond pimp

come out with the chicken on the hood until 1973.

But you could put the chicken on the hood as, like, a customization.

That would be an abomination. I'm not a purist, because purists are the guys who are nutcases about whether or not a bolt matches. They irritate the hell out of me. But I do like a stock appearance. And under the hood, it's got something mean. It puts out almost 600 horsepower, and it turns 12's consistently in the quarter mile. It's just stupid fast.

Is working on cars therapeutic for you?

Absolutely. It's great. I fire up a cigar, pop the hood and just forget about everything.

You work on the cars with a cigar in your mouth?

Oh, yeah. But I never work on the fuel system with a cigar. Do not ever work near the gas tank with a cigar. One time, it was only a half-a-second and then my brain kicked in, but I was taking my old Chief out, and it doesn't have gas gauges. You have to get the tank in the sunlight and see how much is in there, or just swish it around and listen and guess. Well, I couldn't really tell, and I had to go on a long ride. I had just lit up a cigar, and the lighter was in my hand. There was this fleeting thought, "Oh, I'll just light the lighter, hold it next to the tank and light the tank up!"

Do you have cars laying all over your driveway and front yard in various states of restoration?

Yeah. And I have a coon dog on the front porch and a toilet next to the front door. I live in the Hollywood Hills, and I'm one of the few people in the neighborhood who will have the hood on his car popped. I'm the one out there in my Daisy Duke shorts with grease all over me, under the hood, screaming, "C'mon, you bastard!" at a bolt. My neighbors think the rednecks have moved in.

What's your biggest restoration triumph?

Megan, my girlfriend. I'm very proud of her. He was actually a high school buddy of mine. His name was Dave. He was a plumber.

Catch George's withering insults on The Weakest Link five days a week on NBC.

PRODUCT

COLOR-SHIFT SPRAY PAINT



Embarrassed by your ride's humdrum monochrome paint job, but can't afford the boys at Maaco? Then give prayer and thanks to the pencil-necked scientists who have concocted MIRAGE's high-tech color-shifting paint.

Depending on the light and from what

angle it's viewed, your car will shift from purple to green, silver to green, or gold to magenta. The kit comes with a base-coat paint, a mid-coat and a high-gloss finishing spray to keep your handiwork from being damaged.

\$219; duplicolor.com

FAST FACT



There are at least four parking spaces for every car in the US

FINALLY. A SWEEPSTAKES GUYS CAN LOVE.

GRAND PRIZE:
2002 ACURA RSX



JUST GO HERE:

<http://www.fhmu.com/acura>

AND YOU COULD WIN THE ACURA!

Or a **Ford Explorer**, or a **BMW 325i**, or a **trip for you and a friend to China**, or **\$25,000.00 in CASH**, or your choice of over 50 other incredible Grand Prizes!!! They're all waiting for some lucky guy to snap them up in the "Dream Come True" Sweepstakes, presented by FHM.

There are also 100's of incredible 1st and 2nd Prizes... like a Power Mac G4, a 61" Projection TV, a Blackberry Wireless Handheld with a year of service, a Kyocera SmartPhone, and tons more!

So what are you waiting for? Enter and win TODAY!

No purchase necessary to enter or win... for all the details, go to:

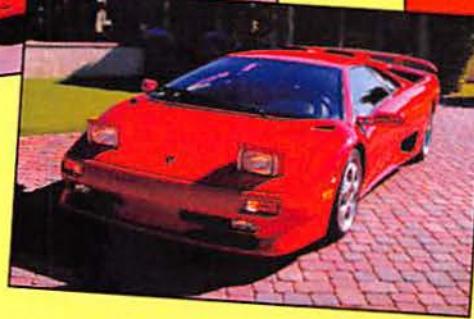
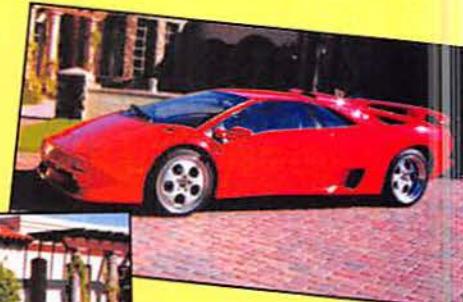
<http://www.fhmu.com/acura>

Official rules at <http://www.fhmu.com/acura>, and on pg. 20 of this issue.

Use Longitude And Win My Lamborghini *Diablo*!



Longitude- The Original Penis Enlargement Capsule- We created it. We tested it. Others copy it.



This Lamborghini has got me more women than I could handle. They just seem to flock to it. It is an incredible machine!

My Lamborghini Diablo is the "SV" model, which is even quicker than the "VT" model. The "SV" blasts from 0 to 60 in just 3.8 seconds and it's still in first gear! Top speed is 200mph!

I'm a car fanatic, so you be assured the car is in "mint" condition. It's a 1998 model with just 3000 miles on it. Not a scratch, ding, or dent. You couldn't tell it from a brand-new one.

My friends say that I'm crazy to give this Diablo away, but I think it'll make a great promotion for Longitude- The penis enlargement capsule that I've created and many try to copy.

Here's how the "Win My Lamborghini" promotion works:

This promotion is valid only to US Residents and you must be at least 18 to participate.

The car will be awarded to the man with the most drastic results using Longitude. Basically, whoever grows the most regardless of total size, wins my prized Lamborghini.

Simply read my ad on the next 3

pages and order a risk-free bottle of Longitude. When the bottle arrives, fill out the entry form and take a few "Before" photos in an erect state.

Keep taking Longitude until you are satisfied with your new growth, then stop. Take a few "After" photos, this time you'll be a lot larger.

Then, simply drop the Before and After photos in the mail along with your entry form. All entries must be received no later than September, 30th, 2002.

My group of judges will review the hundreds of thousands of entries and pick a winner. They'll review the photos for maximum growth percentages and they'll make sure the photos haven't been altered. So, no cheaters please.

That's it. If you're the lucky winner, I'll remove my tags and personal belongings from the car, have it detailed, and shipped to your door at my cost.

I'll also make sure to remove the g-string underwear I found last week underneath the passenger seat.

There's no additional fee to enter this contest, except for the price of the product.

It doesn't matter how long you take Longitude. Two, Three, Four months, or you can go until the September 30th deadline. It's up to you. Just make sure your entry form gets to me no later than September 30th. And the winner is the man with the largest growth from start to finish- not who is simply the largest.

The winner will be notified 2 weeks after the deadline, and then the car will get shipped on its way to your home.

When the truck pulls up, he'll unload the car, hand you the title and keys then take a quick snapshot of you and the car. Then the car is yours forever!

Can you think of a better way to show women the "new you"? My Lamborghini will get you so many women, you won't believe it! That car has landed me models, strippers, even a famous actress- seriously.

This Diablo game me hundreds of opportunities to show women the results Longitude gave me. Now the car can be yours.

The Ultimate Car. The Ultimate Product. Order Longitude risk-free on the next page and who knows... you may be the new owner of my Lamborghini! Good Luck!

67% of Women Say They're UNHAPPY With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...



Muscles, Money, and Looks help, but women want a "bigger" man.

The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches... But Who Wants To Be "Just Average"?

Longitude Capsules- The Original

Don't be fooled by knock-offs and counterfeits. Longitude Is The Only Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1" ... 2" ... 3" ... or more in just a few short weeks! (with absolutely no adverse side-effects)

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called Longitude and by simply taking 2 Longitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try Longitude have great success, growing 1" ... 2" ... 3" ... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on Longitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of Longitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried Longitude personally.

Let Me Explain How Longitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Longitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe Longitude Will:

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking Longitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product Longitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). Longitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on Longitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

Longitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

- Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!

- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-3" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. Longitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size

Longitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try Longitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of Longitude (60 capsules) costs just \$59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of Longitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days

Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying Longitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Easy- with a 96% success

rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1" ... 2" ... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where we'll even refund your shipping cost... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" Longitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. You decide.

And by the way... Longitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,
Josh Bowens



CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
creators of Longitude
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try"
Longitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating

more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better "equipped" than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try Longitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a \$20 discount off every future bottle of Longitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just \$39.95, plus shipping - that's \$20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on Longitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you

reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking Longitude. You do not have to take Longitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking Longitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is Longitude?

Longitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does Longitude Work?

Longitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are There Any Negative Side-Effects?

Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take Longitude?

Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?

Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. Longitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?

Longitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take Longitude?

Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of Longitude?

Longitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To "try" Longitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) or... Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some DRAMATIC before and after photos!!!



We have a simple set of rules here for determining what true stories are actually true. If your tale includes intense embarrassment, especially involving public nudity, it's probably real.

If, however, it details an encounter involving syrup, twin yoga instructors and your "10-inch man muscle," you're a desperate liar. Send non-fantasy-drenched illusions to True Stories, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or e-mail truestories@FHMUS.com. Story of the Month wins \$200; runners-up get \$50.

COING DOWN

Student maligns the handicapped

One Friday night in college, a group of friends and I decided to take the elevator down from my fourth-floor room to go out and grab some pizza. As we were descending, we noticed the elevator was stopping at the second floor. Just as the door began to open, I spouted, "What kind of asshole takes the elevator from the second floor?" Of course, a guy in a wheelchair rolls in. Trying to throw attention from myself as he got in, I kept a straight face and acted as if nothing happened. But I couldn't keep it up. A giggle began forcing its way out of my mouth, and I just exploded in laughter. The handicapped guy looked at me, and I tried to pretend I was laughing at something else, but there was no weaseling out of it. I was officially an asshole. The RA came by my room later that night to talk about my problem with harassment.

Daniel Maksym, Brooklyn, NY

SEX TEST

Doctor swabs the mast

I was showing a new medic his role in processing patients with possible sexually transmitted diseases. This involved completing an interview, getting a lab sample by actually sticking a culture swab inside the man's urethra, then ordering the desired test on the hospital computer system. Because he was new, he didn't have access to this computer system, so I had to enter the orders for him. That afternoon I ordered his first test. Wanting to ensure that his new wife hadn't infected him with something, but not wanting to draw any attention, the

FHM TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

FENDER-BENDER

Moron defies detectives

Four years ago, I was driving home after a particularly long and hard day. I was a bit preoccupied while driving, and I accidentally blew through a red light. The car with the right of way clipped the tail end of my car, sending us both spinning, he into a ditch. After quickly checking my rearview mirror to make sure the other driver wasn't dead, I got the hell out of there. Three hours later, my doorbell rang, and I found six cops standing on my porch,

accusing me of committing a hit-and-run. "That's crap!" I yelled at them, still a bit irritated. "I've been home all night!" The cop nodded to two of his buddies, who started pulling something from the back of their cruiser, and said, "Then why do we have this?" That's when they pulled out my rear bumper with my license plate still attached. The damn thing must have fallen off at the intersection. I went to jail for that one.

Denny Show, Alsip, IL



I told myself that if I couldn't find the woman's G-string, then neither would my girlfriend

medic had taken a culture swab home during his lunch break and swabbed inside his privates. As I was entering his order, he described how painful it had been to insert the swab into his urethra and that he couldn't believe his eyes when it finally went in. Somewhat confused, I asked him for the sample. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a massive *throat culture* swab, which is five times larger than a urethral swab. Ouch!

Joseph Estrada, Junction City, KS

PANTY INSPECTION

Boyfriend misplaces G-string

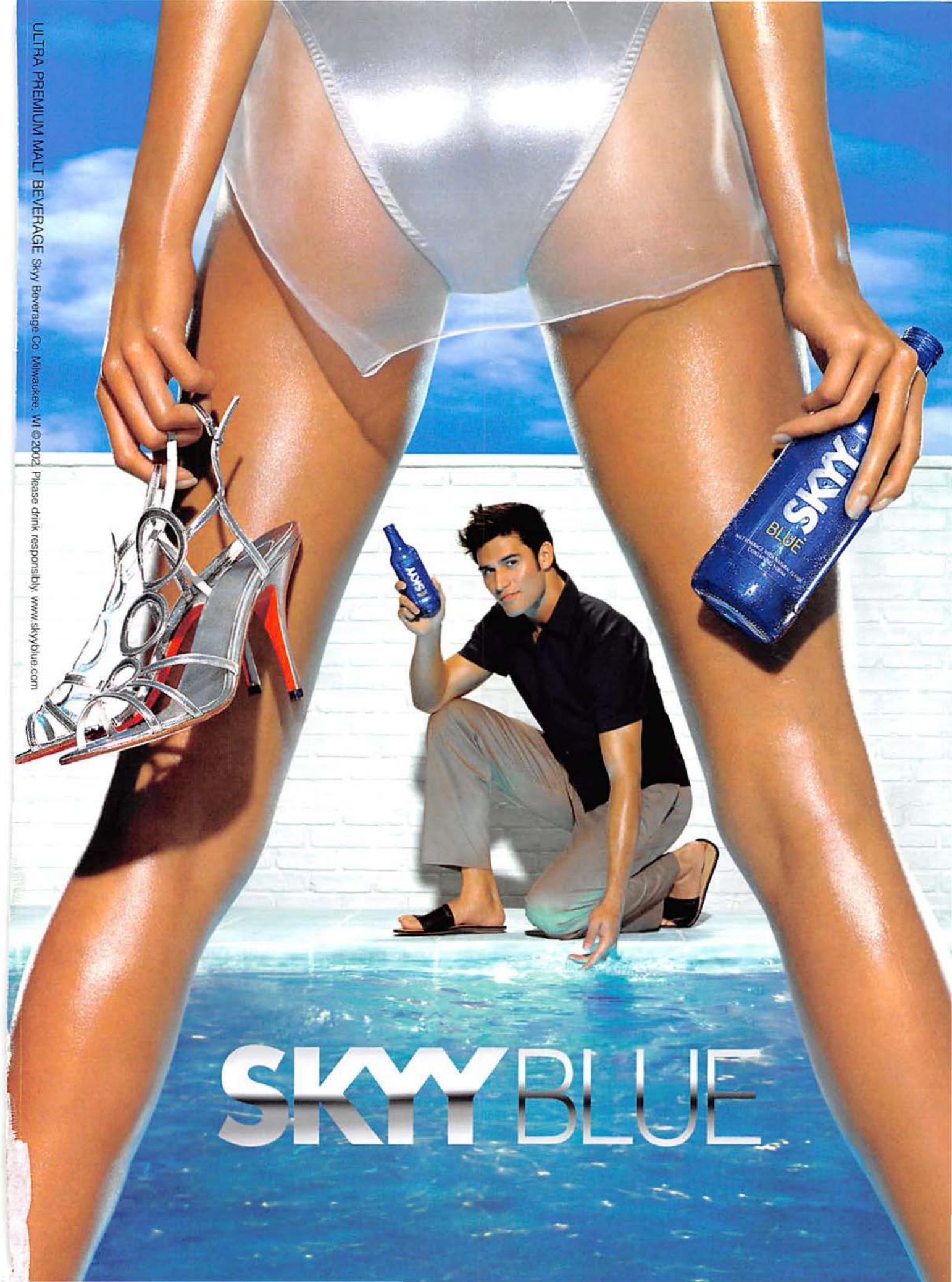
A few weeks ago, my girlfriend went to her parents for the weekend. Taking full advantage of the situation, I went out boozing with my friends, and somehow

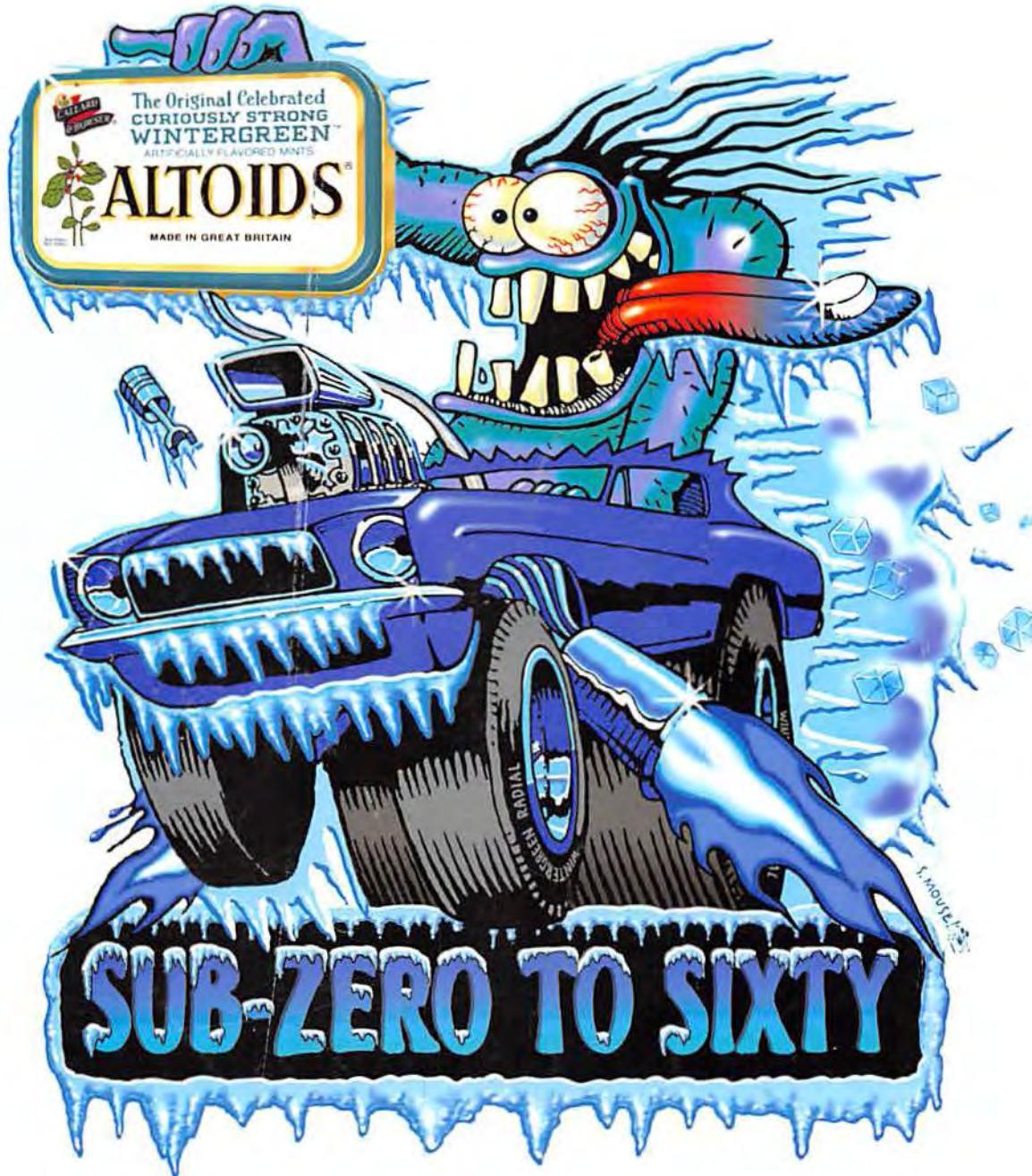
ended up bringing another chick home. We went at it like desperate mongrels, and she crashed at my apartment for the night. The next morning, we couldn't find her G-string. I was pretty distraught about the situation, but after half an hour of looking, I told myself that if I couldn't find it, then neither would my girlfriend. That afternoon, who walks in but my girlfriend—clearly pissed off, and holding the G-string. She had come home early that morning as a surprise, only to find me sleeping naked in bed with another woman, so she took the G-string and left. We're still broken up.

Ray Smurfs, Waukegan, IL

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